THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. XCIII. — JUNE, 1904. — No. DLX.

THE GREAT DELUSION OF OUR TIME.

It would be but human if this age were a trifle supercilious, not to say deluded, concerning its own powers. Great things have been said of it, nor can it be denied that it has fallen heir to great things. At least it has enjoyed and tested beyond all other ages the fruit of the tree of knowledge. "It is an epoch," says John Fiske, "the grandeur of which dwarfs all others that can be named since the beginning of the historic period, if not since man first became distinctively human. In their mental habits, in their methods of inquiry, and in the data at their command, the men of the present day who have fully kept pace with the scientific movement are separated from the men whose education ended in eighteen hundred and thirty by an immeasurably wider gulf than has ever before divided one progressive generation of men from their predecessors. The intellectual development of the human race has been suddenly, almost abruptly, raised to a higher plane than that upon which it had proceeded from the days of the primitive troglodyte to the days of our great-grandfathers."

This statement is so far true that it is dangerous. Doubtless there are a great many people, possibly a majority of so-called educated men, who would, without considering the limitations of scientific knowledge, accept these words literally, who have formed the habit of thinking that the light which we possess to-day is, compared with that possessed by Luther or George Washington or Socrates, as sunlight to starlight. Their view is not only that we know infinitely more than George Washington knew, but that we alone possess the final criteria of knowledge. Socrates and Washington knew a good deal, but they knew vaguely; they could not distinguish accurately between fact and delusion. Our supreme advantage is supposed to be not only that we know, but that we *know* we know. This egotistic cast or vogue of thought envelops the mind of the age. It is more authoritative than Kaiser or Pope, than dogma or creed. It percolates through all classes, it penetrates our literature, it colors our judgment. It predetermines our view, shapes the outline of our facts, and is interwoven with the texture of our thought. In a considerable proportion of our typical men it has bred a sense of supreme judicial qualification. In the presence of a magisterial equipment so vast and complete, men of previous ages appear dwarfed; their efforts seem infantile. Even Jesus appears to grope. Our Scientific Judiciary does indeed reverence the purity of his spirit, but when it comes to his authority, or his views about God, they tenderly but firmly put him out of court.

Now this sovereign attitude of the human mind has in the course of history proved intoxicating, and therefore perilous. There was a man once who said, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built?" Too much magistracy had begun to impair the finer workings of his mind. His next step was to eat straw

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like an ox. He lost sight somehow of organic relations. This suggests a vital question. Does our age actually possess the equipment for a magisterial attitude? Let us apply a test. How does this equipment work practically? Light is a thing the main value of which *is* practical. If it be really clear and strong it should be able to guide our steps. If the light of our time is to that of other ages as sunlight to starlight, then it ought to show us with a clearness never vouchsafed to Socrates or to Jesus just what the battle of life is, and how to meet it. Above all, there is one point at which it ought to show the path of progressive evolution, from which it ought to chase the thicker shadows of the past, the darker traces of atavism, the ferocious reminiscence of the brute. I refer to the social problem. Let us look at the facts; let us turn to the views that are prevailing to-day; let us take those writers who most thoroughly represent the magisterial attitude of our times; let us see what light they throw on the social problem, what that radiance is which has caused the glory of Socrates and of Jesus to grow pale, and has made the intellectual distance between Washington and ourselves so vast that we can hardly see him. I quote from an article by Brooks Adams in the Atlantic Monthly for last November. Let me ask you to notice that Mr. Adams speaks not only from the vantage ground of a careful student and an eyewitness of the social movement, but as one having final authority in regard to the laws of the cosmos.

"From the humblest peasant to the mightiest empire humanity is waging a ceaseless and pitiless struggle for existence in which the unfit perish. This struggle is maintained with every weapon and by every artifice, and success is attained not only by endurance and sagacity, but by cunning and ferocity. Chief, however, among the faculties which have given superiority, must rank the martial quality, for history teaches us that nothing can compensate a community for defeat in battle. War is competition in its fiercest form." "Human destiny has been wrought out through war." "The first settlers slew the Indians, or were themselves slain. . . . To consolidate an homogeneous empire we crushed the social system of the South, and lastly we cast forth Spain. The story is written in blood, and common sense teaches us that as the past has been, so will be the future."

Applying this pitiless principle to our commercial relations, Mr. Adams argues that our only salvation is to maintain it to the bitter end. There is no hope of improvement; the human organism must fight or die. "The evolution of human society, *like that of the brute*, must be along lines of pitiless warfare." Notice in this quotation what the light of to-day is, according to Mr. Adams; it is the doctrine of Natural Selection. By its pure white light he discerns without any illusions the pathway of society. "Human destiny has been wrought out through war." "Dreams of peace have always allured mankind to their undoing." "Nature has decreed that animals shall compete for life, in other words, destroy or be destroyed. We can hope for no exemption from the common lot." Surely nothing could be more logical than this. It ought to come with a shock to those who have never thought out in their own minds the unlimited application of this modern scientific theory to human life. It has been said by the highest authority, "Natural Selection works through death." As Mr. Adams has put it, *war* is Nature's decree, *not* human brotherhood. The latter, alas, is an illusion, a tradition handed down from the vague and inconsequential ages. Nature's real decree for mankind is war to the knife.

In the Atlantic Monthly for January, 1904, is a powerfully written article by Mr. London on the Scab, in which the

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same view is maintained. I quote the following: —

"In a competitive society, where men struggle with one another for food and shelter, what is more natural than that generosity, when it diminishes the food and shelter of men other than he who is generous, should be held an accursed thing? . . . To strike at a man's food and shelter is to strike at his life, and in a society organized on a tooth-and-nail basis, such an act, performed though it may be under the guise of generosity, is none the less menacing and terrible.

"It is for this reason that a laborer is so fiercely hostile to another laborer who offers to work for less pay or longer hours. . . .

"Thus, the generous laborer, giving more of a day's work for less return, . . . threatens the life of his less generous brother laborer, and, at the best, if he does not destroy that life, he diminishes it. Whereupon the less generous laborer looks upon him as an enemy, and, as men are inclined to do in a tooth-and-nail society, he tries to kill the man who is trying to kill him.

"When a striker kills with a brick the man who has taken his place, he has no sense of wrong-doing. In the deepest holds of his being, though he does not reason the impulse, he has an ethical sanction. He feels dimly that he has justification, just as the home-defending Boer felt, though more sharply, with each bullet he fired at the invading English. Behind every brick thrown by a striker is the selfish 'will to live' of himself and the slightly altruistic will to live of his family. The family-group came into the world before the state-group, and society being still on the primitive basis of tooth and nail, the will to live of the state is not so compelling to the striker as the will to live of his family and himself."

Mr. London scientifically clears up the moral character of the Scab, generously including most of us in his diagnosis. He shows that, however we may appear to the casual observer, we are all Scabs by turn, and that, though outwardly we often seem to be generous, we are really true at heart to the principle of Natural Selection. Concerning each one of us, he remarks, "He does not scab because he wants to scab. No whim of the spirit, no burgeoning of the heart, leads him to give more of his labor-power than they for a certain sum.

"It is because he cannot get work on the same terms as they that he is a Scab. . . . Nobody desires to scab, to give most for least. The ambition of every individual is quite the opposite."

I pass over the argument by which Mr. London goes on to show that everybody, except King Edward and a few people whom hereditary advantage has rescued from the real struggle of life, is at times a Scab, — the laborer, the capitalist, the merchant, *the minister of the gospel*, the American nation, the English nation, — in short, every human organism which is in this competitive warfare plays by turn the part of Scab, according as the strategy of its situation requires. We work for less pay to get control of the situation, but having once got control of the situation we use it to crush the Scab, reduce competition, and secure larger returns.

Now I have quoted these two writers because they are representative. Not only have they carefully studied the organization of society, but they clearly reflect the illumination of that philosophy which, more than any other, is the distinguishing and magisterial equipment of our day. It is by the light of Evolution that we feel qualified to test the Bible, Christianity, and, in fact, every human belief or moral position. For Evolution is to the popular scientific mind so absolutely established as to seem approximately identical with the cosmos itself. It is therefore a final and authoritative test. It is evident at a glance that both these writers have studied our

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social problems by the light of Natural Selection, and that this is to their minds the only light worth considering. This fact classifies them as distinctively men of the type referred to by John Fiske. They are, according to him, separated from the men whose education ended in eighteen hundred and thirty by an immensely wider gulf than has ever before divided one progressive generation of men from their predecessors. For Natural Selection is the authoritative type of Evolution so far as living organisms are concerned, and Evolution is our distinctive magisterial equipment. Scientific observation existed before our time, but it is our peculiar glory to have discovered the scientific philosophy which appears to coördinate, account for, and interpret all known facts past and present, and which has therefore suggested the idea of an apparently absolute yet purely intellectual criterion of truth and test of reality.

Moreover, these writers are consistent; they follow their logic to the bitter end. They do not mix things up. Natural Selection, which works through death, figures in their scheme as the sole law of human development. It is Nature's decree. "Dreams of peace are an illusion." — "Human destiny has been wrought out through blood." — "Common sense teaches us that as has been the past so will be the future." — That condemns The Hague Tribunal to the Limbo of hopeless phantasms. It exposes the folly of our modern attempts to mitigate the ferocity of war. We are but trifling with an irresistible force; ferocity and murderous cunning are always Nature's tools, by which she shapes not only our physical, but our ethical manhood.

This, then, is the way in which the magisterial doctrine solves our social problems, and this is the present social status of the age which has basked in its light, which "has been suddenly, almost abruptly, raised to a higher plane than that upon which the race had proceeded from the days of the primitive troglodyte to the days of our great-grandfathers." Let us take account of stock. We have society actually organized to-day on a primitive tooth-and-nail basis. "From the humblest peasant to the mightiest empire humanity is waging a ceaseless and pitiless struggle for existence in which the unfit perish," a struggle in which "success is attained not only by endurance and sagacity, but by cunning and ferocity." In fact, we are, according to Mr. London's article, already passing some important milestones on the backward road toward the moral status of the primitive troglodyte. "When a striker kills with a brick the man who has taken his place, he has no sense of wrong-doing. . . . He has an ethical sanction. . . . The family-group came into the world before the state-group, and society being still on the primitive basis of tooth and nail, the will to live of the state is not so compelling to the striker as the will to live of his family and himself." Now, as Mr. Adams would say, common sense teaches us whither this points. If the family-group existed before the state-group, then family needs existed before state or religious ordinances. "Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt not kill." What are these belated requirements of social convention compared to the necessities of the family development! If a brother clergyman draws away your congregation, reduces your salary, and so compels your children to go barefoot, why not knock him on the head! This is troglodytism, if the present writer understands the word, and he thinks that he does. It solves the social question by *disintegrating* society, and the singular fact is that Natural Selection, which is supposed to be the principle operating in moral development, which is, in fact, identical with the cosmic order, should have led us back in a kind of blind-man's waltz, till we have, according to these writers, actually reached the primitive tooth-and-nail basis, from which, according to modern science,

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we started hundreds of thousands of years ago; and that we should have reached the lowest point thus far under the guidance of an age whose intellectual grandeur dwarfs all others.

No doubt every optimist in the country will declare that this is a stalwart misrepresentation of the present facts, but if a sober-minded man considers the present aspect of the labor question, the political situation in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and our other great cities, the enormous development of graft, the thievish character of our new methods of finance, the fact that the small investor is to-day, like the man of scriptural times who traveled between Jerusalem and Jericho, sure to fall among thieves unless personally conducted; if he reflects on the Standard Oil operations and the Turkish situation and the impotency of our modern civilization to put a stop to lynching, or to prevent such a fearful catastrophe as war between Japan and Russia, he is forced to confess that there is, after all, too much truth in this dark picture, and that our conduct is quite often on the tooth-and-nail basis.

But there is nothing new about this; it is the old story of a wicked world which always moves in a circle, which needs salvation, which cannot save itself because it cannot make steady moral advancement, which builds empires only that they may perish under the weight of their moral corruption. It is the old *humanum est errare*, out of which grew that conviction of sin, that cry to Heaven for help, which since the time of the Vedas has echoed out of every quarter of the globe, from the heart of burdened humanity. The Troglodyte we have always with us; like the Wandering Jew, he never dies. His characteristics are always the same; he takes a few steps forward, and then turns back toward the tiger and the ape. But he never becomes either tiger or ape. He becomes what we call a fiend, or, in modern day parlance, a degenerate. He is always arguing plausibly for the tooth-and-nail ethics, always ignoring its limitations, always confounding the lines at which a higher principle should take control. He is always putting the struggle for a livelihood before honor and right. How many there are of him we never know, though we always try to find out before election day. Often he lives in high places, and very often he succeeds in organizing society. He always controls a great many votes. He has a kind of primitive logic which takes hold of men with a sort of cosmic force. Behind him is the stern fact that man has an animal nature, that this animal nature is without doubt engaged in a severe struggle for physical existence, that Natural Selection, like Gravitation, really has a grip on him. In short, it is the old story of the world, the flesh, and the devil, apparently, though not really, backed up by the cosmos itself. It is the same world which Socrates faced, and Jesus, and Paul. Righteous men have faced it in all ages and feared not. Often it has quailed before their rebuke. It has recognized an authority higher than intellect, greater than that of physical nature, and has cried out, "We have sinned!" The only difference in our own time is that we have noble-hearted and high-minded men, not at all troglodytes as to their personal conduct or ideals, who, writing with the magisterial authority vaguely supposed to be possessed by our modern science, deliberately acquit the wicked world. True, it is cruel, it is brutal; they would be ashamed, as high-minded gentlemen, to act on such principles, yet they declare with the finality of absolute truth that the world cannot act otherwise; it is simply carrying out Nature's decree.

The peculiar feature, then, of our times is, not that the world is on a primitive tooth-and-nail basis, but that it stands acquitted, nay, justified, by a verdict apparently based upon the doctrine of Evolution, and that conscience is discred-

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ited and put out of court by the apparent authority of those standards which have given us a supreme and magisterial position among the ages. The Troglodyte now has an unassailable backer in the scholar who sits on a judgment seat higher than that of Moses, and who says to the world, "You have no grounds for crying, '*peccavi;*' you have not sinned; you are doing just right; you are debtor to the flesh to live after the flesh. It is Nature's decree, not that you should be a brother to your neighbor, but that you should rob him and fight him for a livelihood."

Words would fail to tell how, from the time when Darwin's and Spencer's philosophies were published, this magisterial tendency has proceeded to assist the Troglodyte in cheapening character, by its judicial decisions based on the evolutionary hypothesis. It has not only enabled our primitive friend to throw bricks with greater cheerfulness, but it has made his *creed* impregnable; nay, it has enabled him to make all other creeds look foolish. The Troglodyte always believed that preachers of righteousness retained the claw-foot under their shoes and stockings. He knew that prophets and apostles only waited for a chance to show their teeth. His intuition told him that generous people were really scabbing when they went about doing good. He saw by a kind of cosmic light that those great ideals upon which our higher morality fed were silly dreams. His reason told him that the power which makes for righteousness was a sun-god, or a highly developed form of ghost worship, or a fetish, due to the effect of environment. He always *understood* that the moral nature itself was a product of circumstance without the least atom of final authority, a kind of vermiform appendix which were best removed, since its place has been superseded by the exact knowledge of the cosmic law. Why should a man longer be punched by conscience when he has risen to an understanding of Nature's decree? What do we want of morals when reason has become supreme? All this the Troglodyte knew in his heart, but he was a little shy of telling it because the stalwart moralists had the ear of public opinion. Now, behold a Daniel come to judgment, who has not only confirmed his suspicions, proved his creed, and made him a prophet of the cosmos, but has made the stalwart moralists themselves give up the validity of their moral perceptions, while they try to explain that their opinions were really based on Evolution.

If our primitive friend has any sense of humor, his sides must shake over this last performance, for it has made him look not only honest, but authoritative. It has stimulated a natural passion for his primitive ideals, and it has taken the wind out of some of his opponents. Their voice is not as clear, nor their presence as distinguishable, nor is the mass of people as much interested in them. In fact, the popular interest leans toward animalism; the animal cuts more figure than the spiritual. The scientific moralists are thinking their case over; many of them are still trying to patch it up with Evolution. They have not yet dreamed of falling back upon the validity of the moral perception itself. And there are a great many people who want to be good, but have lost faith in their moral ideals, and are humbly looking to the scientists and the philosophers for their moral nutriment. As to the prophets and apostles, their voice is still and small in the ear of a moral nature whose main study it is to supply practical ethics enough to make business prosperous and the governing party secure.

Now Mr. Huxley long ago discovered the blunder that had been made in applying the theory of Natural Selection to Social Evolution. He saw that the cosmic light had failed at this point, and he introduced a variation as follows: "There is another fallacy which seems

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to me to pervade the so-called 'Ethics of Evolution.' It is the notion that, because, on the whole, animals and plants have advanced in perfection of organization by means of the struggle for existence and the consequent survival of the fittest, therefore men in society, men as ethical beings, must look to the same process to help them toward perfection. Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another which may be called the ethical process. What we call goodness or virtue involves a course of conduct which in all respects is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion it demands self-restraint, in place of thrusting aside or treading down all competitors it requires that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help his fellows. Its influence is directed not so much to the survival of the fittest, as to the fitting of as many as possible to survive. It *repudiates* what we call the gladiatorial theory of existence. Laws and moral precepts are directed to the end of curbing the cosmic process and reminding the individual of his duty to the *community*, to the protection and interest of which he owes, if not existence itself, at least the life of something better than a brutal savage."

Mr. Huxley made this discovery just as any one of us might, by a simple common-sense observation of human nature as it *works* practically. He did not, however, sympathetically observe all the phenomena involved, and he excluded some of them for this reason. So that his theory of Social Evolution never could claim magisterial authority, simply because it is incomplete. It is no doubt a profound discovery that the altruistic principle conserves and builds up human society, while antagonism disintegrates it; that love conquers, overrules, and fructifies the lower competitive forces, as animal life conquers, overrules, and fructifies chemical affinity or gravitation in organic development. But it was not original with Mr. Huxley; thousands of people had seen and applied it before he was born. Jesus was the real discoverer; He first mastered the social or ethical principle. He found it to be universal good neighborhood or brotherhood, traced it to its source in God's fatherhood, flooded it with the Divine affection, put it into his own self-sacrificing life, and showed us how we might practically attain to it through his help. Since then the idea has been symbolized by the Cross of Christ, and has for eighteen centuries been regarded as the Christian solution, though Christendom has too often been antagonistic to it.

Mr. Huxley asserted that this ethical process must be substituted for the cosmic process. Jesus and Paul declared it to be the supreme force in the cosmic process itself. Mr. Huxley's trouble was that he, too, fell under the great delusion of fancying that this philosophic form of truth was the final and ultimate one, and, therefore, he identified Natural Selection with the cosmic process itself; but when he followed his new light he lost his magisterial authority over the high church evolutionists; and they are, to-day, barking at the same old tree up which they suppose their truth has climbed, though it has gone out of sight.

But, whichever theory is correct, could there be a greater delusion than this sense of magistracy? Have we anything to back it up? Have we any theory on any subject which is universally accepted or can be reckoned as a final and absolute form of knowledge? Philosophy is surely an enormous help to both intellectual and moral perception, but is it possible to have a philosophy that can take the place of perception? And if it were possible, what would become of perception, and of individuality, and of genius, and of inventive discovery under such a predetermining influence? I would not be understood for a moment as holding

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these writers whom I have quoted as responsible for this tendency. We are all infected. We all take turns at it. Let us say that it is the *Zeitgeist* that has done it, and shake hands all around. It was Count Ito who said that when he was preparing the Japanese Constitution he tried to think how Buddha would look at the matter, and he added, "I think that I did succeed fairly well in getting into his skin." It might be worth while if some of us would occasionally try to get outside the epidermis of our so-called modern thought, and take a straight look at the age from an exterior point of view; it need not be so far off as Buddha, but sufficiently remote to afford a good perspective. It is quite possible that from such a clear, cool height of vision our generation might seem to be, like Nebuchadnezzar, a little touched in the head. I have selected these writers because they are strictly logical, and, unlike some of us, they do not straddle. They take the most authoritative type of Evolution, the one which most deserves to be regarded as Nature's decree, the one which Mr. Huxley styles the cosmic process, the only type of philosophy which could at the present day by any possibility be exalted to the rank of a final standard, and they think it out to the bitter end. If we have any clear cosmic torch, this is the one. They hold it high and wave it wide. By its illumination we see the column of humanity with reversed arms turning its back on all the great ideals toward which it has crawled upward in the space of a hundred thousand years or so, cheapening the moral nature, and marching back without conviction of sin toward the original homunculus. This is a dark picture, certainly.

True, if we remove this cosmic torch things do not look so dark. There are at least as many people to-day as ever working for the interests of righteousness and peace and human brotherhood. They make fewer practical blunders, they keep the issues clearer, they utilize the results of science, they bring to the task a broader scientific knowledge, a profounder sympathy for human conditions, a greater willingness to look at all sides. Witness President Eliot's noble contribution to a better understanding between labor and capital. These people are putting up a stout fight for the moral nature, and they meet with much success among plain folk. They vitalize character, for the moral nature feeds upon revelations and ideals as the body feeds upon bread. But the great difficulty with these people is that they are all fools. This does not mean that they are obliged to have guardians appointed over them; in reality, many of them are guardians of the commonwealth or community to which they belong. They are not dull in practical affairs; their foolishness consists in the fact that all their high ideals and inspirations rest upon a so-called semi-mythical or subliminal basis which they cannot prove before this infallible tribunal that has indorsed our friend the Troglodyte. They cannot make their articles of faith square with any specific type of evolutionary doctrine, or prove their revelations to the latest type of scholarship. Our magisterial authorities are withholding a verdict on their case until the Society of Psychical Research has finished its investigations.

This lack of intellectual status gives them a phantasmal appearance, which probably caused Mr. London and Mr. Adams to overlook them altogether. Indeed, one frequently hears in intellectual circles the statement that no one to-day believes in such articles of faith. But it is the fools who bring practical light to the social question. They do not stop to square things with Evolution, they do not wait for the Society of Psychical Research, they do not ask how things originated. They simply look at the problem in hand. They have one supreme authority, — it is moral perception *assisted* by science. It is made keen by practical use, and clear by walking in the

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light of the highest ideals. They and they alone see the value of the moral organism; they see that its supreme organic law is love. They see that there is a power behind it, a power which makes for righteousness, and that it has its supreme embodiment in the Gospel of Christ. They see the importance of the struggle for bread. Their heart goes out with sympathy for those who are in that struggle; they themselves are in it, and they know what it means. They know the sinister outlook of the cosmic order; they have felt its dread temptation. They know the bitterness of defeat in battle. Through long ages they have maintained this fight, not for a system of ethics, but for the worth and deliverance of the moral nature itself. Often they have felt the tooth and nail, ay, the beak and the claw of a degenerate civilization. Often they have been brought before magistrates, robbed of their goods, delivered unto death. Always they have appeared to be opposing the cosmic order, always they have been called fools for their exaggerated valuation of the moral nature. And yet to them it has always appeared to be the one great reality of this life, the soul of humanity, the offspring of the gods, the heir of a life beyond the grave, the bond of a human brotherhood. For all human suffering there seemed to be compensation if only this higher manhood were not debased, but for moral defeat there was no compensation. Therefore, to deliver this moral nature they have dared the worst. Often single-handed, poor, friendless, struggling for daily bread against mighty odds, they have yet found courage to go forward, chanting, as they marched, their battle hymn: —

> Let goods and kindred go,
> This mortal life also.
> The body they may kill,
> God's truth abideth still.
> His kingdom is forever.

There is something in this estimate that awakens a response in humanity; it touches a lost chord. It is no vague intuition; it is the testimony of the moral constitution itself, and it appeals to the moral consciousness in every one of us. It is backed up by the logic of life. It is like the testimony of the elm tree when it tells us that it must have sunlight and air for its top, and moisture and earth for its roots. It is by this authority that the fools speak and act. Not always have they understood; often they have been beguiled into thinking that their real authority was a dogma or a theology. Then they have ceased to be fools; they have become magisterial, and have crushed their religious geniuses and killed their prophets. Often they have fancied that they have eliminated the element of mystery from ethics, and established morals on a basis of scientific logic; and then they have lost their dynamic force. Now and then there has been a fool who has understood, and his voice has shaken the world. For every great leader of men, whose trumpet note has rallied the army of righteousness, and led it to victory, has been face to face with the power that makes for righteousness, so that he could say with one of old, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee."

In his Social Evolution Mr. Kidd attributes all our upward march to the fools. He has, however, an euphemism for them; he calls their ideals and inspirations supra-rational. If he is correct, history actually resolves itself into one supreme battlefield. It is the fight of the moral nature, first for survival, then for conquest, through the power of its supra-rational ideals. But whether or not Mr. Kidd be right concerning the past, there is surely but one battle to-day. On its outcome hangs the fate of all our institutions and of our individual souls. It is the battle of the fools. And there is but one great question to-day, namely, whether we will cling to our magisterial tendency, or join the fools and accept the validity of the moral perceptions.

John H. Denison.

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TROLLEY COMPETITION WITH THE RAILROADS.

It is barely eight years since street railroads have outgrown the horse-car period, and have required the use of the word "interurban" to describe the enlargement of their field of traffic. The electric installations of the early nineties served their purpose in a measure, and were in many cases attended by extensions of the local traction lines, but their competition with steam railroads was entirely negligible until after 1895. The year 1895 is a landmark in the history of electric roads; prior to that time it may be broadly said that the street railroad system of each city was an independent unit, organized with the sole object of carrying passengers from one part of town to another, and with a remote interest, if any interest at all, in traffic centring outside the city limits. The possibilities to be achieved by running electric cars at moderately high speed along ten or fifteen mile stretches of country roads, deriving both a local and a species of through business by coupling up adjacent cities and towns, came, as a result of improvements in the art, suddenly into view, and a series of extensive additions to existing lines were planned or begun, radiating out far and wide from the original confines of the city limits and the adjacent suburbs.

It may perhaps be questioned whether the steam railroads were really as slow as they appeared to be in realizing that in this interurban development they would shortly have to face novel and strongly fortified competition. The electric roads were spreading, and there was no obvious way to prevent them from doing so. Early attempts at competition were treated as isolated cases, and it is only since 1898 that the electric roads have demanded recognition in the field of short-haul passenger traffic.

From 1898 through 1901 the characteristic of interurban road development was exceedingly rapid extension, and during 1902 and 1903 there have been considerable reorganization and adjustment, the loose ends have been coupled up, and extension has been somewhat more moderate and perhaps better directed than previously. The government census report on electric railroads for 1902 estimated the total length of main track on June 30 of that year as 16,648 miles, as against a street railroad mileage of 5783 in 1890. During the twelve years, according to the report, mileage worked by animal power decreased 95 per cent; by cable power, 51 per cent, and by steam power, 76 per cent, while electric working increased 1637 per cent.

In spite of the construction and connection of interurban electric lines to form through routes fifty miles or more in length, their profitable territory still lies about a series of centres, and it is worthy of note that these centres are not cities of the first magnitude, and doubtless never will be. The interurban traffic about New York is carried by the steam roads, because the congestion in the streets is too great to permit any extended use of cars that must thread their way through eight or ten miles of city streets before reaching open country. Similarly, in Chicago, the Illinois Central runs a lucrative suburban service with cars of special type, and reports that it does not feel the competition of the street cars, which nominally compete in the service to most of the suburban points reached, but have not the advantage of a private right of way, and cannot furnish rapid transit in its true meaning. It is a primary necessity in the suburban traffic of a great city that rapidly moving cars shall not occupy the same thoroughfare with slow

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moving cars and vehicles, and the cost of securing suitable terminals and entrances into such a city effectively shuts out any sporadic competition. Railroads such as the proposed New York & Portchester, which is endeavoring to build a twenty-four mile suburban line out of New York city, electrically equipped, connecting with the Rapid Transit Subway, scarcely come within the scope of the present study, but are rather to be classed with the elevated and underground lines of great cities as portions of a purely local system, differing from interurban roads in general in the vital characteristic that they do not enter the city at grade, or receive and discharge passengers in the streets at street level.

The maximum effect of electric competition at the present period is felt in localities where there are groups of prosperous cities and towns within a radius of from ten to forty miles of one another; and this competition is in some cases so successful that the steam railroads have lost practically their entire local short-haul traffic, while the electric roads have created for themselves a business not merely greater than the entire traffic that previously existed, but many times greater. In 1895 the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern carried 104,426 westbound and 98,588 eastbound passengers between Cleveland and Oberlin, Ohio, thirty-four miles west, and intermediate points. The competition of the electric roads, which at this time had commenced building a network of lines around Cleveland, was so severe, that in 1896 the steam road carried 68,000 passengers less, between the points named, and in 1902 carried a total of 91,761, as against 203,014, seven years before. Between Cleveland and Painesville, twenty-nine miles, and intermediate points, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern carried a total of 199,292, or an average of 16,608 a month in 1895, and 28,708, or an average of 2392 a month, in 1902. In other words, the steam road carried more passengers in two months, during the formative period of the electric lines, than it did in a year, after they were completed and had developed their traffic between the competitive points.

The following table summarizes these results, showing the surprising traffic losses which the steam roads have sustained. The lower average fare on the New York, Chicago & St. Louis indicates the effort made by that company to compete with the electric road for the business, but the falling off in number of passengers carried shows how futile this effort has been.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

PASSENGERS CARRIED BETWEEN CLEVELAND AND OBERLIN, AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS.

	Westbound.	Eastbound.	Total.	Average per month.
1895	104,426	98,588	203,014	16,918
1902	46,328	45,433	91,761	7,647

PASSENGERS CARRIED BETWEEN CLEVELAND AND PAINESVILLE AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS.

	Westbound.	Eastbound.	Total.	Average per month.
1895	97,460	101,832	199,292	16,608
1902	13,106	15,602	28,708	2,392

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS.

PASSENGERS CARRIED BETWEEN CLEVELAND AND LORAIN.

	Total Passengers.	Revenue.	Average Revenue.
1895	42,526	$25,523	60 c.
1902	9,795	4,379	44 c.

It is to be regretted that the electric lines do not keep their records in such a shape that an exact parallel can be drawn, comparing their gains with the losses of the steam roads. The Cleveland, Elyria & Western kept such records for a time with considerable care, but discontinued the practice because it involved too much bookkeeping. Hence it is only possible to show the traffic over the entire system, which goes beyond Oberlin to Norwalk and other points, reaching practically the same cities and towns that the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern reaches, together

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with some additional ones. In 1902, the electric road carried approximately three million passengers; well over three times as many as were carried in 1899, while the steam road, recovering from its low-water mark of 71,755, carried 91,761. Although the comparison is only approximate, on account of the additional points reached by the electric road, it at least serves to show what has become of the short-haul traffic.

The really significant part of such figures is not the traffic lost by the steam roads, but the entirely new traffic created by the electric lines, seemingly out of nothing. The results which followed the opening of the Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor & Jackson electric road between Detroit and Ann Arbor furnish a striking example of this. Ann Arbor is forty miles from Detroit, on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad, and had at the last census a population of less than 15,000, exclusive of the large transient residence at the University of Michigan. Before the electric road was built, the purely local business of the Michigan Central between Detroit and Ann Arbor was estimated at about two hundred passengers a day. During the first summer after it was opened, the electric road averaged approximately four thousand passengers a day between the same points, and although some part of this travel was doubtless due to novelty, the steady winter and summer business of the electric line has been running from ten to twenty times as great as the maximum traffic ever enjoyed by the Michigan Central.

These surprising increases in what may be called the visible business of a locality are due in part to the extension of the suburban residential territory of each city, following improved means of getting "there and back." But the entirely new feature which the interurban roads have introduced into the traffic situation is the promotion of what may be called the traveling habit. There are citizens of New England today who can remember when prayers were offered in the churches for the hardy traveler of Boston who proposed to undertake a trip to New York; steam communication has lessened tenfold the minimum amount of urgency which would induce a trip of a hundred miles, but it has remained for the electric road to keep people constantly traveling short distances, impelled by motives which would not have been sufficient to start them, even five years ago. A twenty-mile journey on a steam railroad requires as much preparation as a two-hundred-mile journey, but the interurban car, leisurely traversing the streets of the town to collect its passengers, at frequent intervals, is such a convenient, lazy way of getting around that it seems not to require much in the way of plans or of packing. To choose between the morning train at 8.13 and the afternoon train at 3.57 required decision, to catch the train required forethought; while nowadays, if at 10 A. M. it seems casually advisable to go to Jonesport, all that is necessary is to wait for the hourly interurban car to pass the door. It has been proved repeatedly that these elements of convenient access and frequent service are more of an attraction than the lower rate of fare, although in some localities where local railroad rates had been high, the considerable reductions made by the electric roads have seemed to the community to constitute a bargain in transportation, so that people traveled frequently and perhaps needlessly, through a feeling that they were saving money. Fares on the interurban lines are seldom in excess of two cents a mile, and usually amount to about a cent and a half, for round trip tickets, where local railroad rates ranged, before the opening of the competition, from two and a half to four cents a mile.

The steam railroads vary greatly in their attitude toward electric competition, but it has been almost the uniform

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experience of railroad managers, East and West, that rate cuts to meet electric competition are quite futile. Electric transportation handles traffic in small units. The power house is the locomotive, and it can haul ten single cars as easily as it can a train of ten cars coupled together, — more easily, in fact. But in steam service, to reverse the figure of speech, each transportation unit must have its own power house. Disregarding technical refinements, it may be said that it would cost a steam railroad five times as much to run an hourly, single-car train during a fifteen-hour day as it would to run three five-car trains. That is the primary reason on the side of absolute cost which makes it impossible for a steam road to compete with an electric road for light short-haul traffic.

But the peculiar difference in the legal status of the two kinds of transportation gives the electric roads an advantage far greater. The charter of a steam railroad requires private right of way, fenced in, with a problem to be met in the ultimate disposition of every town or city grade crossing. The electric road buys, begs, or steals a franchise which permits it to run on the side of the highway, except where it better suits its convenience to go across lots, and then by a sort of Jekyll and Hyde transformation, the car that just now dashed across the country in the guise of a locomotive, proceeds sleepily down the main street in the character of a street car. No steam railroad can build a terminal to compete with service of this character, in the inducements it offers to a public which is willing to travel, but does not have to.

What, then, should be the attitude of a steam road toward its electric competitors? The best opinion seems to be that it should leave them alone, so far as direct competition is concerned. The traveling habit that the electric roads further does not confine itself to their own lines, and the steam roads find that their alert rivals are coming more and more to act as feeders for long-haul business, which is the natural and profitable traffic of a steam railroad. The interurban car which collects passengers in country hamlets, and marshals them at the larger stations of the steam railroad, performs a service similar to that of a local car line within a city. An officer of one of the large Eastern railroads much subject to the competition of electric roads estimates that although his company loses about sixty-five per cent of its local short-haul business as soon as the interurban competition becomes active, the lost earnings all come back again in the form of new through business. This statement, however, applies only to main line competition; the effect of an electric parallel on a branch line must be considered separately.

The passenger earnings and economic services of a branch line arise in part from short-haul local business originating and terminating on the branch, and in part from the services of the branch as a feeder for the main line. The interurban line is certain to take the short-haul business, or at least the profit of it, and itself performs the other part of the work, that of a main line feeder. Hence much of the most bitter competition has been in branch line territory, as, for example, along the shore of Lake Ontario, east of Rochester, where the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg branch of the New York Central has made an ineffectual effort to keep its passenger business away from the Rochester & Sodus Bay electric line, within the forty-mile competitive radius. The steam road runs from half to three quarters of a mile from the centre of the towns along the route; the electric road uses the highway for the greater part of the distance, and runs down the main streets. The cars have a baggage compartment, and make a special feature of delivering the trunks of commercial travelers at the doors of the local hotels,

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saving the cost of transfer, and although the electric road charges slightly higher fares than the steam road, it gets probably ninety per cent of the business.

The only apparent way for steam railroads to manage electric competition is through control, or partial control, of the territory. The New York, New Haven & Hartford, with a local business unique in its importance when the extent of the system is considered, has done some pioneer work in this direction, working in general to secure links which will prevent the welding together of the diversified electric lines in New England into competing parallels. Electrification of portions of the steam roadbed has also been tried on the New Haven road, and is just now being quite extensively experimented with in England, where it might almost be said that all the passenger traffic is local, in view of its controlling importance. The line of the Mersey Company, converted from steam to electric traction last May, was the first instance of this in Great Britain; on September 27 last, the first electric train was run over one of the Newcastle lines of the North Eastern, and electrification of the Lancashire & Yorkshire between Liverpool and Southport is now in progress.

But although transportation can be economically conducted in small units, on an electrified steam railroad, the tremendous advantage possessed by electric roads through their terminal facilities in the city streets is not affected, and still leaves the interurban roads in a competitive position which is almost unassailable. The alternative method of setting a rogue to catch a rogue, and building independent electric lines where needed to take care of competitors in the same field, and to act as main line feeders at the same time, seems more promising. Such lines, besides building up the territory, bringing business to the steam railroad, and constituting a defense, should be able, in most cases, to take care of themselves and earn an independent profit.

The freight and express business done by interurban roads has been a separate growth, starting somewhat later than the passenger business. There is still a wide divergence of opinion among electric railroad managers as to the expediency of trying to develop anything more than a limited package service. The Rochester & Sodus Bay road maintains a regular freight service, handling such bulky articles as coal and lumber in five-car trains, and believes in it, while the Detroit United lines, aggregating some three hundred miles of interurban trackage, hold the opposite view, and take only a slight interest in light package business, refusing to haul heavy freight at all. The most rational point of view is probably that expressed by the president of the Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor & Jackson road, who believes that interurban lines have a useful and legitimate field in collecting and delivering all kinds of package freight, and even garden truck and milk, in the rural districts, but that freight business ceases to be profitable to an electric road as soon as it begins in any way to retard or interfere with passenger traffic. Even apart from the matter of interference with the steady business of the road, a trolley line is as ill adapted to move freight trains in large units as a steam railroad is for handling light local passenger traffic in small units. But certain electric roads, such as the Hudson Valley, running north from Troy, the Cleveland lines, and others, have been very aggressive in their package freight business, running express cars several times daily, and instituting a system of free collection and delivery in wagons. Here again, by the combined elements of low rate, frequent service, and flexibility in the place and manner of collection and delivery, the electric roads have in many cases been able to secure almost the entire business of a locality, and to

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build up noteworthy increases in it as well.

The aggressiveness of electric railroad managers in solving new problems rapidly, without precedents to guide them, has led to great divergences in the practice of different localities, and to certain "freak" developments. The term is used in the naturalistic sense, and not as implying ridicule, for while some of the efforts have doubtless been ill considered, others are valuable pioneer work in the field of experimentation. Among such developments, besides the electric freight trains in northern New York state may be mentioned the sleeping-car service out of Indianapolis, and the fast specials from Detroit. Sleeping-cars have been ordered at Indianapolis, to be run over the electric roads to Columbus, 181 miles away, on the theory that they will secure traffic by offering to passengers a full night's sleep between these points, and relative freedom from noise and dirt. The company believes, perhaps rightly, that it has thus solved the problem of how to travel comfortably between cities too far apart to permit a business man to take time for the journey by day, and yet so near together that the passenger traveling in the sleeping-car on a steam railroad must either go to bed very late or get up very early. The electric cars will take all night for the trip, and there will be no cinders to drift in at open windows, in the summer time.

The Detroit specials are interesting as an experiment in high speed along the highway, where there is no protection against stray dogs or cattle on the track, and no safeguarding of grade crossings. Between Detroit and Port Huron, seventy-four miles, two specials run daily in each direction, stopping at only six intervening points, and making the distance in two hours and thirty-seven minutes. The average running time of these specials is thus nearly thirty miles an hour; accommodation trains on the New Haven road between New York and New Haven take practically the same time in running an identical distance. A similar service is maintained to Flint, sixty-eight miles, in two hours and a half. On portions of the run, between stops, the cars reach a speed of upwards of forty miles an hour. Rates on the specials are somewhat lower than by the steam railroad; the service is popular, and has been free from accidents, although the speed is fully as great as that of most express trains of a few decades ago.

Perhaps the most serious difficulty which now confronts the interurban roads of the country is the prevalent over-capitalization. In view of the rapid gains in traffic following every move in extension, inflation has been easy, and new business has for the time covered up unsound financial methods. In Massachusetts, where the railroad commission has full powers, and has done excellent work for a number of years, the capitalization of these properties is restricted to what the commission calls the fair value of replacement, and now stands at $48,621, stock and funded debt outstanding, per mile of line. This figure is illuminating when compared with the average capitalization of all the street railroads in the country, which was $128,881 per mile, for the year ending June 30, 1902, according to the report of the Census Bureau. The subject is a broad one, and discussion of it does not properly belong in an article on the competitive conditions existing between steam and electric roads, except in so far as the stability of the latter is threatened by the inflation. But it is probably a safe statement that at least half of the total average capitalization of the electric railroads of the country at the present time represents nothing more than promoters' profits. The roadbed and equipment of these properties are still new, so that there is strong likelihood that the necessity of making a

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considerable number of simultaneous renewals will sooner or later arise. The allowances out of earnings for maintenance and depreciation have undoubtedly been too small; net earnings have been kept as large as possible, and it is to be feared that nothing short of extraordinary traffic gains and unusually careful management, during the next four or five years, will keep many electric properties from urgent need of new capital at a time when it will be exceedingly hard to find.

The interurban roads have grave problems to face. They are likely soon to feel the restraint of the complex legislation, both wise and unwise, which hedges about the steam roads; they are certain to undergo a period of foreclosure and reorganization during the next decade. But it seems wholly logical to expect that at the termination of readjustments, and after extensive development of the field and methods of electric transportation, which is still in an elementary stage, they will become the natural and profitable short-haul passenger carriers of the country.

Ray Morris.

THE DEATH OF THOREAU'S GUIDE.

THE strangest monument a man ever had in sacred memory, — a pair of old boots. For a token of respect and admiration, love and lasting grief, — just a pair of old river-driver's boots hung on the pin-knot of a pine. Big and buckled; bristling all over the soles with wrought steel calks; gashed at the toes to let the water out; slashed about the tops into fringes with the tally of his season's work, less only the day which saw him die; reddened by water; cracked by the sun, — worn-out, weather-rotting old boots, hanging for years on the pine tree, disturbed by no one. The river-drivers tramped back and forth beneath them, a red-shirted multitude; they boated along the pond in front and drove their logs past, year after year; they looked at the tree with the big cross cut deep in its scaly bark, and always left the boots hanging on the limb. They were the Governor's boots, Joe Attien's boots; they belonged to Thoreau's guide.[1]

The pine tree had seen the whole. It was old and it was tall. Its head stretched up so high that it could look over the crest of Grand Pitch, tremendous fall though it is, right up where Grand Falls come churning down to their final leap into Shad Pond. It had been looking up the river in the sunshine of that summer morning, and had seen the whole, — the over-loaded boat that set out to run the falls, the wreck in the rapids, the panic of the crew, the men struggling among logs and rocks, the brave attempt at rescue, and the dead, drowned bulk, which had once been the Governor, as it was tumbled down over the Grand Pitch into the pond below. The pine tree had stood guard over it for days, and when, after four days in the grave of the waters, it rose again, the pine tree still kept watch over it, until, on the sixth morning, the searchers found it there. "And when they found his body, they cut a cross into a tree by the side of the Pond, and they hung up his boots in the tree, and they stayed there always, because everybody knew that they was the Governor's boots."

[1] Thoreau spells the name "Aitteon;" I have preferred the form found on his tombstone, "Attien," because it indicates both the pronunciation and the derivation. For it is not Indian, but the French Étienne, or Stephen.

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If ever Henry David Thoreau showed himself lacking in penetration it was when he failed to get the measure of Joseph Attien. True, Joe was young then, — he never lived to be old; yet a man who, dying at forty-one, is so long remembered must have shown some signs of promise at twenty-four.[1] But Thoreau hired an Indian to be aboriginal. One who said "By George!" and made remarks with a Yankee flavor, was contrary to his hypothesis of what a barbarian ought to be. It did not matter that this was the sort of man who gave up his inside seat and rode sixty miles on the top of the stage in the rain, that a woman might be sheltered; — all the cardinal virtues without aboriginality would not have sufficed Mr. Thoreau for a text. And so he missed his opportunity to tell us what manner of man this was. Joe Attien's best chance of being remembered lies, not in having been Henry Thoreau's guide on a brief excursion, but in being just brave, honest, upright Joseph Attien, a man who was loved and lamented because he had the quality of goodness. "His death just used the men all up," said a white river-man years afterward; "after that some of the best men wa'n't good for anything all the rest of the drive."

I could give, as I have gleaned it here and there, the testimony to his worth, the statements of one and another that he was not only brave but good, an open-hearted, patient, forbearing sort of a man, renowned for his courage and skill in handling a boat, but loved for his mild justness. "He was just like a father to us," said a white man who had been in his boat. Thirty-three years after his death I heard a head lumberman, who also had served two years in his boat, a very silent man, break out into voluble reminiscence at merely seeing Joe Attien's picture. But there is a story, indisputably authentic, which shows, better than anything else, the largeness of the man.

He had been slandered by a white man, whom he had thought his friend, in a way which not only caused him distress of mind, but was calculated to interfere materially with his election to the office of tribal governor, the most coveted honor within an Indian's grasp, and that year elective for the first time.[2] The incident occurred just before his first election in 1862, — for he was governor seven times. Hurt to the quick, he avoided his former friend, yet said nothing. But as soon as he discovered that the false accusation had arisen from a wholly innocent and most natural mistake, without a word in his own justification, leaving the charge to stand undenied, he renewed the old friendship, and his friend never knew what just cause he had given for resentment till, years after Joe's death, it was accidentally revealed by one who had heard the misunderstanding explained. Such was the man.

If you ask the men who were there at the time how Joseph Attien died, they will never suggest that it was accident or the hand of God. More or less emphatically, according to their natures and the vividness of their recollection, they will say right out, "Dingbat Prouty did it; it was Dingbat Prouty drownded Joe Attien." They will cheerfully admit

[1] The newspapers said he was thirty-five when he died, but his gravestone says plainly "forty years and seven months." It is interesting to learn that one who lived so well and died so generously was born on Christmas Day.

[2] His epitaph is wrong in asserting that he inherited the title of governor. The office had been a life office, hereditary in the Attien family, who were chiefs; but at Joseph's father's death it was made annual and elective. Joseph Attien won his elections by popular vote against great opposition, and he carried seven out of the eight elections held up to the time of his death. The eighth — by the intervention of the so-called "Special Law," passed by the state to reduce the friction between the parties — was the New Party's first election, none of Joseph Attien's friends, the Old Party, or Conservatives, voting that year.

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that this is not a man to be spoken of slightingly, because he is a great waterman; but upon this point there is only one opinion, — that he forced Joe Attien to run a bad place against his better judgment, for the mere sake of showing off. "He pushed himself in." — "He had n't no business in that boat at all." — "Prouty drownded Joe Attien, everybody who was there says so." — "He had n't no business in that boat, and did n't belong there anyway, but he said he was going to run them falls, and he did run 'em."

It is very hard to tell a true story, and the more one knows about the facts the harder it is to make a story of them. Here was a simple tale of how the inordinate ambition of one man to win a name for himself brought grief upon the whole drive. But the next turn of the kaleidoscope gave a wholly different combination. For I took what I had gathered to John Ross himself. "Is this straight?" And he said: "No; you are all wrong there. Prouty belonged in that boat; he had been bowman of it about two days. It was my orders for them to go down and pick a jam on the Heater, and they were going. I was right there and saw the whole of it, and I never blamed Prouty."

But why then should the men have blamed him? No exculpation could be more complete. There is no appeal from what John Ross says he ordered and saw executed. Why do not the men know this? Instead of telling a simple tale, are we undertaking to square the mental circle? For, with nearly two hundred men close at hand, it seems preposterous that the facts should not have become generally known; it is still more incredible to suppose that, thinking independently, they could all have reached the same false conclusion; but that, having been cross-examined in all sorts of ways for four-and-thirty years, they should never have varied from their first error is inconceivable. Why do the men still hold Charles Prouty responsible if he was not to blame?

From being a study of facts, the story turns into a question of psychology. Why is it that when one has been looking at red too long he sees green, and keeps on seeing green, even when there is no green there? — that is the clue. A man does not get a name like "Dingbat" and keep it all his life for nothing. Therefore, after the men had gazed fixedly upon the commanding excellence of Joseph Attien; after they had seen him pass beyond their ken, "all the trumpets," as it were, "sounding for him on the other side;" when they turned away and looked at the man whom fate had elected to stand beside him that day, what would one expect them to see by contrast? Green! Very green! And to keep right on seeing — *green!* Having affirmed the worth of Joseph Attien and the warm esteem in which all held him, it remains to show how, because he was placed in too sharp a contrast with such a man, Charles Prouty incurred a blame which his chief says was none of his.

We come now to the story. Chance gave to it a fitting frame, — grand scenery, bright sunshine, a date of distinction, the eye of the Master. You are never to forget that up on a log-jam, just below where this happened, stood Himself, — John Ross. He ordered the boat down; he saw it go; he sent another to the rescue; he reported this to me; it stands authenticated. But what the men saw and felt, that which is unofficial, that which represents the current of the story, and carries us on to the ending of it, I gathered for myself among them.

On the drive there is no distinction of days. Holidays or Sundays, the drivers know no difference; one week's end and the next one's beginning are all the same to them. The Fourth of July now is marked for them by no other suitable

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recognition than extremely early rising.

But it used not so to be. In the old days, when it was a point of pride to have the logs in boom by the last of June, the men were free to celebrate on the Fourth. To them the Fourth of July was the greatest day of all the year. Like boys just out of school, they were free from work, free from restraint, free to make just as much noise as they pleased; and, having plenty of money in their pockets wherewith to purchase all sorts of a good time, they enjoyed a glorious liberty. The Fourth was never a quiet day in Bangor if the drives were in the boom.

However, the year of our Lord 1870 is distinctly chronicled as one of the most uneventful ever known, nothing at all going on but a church levee across the river in Brewer, so that the police loafed out the Fourth in weary and unwonted idleness. The drives were late that year, so very late that, though the head of the West Branch drive was some miles downstream, the rear of it rested on the Grand Falls of the Indian Purchase. The hands had been leaving the day before, so as to get home for the Fourth; the water was falling; the whole drive was belated and short-handed; the head men were worrying; no one had any time to remember that it was a legal holiday.

That is, no one remembered it except the Chronic Shirk. His rights had been assailed, and, having found a Temporary Cripple, who could not escape by flight from his unwelcome company, he insisted on arguing the case, and volleyed back his opinions of working on a legal holiday with an explosiveness which reminded one of the reports of a bunch of firecrackers.

It was "Rip — rip — rip — *bang!* but he did n't *like* this workin' on a Fourth er Ju*ly!* The Declaration of Independuns had said — that it was a man's right — on the Fourth er July — to git as tight as Lewey's cow — and he did rip — rip — rip — ob*ject* — to bein' defrauded out of his constitoot'nal rights!"

He was a sun-baked, stubble-faced fellow, less troubled with clothes than with the want of patches, but with shirt and skin about one color where the sun had toned them to each other around the more ancient rents; and he sat in a niche in the log-jam, expectorating tobacco forcibly and to great distances, and swore voluminously about his ill-luck in not being somewhere else. Just then he had nothing to do. He was an expert at picking out jobs where there was nothing to do. This time he was waiting for his mate, who had gone for an axe, and not a stroke of work had he done since his mate left him. There it was, a bright sunny morning about seven o'clock, a good time to work, and the logs ricked up like jack-straws on both sides of the falls, the whole river in that confusion which the rear has to clean up and leave tidy; plenty of work for this fellow to do with his peavey in picking off singles and rolling in little handfuls caught along the edges, and helping to do his share of the setting to rights; but, instead, he sat on a log-jam in the sun, and spat more vigorously and swore more violently, as it grew upon him how ill the world was using him in making him work on the Fourth of July.

The Cripple, unable to escape, tried to divert him from his melancholy.

"Well, Tobias Johnson's boat got down all right," he remarked.

Tobias Johnson and his crew had but just run the Blue Rock Pitch. It was to see the boats go down that the Cripple had crawled out upon the logs. The water being very bad that morning, what Tobias Johnson had done was bound to be a topic of conversation all that hot day among little groups of men working on the logs. Even the Shirk ought to have whirled at such a glittering conversational lure. Instead he sulked.

"I 'd be rip — rip — ripped — if *I*

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was seen runnin' these here falls to-day. It 's a damned shame to have to work on the Fourth er July anyway. Head men that knowed beans from bed-bugs would ha' had the whole jim-bang drive in long ago;" — and he exploded a whole bunch of crackers on the heads of the offending contractors of the drive. "Here we be a-swillin' sow-belly an' Y. E. B's,[1] an' down to Bangor, don't I know jes' 's well as can be, Deacon Spooner has brought up a thousand pounds o' salmon to Low's Market, an' is reportin' all about the sunstroke to the schoolhouse an' the camp-meetin' they are gettin' up down to Whisgig on Shoo-Fly, an' salmon enough for all hands an' the cook." (Deacon Spooner was a sort of summer Santa Claus, who purveyed imaginary information and real Penobscot River salmon. He was held in high local esteem, but he went out of print about this time, and the great volley of oaths which the Shirk shot off at the merry and inoffensive deacon, though they may not account for his disappearance, would provide good reason for looking for him among the damned.)

The Cripple tried to get away, but he was too closely followed. Then, deciding that talking was better than listening, he took the reins of conversation. "Bi must have found it awful rough water," said he; "don't believe there 'll be not another bo't attempt it to-day with the water slacking so. Say, did you hear that yisterday Joe Attien tried to git Con Murphy to leave Tobias's crew an' come into his boat? An' Con said he liked his own crew, an' did n't want to change, not even to be in Joe's bo't. I heerd that he got Ed Conley out of Lewey Ketchum's bo't now Lewey 's left the drive. Speaks pretty well for Tobias though, don't it?"

The Discontented One turned impartially from Deacon Spooner and damned Tobias.

"Jim Hill!" said the Cripple, "how them logs has took to runnin'! They 're goin' it high, wide an' lively. That stops all bo't capers for one while. Any bo't that had it in mind to rival Bi Johnson had better think twice about it before they git out into this mix-up on slack water. Guess our fun 's up, an' I mought 's well be crawlin' back to camp."

"Guess I mought 's well stay right here where I be," said the Shirk; "John Ross is up there on that dry jam east side, an' I 'd jes' 's soon be where I can keep an eye on him."

The Cripple made a few painful, hobbling steps over the logs, and had reached the crest of the jam, when he turned, with his hand shading his eyes, and looked down toward the Blue Rock Pitch, where a boat was drawn up on the shore, and the crew stood waiting.

"Say, though," he shouted to the Shirk, trying to make himself heard above the water, "looks like they was talkin' about runnin' after all! Who is it? Make 'em out?"

The Grumbler put up his head cautiously, to make sure that John Ross was attending to his own business, before he ran briskly to the peak of the jam, and announced that it was that ding-ding-danged Injun, Joe Attien; could tell him by his bigness.

"Hain't he the perfect figure of a man, though!" broke in the other in admiration; "pity his heft keeps him from his rightful place in the bow." Joe Attien weighed two hundred and twenty-five, and, because of his great weight and strength, always captained his boat from the stern, although in running quick water the bow is the place of honor.

The Leisurely One, having made sure that he was getting the right man, proceeded to curse Joe Attien and all his forbears. Then he sat down upon the logs and resumed his original lamentation. "Now down Bangor way to-day

[1] That is, yellow-eyed beans. Pork and beans are the river-driver's staple of diet as well as the lumberman's, and not as much relished in midsummer as in the colder season.

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they 'd be doin' somp'n wuth lookin' at — hoss races an' bo't races an' " —

"Joe 'd be in the canoe race, sure," interrupted the other.

"Not by a long chalk!" said the Grumbler; "don't you see he 's governor agin? Don't you rec'lect that last time, when they made him a ding-danged, no-good judge, an' him one of the best paddles in the tribe, a rip — rip — rip — splitting good man on a paddle, all because he was a ding-dang-donged governor?"

The other man admitted the cogency of the argument. "But say," said he, "that 's the real thing there. Ain't that Dingbat talkin' up to Joe?"

They watched the rapid, incisive movements of a slender, agile young fellow, outlined against Joe's bulk. "Dinged little weasel," muttered the Grumbler, identifying him, "so durn spry 't he don't cast no shadder!"

Then he relapsed once more into his reflective mood. "Now down Bangor way now, you bet — oh, hoss races an' bo't races an' canoe races, an' 'Torrent' and 'Delooge' a-squirtin' out in the Square, an' cirkiss, an' greased pig, an' tub races, an' velocerpede races — there 'll be somp'n down there to-day wuth lookin' at, an' up here nothin' but this dod-blasted ol' river an' a ding-dang passel o' logs!"

"Say," said the other, "I can't quite make that out yet. I ain't a-catchin' on to that performance. There 's McCausland, an' Tomer, an' Joe Solomon, an' Curran, an' Conley, they all belong, — but where 's Steve Stanislaus? An' that little Dingbat, — what 's he doin' with a paddle there?"

"Wants Joe to run the falls."

"Well, but he ain't in Joe's bo't!"

"Course not, little rumscullion! That's it! He 's failed to get his own crew in most like, an' now he 's stumpin' Joe to take him along o' his crew. You watch an' see him do it. He ain't a-goin' to let Bi Johnson have the name of bein' the only man that dares to run these falls to-day, not if he can help it. He 'll shake the rafters o' heaven, but he 'll show us that he 's every bit as good a waterman as Tobias Johnson."

"What makes him light on Joe? and where 's Steve?"

The man did not know as yet that the day before, when the crews reorganized at the Lower Lakes, Steve Stanislaus, who was Joe Attien's friend and cousin and physical counterpart, had left Joe's boat. But all sorts of low cunning being readable to the Shirk, he was not at a loss for an explanation.

"Well, don't you see, he 's cut Steve out some ways. Joe handlin' stern, that gives him a chance to go in the bow, and that 's right on the way to a bo't of his own, and what he could n't get with no other man. He don't ship to be no midshipman in the maulin' they are goin' to git. He 's figgerin' how to put hisself at a premum as a crack man."

"Reel Dingbat trick," muttered the Cripple. "Joe knows that this ain't no runnin' water to-day; just wicked to try to run here the way things is now."

"Don't want to, don't have to," retorted the Swearer, for once omitting the garnish of his speech. And it was more true than most epigrams. Joe's orders to go down with a boat did not imply that he was to run the Blue Rock Pitch against his judgment. A waterman of his reputation could dare to be prudent, and all the spectators thought that he intended to take out above the pitch and carry by and put in below. Then they saw him pick up his long paddle.

The Shirk pricked up his ears and began to be more cheerful. "Looks like somp'n was goin' to happen now!" he chippered. "There they are a-gettin' of her ready. Now they 're runnin' her out. There 's Dingbat takin' bow. Wonder what they are goin' to do with that spare man? Which one of them rip — rip — rippin' galoots do you s'pose Joe 'll be leavin' behind?"

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That seventh man in the boat was what the men never understood, and it gave the color to the accusation that Prouty pushed himself in. Seven men is a boat's crew when working on logs, but in running dangerous places they carry but six, or even four men. It would seem as if, planning not to run, Joe had his log-working crew, and then, changing his mind suddenly, forgot to leave behind the extra man.

"Gosh! how rough the water is!" said the Cripple; "all choked up with jams both sides, and the logs running to beat hell. They don't stand one chance, not in — My soul! — but he's putting that spare man in on the lazy seat! — Well, what you must do you will do." It was the inbred fatalism of his class, which makes them stoical.

Simultaneously the Grumbler fired off a volley of curses which made the air smoke. "Rip — rip — rip — bang! — *bang!* If that Go-donged Injun ain't a-shippin' a Maddywamkeag crew!" (In the cant of the river a "Mattawamkeag crew" means all the men a boat will hold.)

The Shirk was fully alive now. He jumped up and took his peavey from the log beside him. "Guess I'll be moseyin' right along down now," he chirped. Then he set out running over the logs at a lively pace, trailing his peavey behind him. He anticipated seeing something fully equal to greased pig and velocipede races.

But there was not much to see that time. The catastrophe came at once, before they were fairly started. The water was very rough that morning, — on a falling driving-pitch it is always roughest. There was that crowning current, heaped up in the middle, that would push a boat upon the shore; there were the log-jams making the channels narrow and crooked; there were the loose logs running free, that would elbow and ram a boat and crowd her off when she tried to avoid them; there were the doubtful, treacherous channels, creatures of the log-jams along the banks and of the fickle current, new with every differing condition, never to be fully memorized; there were the rocks, not less cruel because cushioned with great boils of water; and there were the boat's own weight and tremendous momentum. No thoroughbred waterman will ever undertake to say how fast a boat can run in a rapid, for he does not know himself. He says, "Very fast," and turns the topic to all-day records.

Still the great sharp-nosed boat had as little cause to apprehend disaster as any boat could have had. She bore a picked crew; she obeyed Joe Attien; and she was a stanch and trusty boat, very wise about all the ways of water. She knew all kinds and how to take them. There were the huge boils, those frightful, brandy-colored boils, streaked full of yellow foam-threads spinning from a hissing centre; and there were the slicks, where a great rock betrayed his lurking-place only by the tail of glassy current below, — safe are such places, for the rock lies above them; and there were the ridgy manes of white water-curls, where the slopes of two great rocks met and rolled the water backward; — but she knew how to take them all; she was prepared for perils on all sides, danger unintermittent, whether she took it slick, or bit into the foam with her long beak, or caught it raw and crosswise beneath her flaring gunwales. What she did not expect was that her peril would come before she had caught the set of the current at all; no one looked for that, not even the Shirk, who was running fast so as to be right on hand when she swamped, and was addressing to them various select remarks not intended to be heard above the roar of the water, such as, "Guess you got your bellyful this time, old fellow;" and, "Go it, boys, you'll get plumb to hell this trip." It was nothing to one of his kind

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that seven men stood in deadly peril, and the show of the moment he was craftily neglecting that he might the better witness the closing spectacle. But he never dreamed that it would come as it did.

It was a very simple accident; the dragon fly, with bulging eyes, rustling in zigzag flight along the river's brink, might have reported what he saw as well as could a man. There was the long, lean boat, blue without and painted white within, lying with pointed stern and longer, tapering snout, steeving sharply, like a huge fish half out of water; within her the line of red-shirted men, their finny oars fringing her battered sides, the stripling Prouty high up in the bow, too eager to snatch the honors of which he has won so many fairly since; then the row of seated men, — ragged red shirts, sorely weathered; hard red knuckles, tense on the oar-butts; sunburned faces under torn brims, or hatless; sunscorched eyes, winking through sunbleached lashes; all, Yankee and Irishman and Province man, black-eyed Indian and blue-eyed Indian, waiting on big Joe Attien, towering in the stern, confident that what he did would be done right. Seven men, and four were looking backward to the shore, and three were facing forward toward the water, four one way and three the other, as if emblematic of the coming moment when they should be divided by three and by four, for life, for death. What they thought and how they felt, who could tell now; but out of all those there the man's heart which would have been best worth reading was that spare man's on the lazy seat, who knew rough water, and could see ahead, and who had nothing at all to do. If he unbuckled his stout, calked brogans, and slipped them off his feet, who could say whether it was done from fear or from foresight?

Then the poles dip, the long, spruce, iron-shod poles at bow and stern, the oars sweep shallow water, and, splashing and gritting gravel as they push off, the poles dipping one side and the other, abreast and backward, like the long legs of an uncertain-minded crane-fly, they shove her out.

And then was their black fate close upon them: she did not swing to the current; she was too heavy, the crew were raw to one another and to the boat, bow and stern did not respond as they always had done when Steve Stanislaus and Joe handled boat, as their old crews still say, "just like one man." Logy and bewildered, instead of turning promptly to the current, the old boat let the water catch her underneath her side. It shot her straight across the channel, right among the ugly rocks on the other shore, close above the Blue Rock Pitch. And then, before she could be straightened, the River took her in his giant hands, and smashed her side against a rock, smote her down with such a crash that the men along the banks who saw and heard it cannot be convinced that she was not wrecked; and some who saw her fill so suddenly still declare that her whole bottom was torn off as you rip the peel from a mandarin orange. That is not true; she was not much hurt. But eighteen hundred pounds of boat and men were hurled upon that sunken rock with the full force of the River. The port side buckled fearfully; the ribs groaned and gave; the nails screamed as the sharp rock sheared off their heads, and a long yellow shaving, ploughed out of her side, went writhing down the foaming current. Down to the water's edge dipped the up-stream gunwale; in poured the water in a flood, and before she settled squarely, the lifted port side showed that long and ugly scar. What of the shock that sent the man upon the lazy seat reeling backward, that tumbled the men at the oars forward upon their faces, that wrenched their oars from their hands and threw the batteau seats from the cleats, and sent the spare man's driving shoes adrift among the litter of unshipped seats and useless men? Un-

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manned, unmanageable, full to the lips of water, and just on the brink of the Blue Rock Pitch, what could the old boat do? Joe dropped his useless pole and took his paddle, but she could not answer to it, and bow-heavy with the weight of water running forward as she felt the incline of the fall, her stern reeling high in air, her crew, disarmed and helpless, crowding on the bowman, she wallowed down that wicked water among rocks and logs.

So much is fairly certain, but beyond this no one seems quite sure; for I can find no one who saw it. Tobias Johnson's crew could not, not having eyes in the backs of their heads, for they had sprung at once to the rescue in their own boat. And the Shirk, who would have been glad to see, was out of the running. In his haste to be on hand, he had tripped himself on his peavey, and had been plunged headforemost into a hole in the jam, where, kicking and clawing, he went off like Mother Hoyt's powder-horn. (Cursing his own awkwardness? No, not a bit! Damning the men who were struggling in the water, because they had tripped him up, and had not given him a fair chance to see them die!)

Nor did John Ross on his log-jam see it, though he was so near. "I was on a dry jam right there, but I had kept Levi Hathorn's boat with me in case any one should tumble in or anything should happen, and I sent it down to them, — and I don't know any more. I saw that they were going to have a hard time, and — and I turned and looked the other way." (Ladies and gentlemen — tender-hearted ladies, high-minded gentlemen — pause and consider whether, standing there, yours would have been the transcendent grace that "turned and looked the other way"!)

But one thing everybody knows, — there were men in that boat who could not swim; there are such in every boat. The others leaped and swam; these clung to the boat. And Joe Attien stayed with them, — not clinging as they did, buried in water, not crouching and abject, waiting for the death that faced him, — not a coward, now, never, but paddle in hand, because the water ran too deep for pole-hold, standing astride his sunken boat, a big, calked foot upon either gunwale, working to the last ounce that was in him to drive the sunken wreck and the men clinging to it into some eddy or cleft of the log-jams before they were carried down over the Heater and that thundering fall of the Grand Pitch. It is the last one sees of Joe Attien; no one has reported anything after that; one remembers him always as standing high in the stern of his boat, dying with and for his men.

The Humane Society gives no medals for rescues made along the river; our men have nothing to show for anything they have done; but when all the pæans of brave deeds are chanted, let some one remember to sing the praises of Tobias Johnson's crew. We do not speak of them, — this is not their day. Enough that when they saw Joe Attien's boat swamp they all leaped into their places and swept out to the rescue. Man after man they pulled in, heedless of their own safety. The last one they caught when they were just on the verge of the Heater, and then somehow, overloaded as they were, on the brink of sure death, they swung in and crept back to the landing-place.

Ashore they looked over the saved and called the names of the dead. They had three. Joe Attien was gone, and Stephen Tomer, an Indian lad, and Edward Conley of Woodstock, and Dingbat Prouty. They still hoped for these, — hope dies hard, and they knew how difficult it is to drown a man who resolutely prefers to try his chances of being hanged. So they and all who had flocked in to them at the flying rumor of disaster took up pick-poles, pickaroons, peavies, whatever might be used to save a living man or to recover

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the body of a drowned one, and set off down the drivers' path which skirts the falls.

There was little hope of finding Joe. When they saw him go they all understood that, dead or alive, they would find him with his men. But Dingbat had been seen swimming strongly. If the logs had not crushed him, nor the rocks broken him, he might yet be picked up in some inshore cove where the eddy played, clinging to the alders, too fordone to pull himself out, but still alive.

They searched well and they searched some time before they found him, — for I had it from one who was there, — and when they did discover him, it was the rescuers who were scant of breath.

"Ga-w-d! but don't he seem to be takin' it easy!" said one.

For a man who had just been through what he had been through, he certainly was taking it very easy. He was sitting on a log out in an eddy, a great hulling-machine log, peeled by the rocks in rapids, with tatters of bark hanging to its scarred sides, bitten to the quick by the ledges, broomed at the ends by being tumbled over falls. There in the eddy it was drifting because it was too big to be dislodged until some driver prodded it out and over the Grand Pitch. Unable to escape, it went sailing round and round, sometimes butting other logs and ramming the weaker ones out into the rapids, sometimes nosing up against the line of the current, and always drawing back again into its quiet haven, swimming slowly, but swinging often, ever a little beyond the line of the bushes, ever a little inside the line of the current. The falls-spume gathered in clots against the side farthest from the eddy's vortex, and the torrent, as it rushed past, threw up wavelets that lapped its flanks. And there in the warm morning sunshine, wet as a drowned rat, his hair plastered over his sharp-cut face, and the wrinkles round his nose showing more plainly than common, sat the missing bowman, dripping from every edge and elbow, but stolidly sucking his pipe.

"Well, I call that *nerve!*" remarked one of the rescuers, viewing him from behind a screen of bushes. He appreciated the self-command it took for a man considerably more than half drowned and entirely soaked to get out his old pipe, dig her clean, and clamp her under his spiked shoe to dry while he peeled his wet tobacco down to the solid heart, got out his matches from his water-tight vial, and filled and lit her up. They admired his young bravado, and waited a moment watching him, as, theatrically unconscious of their presence, which he well enough observed, he drew at his pipe, and swung with the eddy, his shadow now falling to the front, now to the rear.

"Ain't he a James Dickey-bird!" said another beneath his breath.

Then Dingbat overdid the matter.

"Where 's that damned Injun?" he demanded, suddenly acknowledging their presence.

The ichor of swift resentment coursed through their veins; already it was settled in their minds who was responsible for this disaster. Here he was, safe enough, having saved himself; Joe Attien was dead trying to save his crew. As the lightning flash sometimes photographs indelibly the objects nearest where it strikes, so on the minds of these men that unfeeling question branded forevermore the pictures that stood for those two lives, — Dingbat floating at his ease in the eddy, having looked out for himself, Joe Attien drowned and battered and lost among logs and ledges, willing to lose himself if he might save his crew. They have never forgotten, never will forget, that difference. To this day when you ask one of them who was there at the time how Joe Attien died, this contrast leaps before him, and he says that Dingbat Prouty did it.

The rapids give place to river meadows, the meadows grow into salt shore-

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marshes, the marshes lose themselves at the verge of ocean, and a mist creeps up out of the sea. Time levels and softens all, and draws a veil of haze across to hide what is unpleasantly harsh. So be it! Let all that is unworthy, low or mean, be blotted out, provided that the lights we steer by, the beacons across the wide waste waters, be not dimmed; — leave us, O Time, the memory of men like this!

I was a tiny child when Joe Attien died. He had been a familiar friend, and often, no doubt, he fondled me as he did his own babies. But I do not remember him. Instead I recall — not clearly, though I somehow know that it was they — the delegation of Indians who came down to ask my father where they should go to look for his body. They were tall, and I looked through their legs as between tree-trunks, and the shadow of grief on their dark faces made them like the heavy tops of the pine trees, trees of mournfulness and sighing.

"Spos'n Gov'nor could got pole-holt she could saved 'em."

And, "She could saved it herself, Gov-'nor, 'cause she strong man and could swim, but she want to preservation crew."

So my father pondered the problem and told them where to look for the body. "A brick would swim in that water, it is so strong," said he. "The Governor was a heavy man, but unless he is jammed under logs or wedged between rocks, he will be carried right down over Grand Pitch. As soon as the current slackens it will drop him, and he will sink in shallow water at the inlet to the pond. It is hot weather now, and, the water being shoal there, by the time you can get up river the body will have risen; you will find it in the upper end of Shad Pond."

It all came out as he had predicted. The body of Edward Conley had been picked up above the falls several days before, but the two Indians they found together in Shad Pond on Sunday, the sixth day. They took both the bodies ashore, and where they landed they cut a deep cross into a tree; and because they could not treat lightly anything which had belonged to so brave a man, Joe Attien's boots they hung upon a limb of the tree. There the river-drivers left them till they wasted away, a strange but sincere memorial of a good man.

Fannie Hardy Eckstorm.

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE.

"The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others." — *Carlyle's Essay on Scott.*

BUTTERFLIES IN POETRY.

It was one of the proudest moments of my college life when I was deputed by Dr. Harris — the foremost naturalist then to be found in Harvard University, if not in the nation — to report upon the credentials of a foreign prince, and, if these proved authentic, to introduce him to academical society. That prince was and is — for his posterity still remains among us — the most superb among such potentates who had ever visited this region; for he was the *Papilio philenor* (now *Laertias philenor*), a tropical butterfly then first seen in Cambridge, and the largest ever found so far North, in America, bringing, moreover, an unwonted luxuriance in form and color. This butterfly was personally reared

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by Dr. Harris from a caterpillar found on a tropical plant at the Cambridge Botanic Garden; and its posterity may well be called "large and magnificent" by Mr. Samuel H. Scudder, the present successor of Dr. Harris as dean of American entomology. It is akin to the great butterflies of the East Indies or of South America; its color is a deep purple, with glossy tints of green and steel-color, and large greenish spots passing into straw-color and orange. Such was the eminent foreigner arriving at Cambridge, in temporary disguise, in July, 1840, but destined to be the parent of a race now permanently acclimated there, and spread in a similar manner from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This gorgeous visitant I had the honor to receive; and I wrote thereon a report which may still perhaps survive among the documents of the Harvard Natural History Society.

In looking through an outdoor notebook of twenty years later I find that I was at that period reintroduced to my early prince.

"July 3 [1861]. — The eternal youthfulness of Nature answers to my own feeling of youth and preserves it. As I turn from these men and women around me, whom I watch gradually submerged under the tide of gray hairs — it seems a bliss I have never earned, to find bird, insect and flower renewing itself each year in fresh eternal beauty, the same as in my earliest childhood. The little red butterflies have not changed a streak of black on their busy wings, nor the azure dragonflies lost or gained a shade of color, since we Cambridge children caught them in our childish hands. Yesterday by a lonely oak grove there fluttered out a great purple butterfly, almost fresh from the chrysalis, and alighted just before me, waving its lustrous wings. It was the beautiful *Papilio philenor*, which Dr. Harris showed us in college, as having just been found, an entire novelty, in the Botanic Garden. I had not seen it for twenty years, and here it was, the same brilliant tropical creature, propagated through a series of unwatched generations, perhaps unnoticed till it reached this lonely grove. With a collector's instinct I put my hat over it, but it got away and I was hardly sorry. It had come to link me with those vanished years."

Looking back on those early days, it would seem that the butterfly world might have drawn from my banished prince something of its peculiar charm. Certainly this winged race has long been familiar with royal family titles; at least, ever since Linnæus drew its scientific names from the Greek mythology, and later European entomologists from the Scandinavian, and our own native naturalists from the American Indian. Even these names are constantly changing, with new subdivisions and shifting connections; while the simpler English word, drawn obviously, like "butterfly," from the yellow colors predominating in the meadows at midsummer, has yet been brought under a new interpretation, since a poet's daughter, Sarah Coleridge, stoutly maintains that the word simply originated in the phrase "better fly."

After all, the chief charm of this race of winged flowers does not lie in their varied and brilliant beauty, nor yet in their wonderful series of transformations, — their long and sordid caterpillar life, their long slumber in the chrysalis, or the very brief period which comprises their beauty, their love-making, their parentage, and their death. Nor does it lie in the fact that we do not yet certainly know whether they have in the caterpillar shape the faculty of sight, or not, and do not even know the precise use of their most conspicuous organ in maturity, the antennæ. Nor does it consist in this, that they of all created things have furnished man with the symbol of his own immortality. It rather lies in the fact that, with all their varied life and activity, they represent an absolutely silent existence.

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Victor Hugo has indeed somewhere pronounced the whole insect world to be, with hardly an exception, a world of silence. We feel, he says, as if life involved noise, but the most multitudinous portion of the race of living things — fishes and insects — is almost absolutely still. The few that buzz or murmur are as nothing compared to the vast majority which are born and die soundless. If this is true of insects as a whole, it is of butterflies that it is eminently truest. All the vast array of modern knowledge has found no butterfly which murmurs with an audible voice, and only a very few species which can even audibly click or rustle with their wings; Darwin first observing these in South America, and others recording them at long intervals of years in Europe, and, finally, in the United States. Mr. Scudder has not only detected a soft sound in one or two cases, proceeding from the wings, and sounding like the faint rustling of sandpaper, but he hazards the opinion that many of the quivering or waving motions of the wings of these bright creatures, although inaudible to us, may be accompanied by sounds which the butterflies themselves or their kindred might hear.

If they can be thus heard without sound, why do we not at least hear more of them by fame in literature? They contribute much of the summer grace of the universe: they are of all beings the most picturesque in their lives, having three different phases of existence, each peculiar, and all frequently gorgeous, — the caterpillar, the chrysalis, and the imago, or fully developed creature. They are incomparably more numerous and more varied than birds, — the number of species far larger, and the swarms incomparably greater, where swarming is their practice; when they enter poetry they do it with yet more grace; but fewer authors describe them, and those few more charily. Thoreau, for instance, rarely mentions them, and in some ways seems singularly ignorant of them. Thus in his MS. diary (1853–54, page 395) he describes himself as bringing home from the marshy meadows the great paper cocoon of the gray sphinx moth (*Attacus cecropia*), and as carrying it unrecognized to Dr. Harris, to learn about it, — an object which every schoolboy knows, one would suppose, and which is at least of kindred to the butterflies.

The butterflies being thus silent, it is not, perhaps, strange that we do not interpret them better, but that each observer finds his own interpretation, or his own sympathetic response, varying, it may be, from any other. Thus Austin Dobson, writing poetry on a fan that had belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour, finds delineated upon it, "Courtiers as butterflies bright;" while Bryant in his June finds the creatures quite too indolent to be approved as courtiers: —

> The idle butterfly
> Should rest him there.

Edmund Gosse, meanwhile, finds in their mien, as he views them while lying in the grass, no trace of idleness, but rather the fatigue due to arduous labor: —

> The weary butterflies that droop their wings.

Percy Mackaye in his blithe book, The Canterbury Pilgrims, complicates the matter by obliging the butterfly to keep off the attentions of the moth-miller: —

> Mealy miller, moth-miller,
> Fly away!
> If Dame Butterfly doth say thee nay,
> Go and court a caterpillar!

And Keats, always the closest of observers, acquits his winged creatures of all care when he says of Endymion,

> His eyelids
> Widened a little, as when Zephyr bids
> A little breeze to creep between the fans
> Of careless butterflies.

But when we turn to that marvelously gifted family into which so much of the descriptive power of Keats has passed, we find Charles Tennyson weaving the butterfly's wing and the human heart's love into a cadence so exquisitely deli-

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cate that his laureate brother never surpassed it: —

SONNET

To —— On Accidentally Rubbing the Dust from a Butterfly's Wing.

The light-set lustre of this insect's mail
Hath bloom'd my gentlest touch — This first of May
Has seen me sweep the shallow tints away
From half his pinion, drooping now and pale!
Look hither, coy and timid Isabel!
Fair Lady, look into my eyes, and say,
Why thou dost aye refuse thy heart to stay
On mine, that is so fond and loves so well?
Is beauty trusted to the morning dews,
And to the butterfly's mischanceful wing,
To the dissolving cloud in rainbow hues,
To the frail tenure of an early spring,
In blossoms, and in dyes? and must I lose
Claim to such trust, all Nature's underling?

Mrs. Piatt, our American poet, reached a profounder, if less exquisite, touch when she thus reproved her adventurous boy for reversing the usual insect development by removing the wings of a butterfly: —

AFTER WINGS.

This was your butterfly, you see, —
His fine wings made him vain:
The caterpillars crawl, but he
Passed them in rich disdain. —
My pretty boy says, "Let him be
Only a worm again!"

O child, when things have learned to wear
Wings once, they must be fain
To keep them always high and fair:
Think of the creeping pain
Which even a butterfly must bear
To be a worm again!

And elsewhere she moralizes, as is her wont: —

Between the falling leaf and rose-bud's breath;
The bird's forsaken nest and her new song
(And this is all the time there is for Death);
The worm and butterfly — it is not long!

More thoughtful still, and in the end more uplifted, is this fine poem by Mary Emily Bradley, a poet from farther West: —

A CHRYSALIS.

My little Mädchen found one day
A curious something in her play,
That was not fruit, nor flower, nor seed;
It was not anything that grew,
Or crept, or climbed, or swam, or flew;
Had neither legs nor wings, indeed;
And yet she was not sure, she said,
Whether it was alive or dead.

She brought it in her tiny hand
To see if I would understand,
And wondered when I made reply,
"You 've found a baby butterfly."
"A butterfly is not like this,"
With doubtful look she answered me.
So then I told her what would be
Some day within the chrysalis;
How, slowly, in the dull brown thing
Now still as death, a spotted wing,
And then another, would unfold,
Till from the empty shell would fly
A pretty creature, by and by,
All radiant in blue and gold.

"And will it, truly?" questioned she —
Her laughing lips and eager eyes
All in a sparkle of surprise —
"And shall your little Mädchen see?"
"She shall!" I said. How could I tell
That ere the worm within its shell
Its gauzy, splendid wings had spread,
My little Mädchen would be dead?

To-day the butterfly has flown, —
She was not here to see it fly, —
And sorrowing I wonder why
The empty shell is mine alone.
Perhaps the secret lies in this:
I too had found a chrysalis,
And Death that robbed me of delight
Was but the radiant creature's flight!

The extraordinary gifts of the butterfly race have always excited the wonder not only of naturalists, but of the most ignorant observers. Note their silent and unseen changes; the instinct by which they distinguish their favorite plant-food, as, for instance, among the scarcely differing species of the complex race of asters, where they show themselves, as Professor Asa Gray said, "better botanists than many of us;" their skill in depositing their eggs unerringly on or near the precise plant on which the forthcoming caterpillars are fitted to feed, although they as butterflies have never tasted it. To these should be added their luxurious spread of wings, giving opportunities for those curious resemblances of color which protect them during the few days of their

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winged state; and, finally, the brief time when, if ever, their eggs must be laid and the continuance of the race made sure. The whole realm of animal "mimicry," as it is now termed, reaches its highest point in them, and leads to some extreme cases; as in the fact that, while butterflies are ordinarily monogamous, there is yet one species in Africa which has departed so widely from this rule that the male has not one mate only, but actually three different wives, each so utterly unlike him in appearance as to have long been taken for wholly different species.

Even in winter, Agassiz tells us, the changes in the eggs of insects go on through the season, protected by the shell, and this is still more true of the chrysalis. Living butterflies prepare for spring freedom by nestling away in great numbers during the previous autumn. This is especially true of the early "Mourning Cloak" (*Euvanessa antiopa*), called in England the "Camberwell Beauty," which has been recorded in every month of the year in our Northern states. No one really knows where these butterflies may go, but they may be seen by scores around favorite windows, following their instinct of retreat. One of them lived all winter in the cellar of a house near mine in Cambridge, Massachusetts, changing its position half-a-dozen times during that period. Yet butterflies of the same or kindred species have been known to spend all of two winters in the chrysalis, leaving the intermediate summer also a blank. This is one of the few butterflies which lay their eggs in extremely methodical clusters, usually on the under side of a leaf; and sometimes a hundred may thus be hatched side by side, bending down the branches.

Let me turn again to my early outdoor journal (1861) for this brief meditation on a box containing chrysalids. "There is something infinitely touching in the thought that these creatures which have been leading a life so free, even if low and sordid, have now utterly suspended all the ceaseless action and gone to sleep in this little box of mine, each inclosed in a yet smaller self-made tomb, patiently awaiting resurrection to an utterly new life. When I think of the complete suspension of their active existence during this dark time, and of the quiet invariable way in which all the generations of insect life have gone through the same slumber and transfiguration ever since the universe began, it makes our human birth and death seem greater mysteries than ever."

Reverting again to my old notebook, I read this confession which I still cannot retract: "I find that to me works of art do not last like those of nature. I grow tired of pictures — never of a butterfly." There is doubtless among these airy creatures something akin to the mind's visions, else why in various nations and under varying religions should the same insect have represented immortality; or why, when the most gifted of recent French writers of fiction lost control of his mind and said perpetually, "*Où sont mes idées?*" should he have fancied that he found them in butterflies? Or how else can we explain so fine a strain of profound thought as in this sonnet by an else unknown English poet, Thomas Wade, writing in 1839: —

THE BURIED BUTTERFLY.

What lovely things are dead within the sky,
By our corporeal vision undiscern'd —
Extinguish'd suns, that once in glory burn'd;
And blighted planets mouldering gloomily
Beyond the girdle of the galaxy;
And faded essences, in light inurn'd,
Of creatures spiritual, to that Deep return'd
From whence they sprang, in far Eternity —
This e'er to know is unto us forbidden;
But much thereto concerning may we deem,
By inference from fact familiar:
Beneath those radiant flowers and bright grass hidden
Withers a thing once golden as a star
And seeming unsubstantial as a dream.

In passing from the transformations of the butterfly to its higher affinities and

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analogies, we find them suggested well in this finely touched poem by Miss Ina Coolbrith of California: —

THE MARIPOSA LILY.

Insect or blossom? Fragile, fairy thing,
Poised upon slender tip, and quivering
To flight! a flower of the fields of air;
A jewelled moth; a butterfly, with rare
And tender tints upon his downy wing,
A moment resting in our happy sight;
A flower held captive by a thread so slight
Its petal-wings of broidered gossamer
Are, light as the wind, with every wind astir, —
Wafting sweet odor, faint and exquisite.
O dainty nursling of the field and sky,
What fairer thing looks up to heaven's blue
And drinks the noontide sun, the dawning's dew?
Thou wingëd bloom! thou blossom-butterfly!

A similar range of affinities is touched less profoundly, yet with finished grace, by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton: —

A PAINTED FAN.

Roses and butterflies snared on a fan,
All that is left of a summer gone by;
Of swift, bright wings that flashed in the sun,
And loveliest blossoms that bloomed to die!

By what subtle spell did you lure them here,
Fixing a beauty that will not change, —
Roses whose petals never will fall,
Bright, swift wings that never will range?

Had you owned but the skill to snare as well
The swift-winged hours that came and went,
To prison the words that in music died,
And fix with a spell the heart's content,

Then had you been of magicians the chief;
And loved and lovers should bless your art,
If you could but have painted the soul of the thing, —
Not the rose alone, but the rose's heart!

Flown are those days with their winged delights,
As the odor is gone from the summer rose;
Yet still, whenever I wave my fan,
The soft, south wind of memory blows.

We should not overlook, moreover, the fact that our most wayward American poet, reverting for once unequivocally to the prose form, has given the best and the most graphic butterfly-picture easily to be found in that shape. The many critics of Whitman, who have expressed the opinion that he marred and perhaps shortened his fame by choosing an habitual measure neither prose nor verse — as did the once admired author of Proverbial Philosophy before him — may find their conviction strengthened, perhaps, by the peculiar attractiveness of this outdoor reverie in prose.

"Aug. 4 [1880]. — A pretty sight! Where I sit in the shade — a warm day, the sun shining from cloudless skies, the forenoon well advanc'd — I look over a ten-acre field of luxuriant clover-hay, (the second crop) — the livid ripe red blossoms and dabs of August brown thickly spotting the prevailing dark-green. Over all flutter myriads of light-yellow butterflies, mostly skimming along the surface, dipping and oscillating, giving a curious animation to the scene. The beautiful spiritual insects! straw-color'd Psyches! Occasionally one of them leaves his mates, and mounts, perhaps spirally, perhaps in a straight line in the air, fluttering up, up, till literally out of sight. In the lane as I came along just now I noticed one spot, ten feet square or so, where more than a hundred had collected, holding a revel, a gyration-dance, or butterfly good-time, winding and circling, down and across, but always keeping within the limits. The little creatures have come out all of a sudden the last few days, and are now very plentiful. As I sit outdoors, or walk, I hardly look around without somewhere seeing two (always two) fluttering through the air in amorous dalliance. Then their inimitable color, their fragility, peculiar motion — and that strange, frequent way of one leaving the crowd and mounting up, up in the free ether, and apparently never returning. As I look over the field, these yellow-wings everywhere mildly sparkling, many snowy blossoms of the wild carrot gracefully bending on their tall and taper stems — while for sounds, the distant guttural

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screech of a flock of guinea-hens comes shrilly yet somehow musically to my ears. And now a faint growl of heat-thunder in the north — and ever the low rising and falling wind-purr from the tops of the maples and willows.

"Aug. 20. — Butterflies and butterflies (taking the place of the bumble-bees of three months since, who have quite disappear'd) continue to flit to and fro, all sorts, white, yellow, brown, purple — now and then some gorgeous yellow flashing lazily by on wings like artists' palettes dabb'd with every color. Over the breast of the pond I notice many white ones, crossing, pursuing their idle capricious flight. Near where I sit grows a tall-stemm'd weed topt with a profusion of rich scarlet blossoms, on which the snowy insects alight and dally, sometimes four or five of them at a time. By-and-by a humming-bird visits the same, and I watch him coming and going, daintily balancing and shimmering about. These white butterflies give new beautiful contrasts to the pure greens of the August foliage (we have had some copious rains lately), and over the glistening bronze of the pond-surface. You can tame even such insects; I have one big and handsome moth down here, knows and comes to me, likes me to hold him upon my extended hand.

"Another Day, later. — A grand twelve-acre field of ripe cabbages with their prevailing hue of malachite green, and floating-flying over and among them in all directions myriads of these same white butterflies. As I came up the lane to-day I saw a living globe of the same, two or three feet in diameter, many scores cluster'd together and rolling along in the air, adhering to their ball-shape, six or eight feet above the ground."

This white butterfly described is doubtless the cabbage butterfly (*Pieris rapæ*) already mentioned. It was too early in the season for its full practice of that swarming propensity in which it surpasses all others, and which a poet thus puts on record; but Mr. Scudder tells us of an occasion when Dr. Schultze found himself in a dead calm in the Baltic Sea, and "steamed for three hours and a distance of thirty miles through a continuous flock of the Cabbage butterfly, from ten to thirty miles from the main land, and only five miles less than that from the nearest island; afterward the shore was found strewn with their dead bodies."

If only to show that others, twenty years before Whitman, had written for their own pleasure some outdoor records of butterflies, I will venture to print from my old notebook the memoranda of a walk in Princeton, Massachusetts, a mountain village which I have never seen surpassed as a nursery of butterflies and birds.

"July 16 [1862]. — In the morning went to visit Miss —— 's school. Often as I have dreamed of a more abundant world of insects than any ever seen, I never enjoyed it more vividly than in walking along the breezy upland road, lined with a continuous row of milkweed blossoms and white flowering alder, all ablaze with butterflies. I might have picked off hundreds of *Aphrodites* by hand, so absorbed were they in their pretty pursuit; and all the interspaces between their broader wings seemed filled with little skipper butterflies, and pretty painted-ladies (*Pharos*) and an occasional *Comma*. The rarer *Idalia* and *Huntera* sometimes visit them also and a host of dipterous, hymenopterous and hemipterous things. The beautiful mountain breeze played forever over them and it seemed a busy and a blissful world."

These names have all doubtless suffered what may be called a land-change, in the more than half century since their bestowal, — so constant are the shiftings of insect family names in the hands of the scientists, — but they bring back, to one person at least, very pleasant memories of summer friends.

It is a curious fact, yet perhaps not wholly inappropriate to our broad and

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sunny American continent, that while England far exceeds us in the thorough and patient study of the habits of the insect world, yet butterflies figure less, on the whole, in English poetry than in American. Looking somewhat carefully, for instance, through the nearly six hundred pages of Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's recent Anthology of Victorian Poetry I find but one allusion of this kind, namely, in Mrs. Norton's couplet, taken from The Lady of La Garaye: —

> The butterfly its tiny mate pursues
> With rapid fluttering of its painted hues.

Yet Mr. Stedman in his volume of American poetry — a book of about the same size — has a number of poems on this precise subject, several of which have here been quoted; while other fine passages he omits, as that in which Alfred Street speaks of

> the last butterfly,
> Like a wing'd violet, floating in the meek,
> Pink-color'd sunshine, sinks his velvet feet
> Within the pillar'd mullein's delicate down,
> And shuts and opens his unruffled fans.

Does this difference come from our more varied landscape, or from our brighter sunshine, lending a more brilliant tint to the waving wings? Of course this comparison may be regarded as accidental, since no butterfly allusion is more familiar than that of Wordsworth, —

> My sister Emmeline and I
> Together chased the butterfly;

although in this, undoubtedly, the human interest is predominant, and the insect furnishes only an excuse for it. Bayly's "I'd be a butterfly" is hardly worth mentioning, or Rogers's too didactic "Child of the sun!" but no four lines present this winged world with more solemn impressiveness than where Lord de Tabley in his Circe writes, —

> And the great goblin moth, who bears
> Between his wings the ruin'd eyes of death;
> And the enamell'd sails
> Of butterflies, who watch the morning's breath.

Yet this is only a single stanza, and I know of no sustained poem on the butterfly so full of deep thought and imagination — despite some technical defects — as this, by an author less known than she should be, Mrs. Alice Archer James, of Urbana, Ohio. With it this series of quotations and reminiscences may well enough end, the writer fearing lest he may, after all, have only called down upon himself the reproach of Chaucer, —

> Swiche talkying is nat worth a boterflie.

THE BUTTERFLY.

I am not what I was yesterday,
God knows my name.
I am made in a smooth and beautiful way,
And full of flame.

The color of corn are my pretty wings,
My flower is blue.
I kiss its topmost pearl, it swings
And I swing too.

I dance above the tawny grass
In the sunny air,
So tantalized to have to pass
Love everywhere.

O Earth, O Sky, you are mine to roam
In liberty.
I am the soul and I have no home, —
Take care of me.

For double I drift through a double world
Of spirit and sense;
I and my symbol together whirled
From who knows whence?

There 's a tiny weed, God knows what good, —
It sits in the moss.
Its wings are heavy and spotted with blood
Across and across.

I sometimes settle a moment there,
And I am so sweet,
That what it lacks of the glad and fair
I fill complete.

The little white moon was once like me;
But her wings are one.
Or perhaps they closëd together be
As she swings in the sun.

When the clovers close their three green wings
Just as I do,
I creep to the primrose heart of things,
And close mine, too.

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And then wide opens the candid night,
Serene and intense;
For she has, instead of love and light,
God's confidence.

And I watch that other butterfly,
The one-winged moon,
Till, drunk with sweets in which I lie,
I dream and swoon.

And then when I to three days grow,
I find out pain.
For swift there comes an ache, — I know
That I am twain.

And nevermore can I be one
In liberty.
O Earth, O Sky, your use is done,
Take care of me.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE COMMON LOT.[1]

XXI.

HUSBAND and wife did not speak while they were being driven across the city to their home. That which lay between them was too heavy to be touched upon at once in words. Several times the architect glanced fearfully at his wife. She rested limply on the carriage cushion, with closed eyes, and occasionally a convulsive tremor twitched her body. The summer heat, which had raged untempered for weeks, had already sapped her usual strength, and now her face had a bloodless pallor that made the man wince miserably. When their cab stopped at the North Side Bridge, a burly vessel was being pulled through the draw. Helen opened her eyes languidly; once or twice she sought her husband's face, which was turned blankly toward the crowded street. Her lips moved, and then she closed her eyes again. As they got out of the cab, a neighbor who was passing spoke to them and made a little joke, to which Hart replied pleasantly, with perfect self-control. The woman leaning on his arm shivered, as if a fresh chill had seized her.

The children were spending a month in Wisconsin with Jackson's mother, and so the two sat down to a silent dinner. When the maid had come and gone for the last time, Hart looked furtively across the table to his wife, and said gently, —

"Won't you go upstairs, Nell? You don't look able to sit up."

She shook her head and tried to speak, but her voice was gone. Finally she whispered, —

"Francis, you must tell me all about it, — everything!"

He frowned and said nothing, until she repeated, "Everything, you *must* tell me!" and then he said, —

"See here, Nell, we'd better drop this thing and not think of it again. That man Pemberton, who has pestered the life out of me all along, has made a row. That's all! And he'll repent it, too! He can't do anything to me. It's a business quarrel, and I don't want you to worry over it."

He was cool and assured, and spoke with the kindly authority of a husband.

"No, Francis!" She shook her head wearily. "That can't be. I must know, — I must help you!"

"You can't help me," he replied calmly. "I have told you enough. They can't do anything. I don't want to go any further into that business."

"I *must* know!" she cried.

He was startled at the new force in her voice, the sign of a will erecting itself with its own authority against him.

"Know what? What that fool Pem-

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berton thinks of me? You heard enough of that, I guess!"

"Don't put me off! Don't put me away from you, Francis! If we are to love each other, if we are to live together, I must know you, all of you. I am in a fog. There is something wrong all about me, and it gets between us and kills our love. I cannot — bear — it!"

Her voice broke into pleading, and ended in a sob. But controlling herself quickly, she added, —

"Mr. Pemberton is a fair man, a just man. But if he 's wrong, I want to know that, too. I want to hate him for what he said to you."

"You would like to judge me, to judge your husband!" he retorted coldly. "That is not the way to love. I thought you would believe in me, all through to the end."

"So I shall — if you will tell me all the truth! I would go with you anywhere, to prison if need be, if you would be open with me!"

"We need n't talk of going to prison yet!" he exclaimed in exasperation.

He went to the sideboard, and pouring himself a glass of whiskey, set the decanter on the table.

"They can't do anything but talk!" he repeated. Then, warmed by the liquor, he began to be more insolent, to speak defiantly.

"Pemberton 's been after me from the start. He wanted Wright to get the work, and he 's tried to put every obstacle he could in my way. It was first one thing and then another. He has made life unendurable with his prying and his suspicions. But I won't stand it another day. I 'm going to Everett to-morrow and tell him that I shall get out if Pemberton is to interfere with my orders. And they can't lay a finger on me, I tell you. Pemberton can just talk!"

Helen had put her head between her hands, and she was sobbing. Every hot word that he spoke drove conviction against him into her heart. At last she raised her tear-stained face and cried out with a new access of power, —

"Stop! Stop!"

Then she rose, took the decanter of whiskey, replaced it on the sideboard, and seated herself by his side, putting her hand on his arm.

"Francis, if you care for me, if you want us ever to love each other again, answer me honestly! Have you and that contractor done anything wrong about the school?"

"You can't understand!" he replied roughly, drawing his arm from her touch. "You are making a great deal out of your own imagination."

"Answer me!" she said, in the same tense tone of pure will. "Have you let that man Graves cheat, — do anything dishonest, — and shut your eyes to it?"

"Pemberton claims he has n't lived up to the specifications," the architect admitted sullenly.

"And you knew it?"

"So he says."

There was a moment's silence between them, while the vision of this fraud filled their minds. She seemed to hesitate before the evil thing which she had raised, and then she asked again, —

"Have you — did you make any money from it?"

He did not reply.

"Tell me, Francis!" she persisted. "Did this man give you anything for letting him — cheat the trustees? Tell me!"

He was cold and careless now. This new will in his wife, unexpected, unlike her gentle, yielding nature, compelled him to reveal some part of the truth. In this last resort her will was the stronger. He said slowly: —

"If he made a good sum from the school contract, there was an understanding that he was to give me some stock. It was involved with other business."

"He was to give you stock?"

"Yes; stock in a hotel that he 's been building, — another piece of work."

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"And he has given you this stock?"

"Some of it."

"What have you done with it?"

"Sold it."

"You have sold it?"

"Yes! It was a kind of bonus he gave me for getting him the contract and for doing the hotel, too."

Further than that he would not go. They left the subject late at night. He was sullen and hard, and resented her new tone of authority to him; for he had always counted on her acquiescence and tenderness as his immutable rights.

In the morning this feeling of resentment was more firmly fixed. He regretted that in a moment of weakness he had told her what he had the night before. When she came to him as he was preparing to leave the house, and, putting her hands on his arms, begged him to talk with her again before going, he listened moodily and said that he was pressed for time.

"Won't you go to them, to the trustees, to Everett anyway, and tell them everything you know? And give them that money, the money you got from the stock!"

"That 's a woman's plan! That would make a nice mess, would n't it? I told you I got that as a bonus. It 's often done, something like that. You 'd like to see me get into trouble, — be disgraced for good and all?"

"That cannot be helped now," she answered quietly. "The disgrace cannot be helped!"

"What rot!" he sneered. "You make me out a thief at once. Suppose you look at what some of your acquaintances do, — the good, rich people in this town, — and see how they make their money! Ask people how Silas Stewart gets his rebates from the railroads. Ask any one about the way Strauss grades his wheat." . . .

"I don't want to know. That has nothing to do with this matter."

He left her impatiently. They did not reopen the matter that evening, nor the next day. Her face was set and stern, with a kind of dreary purpose in it, which made him unhappy. He went out of the city on business, and did not return for several days. When he came home no mention was made of his absence, and for another week they lived silently. The night before the children were to return from their vacation with their grandmother, while husband and wife lay awake, each troubled by the common thought, she spoke again.

"Francis," she said firmly, "we can't go on like this. The boys are coming to-morrow. They must n't see us living this way. And it 's bad for you, Francis, and I can't stand it! I have been thinking it over. I must go away with the boys. I shall go to uncle Powers's house in Vernon Falls."

"You are going to leave me, and take the children with you, because you think I am in trouble," he said accusingly.

"You know that is n't true! If you will only meet it honorably, like the man I loved and married, I will stay, and be with you always, no matter what comes. Will you?"

"So you want to make conditions!"

"Just one!"

"You had better go, then."

The next day she telephoned her mother to come to her, and when Mrs. Spellman arrived she said quietly, —

"Mother, I am going to Vermont, to the farm. It may be for a long time. Will you come with me?"

Mrs. Spellman, who was a wise woman, took her daughter's face between her hands and kissed her

"Of course!" she answered simply.

That day they made the necessary preparations for themselves and the children. When the architect returned from his office and saw what was going forward, he said to his wife, —

"So you are determined to leave me?"

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"Yes, I must go."

"I have seen Everett. They are n't going to do anything. I told you it was all bluff on Pemberton's part."

She hesitated, uncertain what to think, and then she asked searchingly, —

"Why are n't they going to do anything? What does it mean?"

"Oh, I guess the others have brought Pemberton to his senses," he replied evasively.

"No, Francis! It is n't made right yet. You would be different if it were. Somehow, from the beginning, when there first was talk of this school, it has been wrong. I hate it! I hate it! And it goes back of that, too. It starts from the very beginning, when we were married, and began to live together. We have always done as the others do all around us, and it is all wrong. I see it now! We can never go on the same way" —

"What way? I don't understand you," he interrupted.

"Why, earning and spending money, trying to get more and more, trying to get things. It 's spoiled your work; it 's spoiled you; and I have been blind and weak, to let us drift on like the others, getting and spending, struggling to get ahead, until it has come to this, to this, — something dreadful that you will not tell me. Something you have done to make money. Oh, how low and mean it is! How mean it makes men and women!"

"That 's life!" he retorted neatly.

"No, no, never! That was n't what you and I thought on the steamer when we were coming home from Europe. I wish you were a clerk, a laborer, a farm-hand, — anything, so that we could be honest, and think of something besides ambition. Let us begin again, from the very beginning, and live like the common people, and live for your work, for the thing you do! Then we should be happy. Never this way, not if you make millions, millions!"

"Well, I can't see why you are leaving," the architect answered, content to see her mind turn from the practical question.

"Tell me!" she exclaimed passionately. "Tell me! Are you honest? Are you an honest man? Is it all right with that building? With that contractor? Tell me, and I will believe you."

"I have said all that I am going to say about that," he answered.

"Then, Francis, I go!"

The next afternoon the architect met them at the train and saw them start, punctiliously doing all the little things that might make their journey pleasant. He referred to their going as a short vacation trip, and joked with the boys. Just before the train started, while Mrs. Spellman settled the children in their section, Helen walked up and down the platform with him. As the signal for starting was given, she raised her veil, revealing the tears in her eyes, and leaning toward him, kissed him. She put into his hands a little card, which she had been holding clasped in her palm. He raised his hat and stood on the platform until the long train had pulled out of the shed. Then he glanced at the card in his hand and read: —

"You know that I shall come to you when you really want me. H."

He crushed the card in his fist and threw it into the roadbed.

XXII.

As the architect had said to his wife, the trustees did nothing. In the end Everett Wheeler settled the matter. After the first gust of passion it was clear enough that the trustees could not have a scandal about the building. If the contractor were prosecuted, the architect, the donor's nephew, would be involved; and, besides, it was plain that Wheeler could not continue as trustee and assist in ruining his cousin. When it came to this point, Pemberton, not wishing to embarrass his associates, resigned.

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Hart was to continue nominally as the architect, but Trimble was to have charge of the building henceforth, with orders to complete the work as soon as possible according to the original specifications. At first Graves had blustered and threatened to sue if certain vouchers issued by Hart were not paid, but Wheeler "read the riot act" to him, and he emerged from the lawyer's office a subdued and fearful man. The calm lawyer had a long arm, which reached far into the city, and he frightened the contractor. So Graves was allowed to complete the contract. Whatever parts of his work had been done crookedly, he was to rectify as far as was possible, and Trimble was to see that the construction which remained to be done came up to specification. As for the irrevocable, the bad work already accepted and paid for, the lawyer said nothing.

Thus the man of the world, the perfectly cynical lawyer, had his way, which was, on the whole, the least troublesome way for all concerned, and avoided scandal. He was the calm one of the men involved: it was his business to make arrangements with human weakness and frailty and to "avoid scandal." That, at all costs!

He made his cousin no reproaches.

"We 've nipped your claws, young man!" he admonished him.

He was disappointed in Jackson. Privately he considered him a dunderheaded ass, who had weakly given himself as a tool to the contractor. In his dealings with men, he had known many rascals, more than the public was aware were rascals, and he respected some of them. But they were the men, who, once having committed themselves to devious ways, used other men as their tools. For little, foolish rascals, who got befogged and "lost their nerve," he had only contempt.

"How 's your wife?" he asked brusquely. "That was a dirty blow she got, — straight between the eyes! I never thought she 'd come here that afternoon."

"Helen has gone east with the boys and her mother, — to that place in Vermont. She needs the rest."

"Oh, um, I see," the lawyer commented, comprehending what this journey meant. He was surprised that Helen should desert her husband at this crisis. It was the part of a woman who had character to "back her husband," no matter what he might do, so long as he was faithful to his marriage oath. Jackson had been a fool, like so many men; there was trouble in the air, and she had run away! He would not have thought it of her.

Hart swallowed his humiliation before his cousin. He was much relieved at the outcome of the affair; it released him from further responsibility for the school, which had become hateful to him. He was chiefly concerned, now, lest the difficulty with the trustees should become known and hurt his reputation; especially, lest the men in his office, to whom he was an autocrat and a genius, should suspect something. He began at once to push the work on the last details for the hotel, with the hope of forcing Graves to deliver another block of the "stock," which he argued was due him for commission.

Now that the matter had been quietly adjusted without scandal, he was inclined to feel more aggrieved than ever over his wife's departure. "She might have waited to see how it turned out," he repeated to himself, obstinately refusing her the right to judge himself except where his acts affected her directly. For some time he kept up with acquaintances the fiction of Helen's "visit in the east;" he even took a room at the Shoreham Club for the hunting season. But he soon fancied that the people at the club were cool to him; fewer engagements came his way; no one referred to the great building, which

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had given him reputation; the men he had known best seemed embarrassed when he joined them, — men, too, who would not have winked an eye at a "big *coup*." The women soon ceased to ask about Helen; it was getting abroad that there was something wrong with the Jackson Harts. For it had leaked, more or less: such matters always will leak. One man drops a word to his neighbor, and the neighbor's wife pieces that to something she has heard or surmised.

So Hart gave up his room at the club, where his raw self-consciousness was too often bruised. Then, finding his empty house in the city insupportable, he went to live with his mother in his uncle's old home. There was a lull in building at this time, due to the interminable strikes, but fortunately he could keep himself busy with the hotel and a large country house in the centre of the state, which took him often away from the city.

Helen wrote to him from time to time, filling her letters with details about the boys. She suggested that they should return to the city to visit their grandmother during the Christmas holidays. She never referred to their own situation, apparently considering that he had it in his power to end it when he would. He was minded often when he received these letters to write her sternly in reply, setting forth the wrong which in her obstinacy she was doing to herself and their children. He went over these imaginary letters in his idle moments, working out their phrases with great care: they had a fine, dignified ring to them, the tolerant and condoning note. But when he tried to write he did not get very far with them. Sometimes he thought of writing simply: "I love you very much, Nell; I want you back; can you not forgive me?" But he knew well that he could not merely say, "I have done wrong, forgive me," if he would affect that new will in his wife, so gently stern! Even if he could bring himself to confess his dishonesty, that would not suffice. There was another and deeper gulf between them, one that he could not clearly fathom. "From the very beginning we have lived wrongly," she had cried that last time. "We can never go on the same way." . . . No, he was not ready to accept her judgment of him!

Thus the winter wore away, forlornly, and early in April the first hint of spring came into the dirty city. On a Sunday afternoon the architect went to call on his old friend Mrs. Phillips, who was one of the few persons who gave him any comfort these days. He found her cutting the leaves of an art journal.

"There 's an article here about that German, you know, the one we are all trying to help," she said, giving him a hand. "I have taken to patronizing the arts: it 's pleasanter than charities. I have graduated from philanthropy. And you have to do something nowadays, if you want to keep up."

She spoke with her usual bluntness, and then added a little cant in a conventional tone: —

"And I think we who have the time and the position should do something to help these poor artists, who are struggling here in this commercial city. People won't buy their pictures! . . . But what is the matter with you? You look as if you had come to the end of everything. I suppose it 's the old story. That cold Puritan wife of yours has gone for good. It 's no use pretending to me: I knew from the start how it would be!"

"But I don't know whether she has gone for good," he muttered.

"You might as well make up your mind to it. Two people like you two can't get along together!"

"It is n't that," he protested.

"Well, don't mope, whatever you do. Either go and eat your humble pie, or arrange for a divorce. You can't go on this way. Oh, I know all your troubles,

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of course. Has n't that pleasant brother-in-law of mine been in here rehearsing that story about the school, — well, what do *you* call it? And he seems to hold me responsible for the mess, because I liked you, and gave you your first work. I did n't corrupt you, did I?"

The architect moved uneasily. The widow's levity displeased him, and roused his anger afresh against the trustees.

"I don't know what rot Judge Phillips has been telling you, but" —

"Come!" she interrupted him in his defense; "sit down here by me and let me talk to you. You know me well enough to see that I don't care what the judge says. But I have something to say to *you*."

She made a place for him on the lounge, and tossed him a pillow to make him comfortable. Then, dropping her review on the floor, she locked her fingers behind her head, and looked searchingly at the man.

"I don't know what you have been up to, and I don't care. Harrison always said I had n't any moral sense, and I suppose I have n't, of his sort. You should have had your uncle's money, or a part at any rate, and it 's natural that you should try to get all you can of it, I say. But you must have been stupid to let that old square-toes Pemberton get in your way!"

This cynical analysis of the situation was not precisely salve to the architect's wound. He was not ready to go as far as the woman lightly sketched. But he listened, for the sake of her sympathy, if for no other reason.

"Now, as I said, there 's no use moping around here. Pick right up and get out for a few months. When you come back, people won't remember what was the matter. Or, if you still find it chilly, you can go to New York and start there. It 's no use fighting things out! Bury them."

She paused to give emphasis to her suggestion.

"Let your wife play by herself for a while: it will do her good. When she hears that you are in Europe, having a good time, she 'll begin to think she 's been silly. . . . I am going over. I 've got to rent Forest Manor this summer. That Harris man went wrong the last time he advised me, and got me into all sorts of trouble, — industrials. Venetia pensions me! She won't go abroad, but she kindly gives me what she thinks I ought to spend. I sail on the Kronprinz, the 20th of next month!"

The invitation to him was implied in the pause that followed. The gleam in Hart's eyes showed his interest in her suggestion, but he said nothing.

"There 's nothing to do in your business, as you said, and you should give these good people a chance to forget! We could have a good time over there. You could buy things and sell them here, and make your expenses that way, easily. You know all the nice little places, and if Maida and her husband come over we could take an auto and do them. Think of Italy in May!"

She unclasped her hands and leaned forward, resting one arm on the cushioned back of the lounge, and thus revealing a very pretty forearm and wrist. Two little red spots of enthusiasm glowed in her cheeks. What life and vitality at forty-three! the man thought, smiling appreciatively into her face. For the first time she moved him emotionally. He was lonely, miserable, and thoroughly susceptible to such charm as she had.

"It would be awfully pleasant," he replied, leaning toward her, "to get away from this place, with you!" . . .

His hand slipped to her beautiful arm. At that moment Venetia came into the room, unnoticed by the two on the lounge. She stood for a little while watching them, and then, with a smile on her expressive lips, noiselessly withdrew.

"Well, wire for a passage to-morrow," Mrs. Phillips murmured.

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There was nothing more, nothing that would have offended the most scrupulous, for the architect was essentially healthy-minded. In a lonely moment he might satisfy the male need for sympathy by philandering with a pretty woman, who soothed his bruised egotism. But he did not have that kind of weakness, the woman weakness. A few minutes later he was leaving the room, saying as he looked into Louise Phillips's brown eyes, —

"I think you are right. I need to get away from this town and rest my nerves."

"When you come back people will be only too glad to see you. They don't remember their scruples long."

"There is n't anything for them to worry over!"

"The Kronprinz, then!"

In the hall he met Venetia, who was slowly coming down the stairs, wrapped in a long cloak. She hesitated a moment, then continued to descend.

"Hello, Venetia!" Hart called out.

She swept down the remaining steps without replying, her eyes shining hotly. As she passed him, she turned and shot one word full in his face, — "Cad!"

XXIII.

The girl's word was like a blow in the face. It toppled over any self-complacency that had survived these last disintegrating months. Was he as mean a thing as that? So little that a girl whom he had always treated with jovial condescension might insult him, unprovoked? Probably others, all those people whose acquaintance he valued, had a like contempt for him. At first he did not resent their judgment; he was too much dazed.

In this plight he walked south on the avenue, without minding where he was going, and then turned west, automatically, at Twenty-Second Street, walking until he came to the region of dance-halls and flashy saloons. In this unfamiliar neighborhood there was a glare of light from the great electric signs which decorated the various places of resort. The street was crowded with men and women loitering about the saloons and dance-halls, enjoying the fitful mildness of the April evening. At this early hour there were more women than men on the street, and their dresses of garish spring colors, their loud, careless voices, and air of reckless ease, reminded the architect faintly, very faintly, of the boulevards he had loved in his happy student years. In this spot of the broad city there flourished coarse license, and the one necessity was the price of pleasure. The scene distracted his mind from the sting of the girl's contempt.

He entered one of the larger saloons on the corner of an avenue, and sat down at a small table. When the waiter darted to him, and, impudently leering into his face across the table, asked, "What's yours, gent?" he answered quickly, "Champagne! Bring me a bottle and ice." His heavy heart craved the amber wine, which, in association at least, heartens man. At the tables all about him sat the women of the neighborhood, large-boned and heavy creatures, drinking beer by themselves, or taking champagne with stupid-looking, rough men, probably buyers and sellers of stock at the Yards, which were not far away. The women had the blanched faces of country girls over whom the city has passed like the plates of a mighty roller. The men had the tan of the distant prairies, from which they had come with their stock. They had set themselves to deliberate debauch that should last for days, — as long as the "wad" held out and the brute lust in their bodies remained unquenched.

Presently the waiter returned with the heavy bottle and slopped some of the wine into a glass. The architect raised it and drank. It was execrable, sweetened stuff, but he drank the glass at a draught, and poured another and drank it. The

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girl's inexplicable insult swept over him afresh in a wave of anger. He should find a way to call her to account. . . .

"Say, Mister, you don't want to drink all that wine by yourself, do you?"

A woman at the next table, who was sitting by herself before an empty beer-glass, and smoking a cigarette, had spoken to him in a furtive voice.

"Come over, then!" he answered, roughly pushing a chair to the table. "Here, waiter, bring another glass."

The woman slid, rather than walked, to the chair by his side, and drank the champagne like a parched animal. He ordered another bottle.

"Enjoying yourself?" she inquired politely, having satisfied her first thirst. "Been in the city long? I ain't seen you here at Dove's before."

He looked at her with languid curiosity. She recalled to him the memory of her Paris sisters, with whom he had shared many a *consommation* in those blessed days that he had almost forgotten. But she had none of the sparkle, the human charm of her Latin sisters. She was a mere coarse vessel, and he wondered at the men who sought joy in her.

"Where do you come from?" he demanded.

"Out on the coast. San Diego's my home. But I was in Philadelphia last winter. I guess I shall go back to the East pretty soon. I don't like Chicago much, — it's too rough out here to suit me."

She found Chicago inferior! He laughed with the humor of the idea. It was a joke he should like to share with his respectable friends. They drank and talked while the evening sped, and he plied her with many questions in idle curiosity, touched with that interest in women of her class which most men have somewhere in the dregs of their natures. She chattered volubly, willing enough to pay for her entertainment.

As he listened to her, this creature of the swift instants, whose only perception was the moment's sensation, he grew philosophical. The other world, his proper world of care and painful forethought, faded from his vision. Here in Dove's place he was a thousand miles from the respectabilities in which he had his being. Here alone in the city one might forget them: nothing mattered, — his troubles, his wife's judgment of him, the girl's contempt.

He had loosened that troublesome coil of things, which lately had weighed him down. It seemed easy enough to cut himself free from it and walk the earth once more unhampered, like these, the flotsam of the city.

"Come! Let's go over to Grinsky's hall," the woman suggested, noticing the architect's silence, and seeing no immediate prospect of another bottle of wine. "We'll find something doing over there, sure!"

But he was already tired of the woman; she offended his cultivated sensibilities. So he shook his head, paid for the wine, said good-evening to her, and started to leave the place. She followed him, talking volubly, and when they reached the street she took his arm, clinging to him with all the weight of her dragging will.

"You don't want to go home yet," she coaxed. "You're a nice gentleman! Come in here to Grinsky's and give me a dance."

Her entreaties disgusted him. People on the street looked and smiled. At the bottom he was a thoroughly clean-minded American: he could not even coquette with debauch without shame and timidity. She and her class were nauseating to him, like evil-smelling rooms and foul sights. That was not his vice!

He paid for her admission to the dance-hall, dropped a dollar in her hand, and left her. Then where to go? How to pass the hours? He was at an utter loss what to do with himself, like all properly married, respectable American men, when the domestic pattern of their lives

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is disturbed for any reason. He began to stroll east in the direction of the lake, taking off his hat to let the night wind cool his head. He found walking pleasant in the mild spring air, and when he came to the end of the street he turned south into a deserted avenue that was starred in the dark night by a line of arc lamps. It was a dull, respectable, middle-class district, quite unfamiliar to him, and he stared inquiringly at the monotonous blocks of brick houses and cheap apartment buildings. Here was the ugly, comfortable housing of the modern city, where lived a mass of good citizens, — clerks and small business men. He wondered vaguely if this was what his wife would have them come to, this dreary monotony of small homes, each one like its neighbor, where the two main facts of existence were shelter and food!

A wave of self-pity swept over him, and his thoughts returned to his old grievance: if his wife had stayed by him all would have been well. He wanted his children; he wanted his home, his wife, his neighbors, his little accustomed world of human relationships, — all as it had been before. And he blamed her for destroying this, shutting his mind obstinately to any other consideration, unwilling to admit even to his secret self that his greed, his thirsty ambition, had aught to do with the case. He had striven with all his might, even as the bread-winners in these houses strove daily, to get a point of vantage in the universal struggle. They doubtless had their modicum of content, while he had missed his reward. That heavy weight of depression, which the wine had dissipated temporarily, returned to oppress his spirits.

He must have walked many blocks on this avenue between the monotonous small houses. In the distance beyond him to the south, he saw a fiery glow in the soft heavens, which he took to be the nightly reflection from the great blast furnaces of the steel works in South Chicago. Presently he emerged upon a populous cross street, and the light seemed nearer, and, unlike the soft effulgence from the blast furnaces, the red sky was streaked with black. On the corners of the street there was an unwonted excitement, — men gaping upwards at the fiery cloud, then running eastward, in the direction of the lake. From the west there sounded the harsh gong of a fire-engine, which was pounding rapidly down the car tracks. It came, rocking in a whirlwind of galloping horses and swaying men. The crowd on the street broke into a run, streaming along the sidewalks in the wake of the engine.

The architect woke from his dead thoughts and ran with the crowd. Two, three, four blocks, they sped toward the lake, which curves eastward at this point, and as he ran, the street became strangely familiar to him. The crowd turned south along a broad avenue that led to the park. Some one cried, "There it is! It 's the hotel!" A moment more, and the architect found himself at the corner of the park opposite the lofty hotel, out of whose upper stories broad billows of smoke, broken by sheets of flame, were pouring.

There, in the corner made by the boulevard and the park, where formerly was the weedy ruin, rose the great building, which Graves had finished late in the winter, and had turned over to the hotel company. Its eight stories towered loftily above the houses and apartments in the neighborhood. The countless windows along the broad front gleamed portentously with the reflection from the flames above. At the west corner, overlooking the park, above a steep ascent of flaunting bay windows, there floated a light blue pennon, bearing a name in black letters, — THE GLENMORE.

At first the architect scarcely realized that this building, which was burning, was Graves's hotel, his hotel. Already the police had roped off the street be-

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neath the fire, in which the crowd was thickening rapidly. All about the place, for a space of two blocks, could be heard the throbbing engines, and the shrill whistling with which they answered one another. The fire burned quietly aloft in the sky above their heads, while below there was the clamor of excited men and screeching engines. The dense crowd packed ever closer, and surged solidly toward the fire lines, bearing the architect in the current.

"They 've pulled the third alarm," one man said, chewing excitedly on a piece of gum. "There 's fifty people in there yet."

"They say the elevators are going!" another one exclaimed.

"Where 's the fire-escapes?"

"Must be on the rear or over by the alley. There ain't none this side sure enough."

"Yes, they 're in back," the architect said authoritatively.

He tried to think just where they were and where they opened in the building, but could not remember. A voice wailed dismally through a megaphone, —

"Look out, boys! Back!"

On the edge of the cornice appeared three little figures with a line of hose. At that height they looked like willing gnomes on the crust of a flaming world.

"Gee! Look at that roof! Look at it!"

The cry from the megaphone had come too late. Suddenly, without warning, the top of the hotel rose straight into the air, and in the sky above there was a great report, like the detonation of a cannon at close range. The roof had blown up. For an instant darkness followed, as if the flame had been smothered, snuffed out. Then, with a mighty roar, the pent-up gases that had caused the explosion ignited, and burst forth in a broad sheet of beautiful blue flame, covering the doomed building with a crown of fire.

Hart looked for the men with the hose. One had caught on the sloping roof of a line of bay windows, and clung there seven stories above the ground.

"He 's a goner!" some one groaned.

Large strips of burning tar paper began to float above the heads of the crowd, causing a stampede. In the rush, Hart got nearer the fire lines, more immediately in front of the hotel, which irresistibly drew him closer. Now he could hear the roar of the flame as it swept through the upper stories and streamed out into the dark night. The fierce light illumined the silk streamer, which still waved from the pole at the corner of the building, untouched by the explosion. Across the east wall, under the cornice, was painted the sign: THE GLENMORE FAMILY HOTEL; and beneath, in letters of boastful size, FIREPROOF BUILDING.

The policeman at the line pointed derisively to the legend with his billy.

"Now ain't that fireproof!"

"Burns like rotten timber!" a man answered.

It was going frightfully fast! The flames were now galloping through the upper stories, sweeping the lofty structure from end to end, and smoke had begun to pour from many points in the lower stories, showing that the fount of flame had its roots far down in the heart of the building. Vague reports circulated through the crowd: — A hundred people or more were still in the hotel. All were out. Thirty were penned in the rear rooms of the sixth floor. One elevator was still running. It had been caught at the time of the explosion, etc. For the moment the firemen were making their fight in the rear, and the north front was left in a splendid peace of silent flame and smoke, — a spectacle for the crowd in the street.

Within the massive structure, the architect realized vaguely, there was being enacted one of those modern tragedies which mock the pride and vanity of man. In that furnace human beings were fighting for their lives, or, penned in, cut off by the swift flames,

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were waiting in delirious fear for aid that was beyond the power of men to give them. A terrible horror clutched him. It was *his* building which was being eaten up like grass before the flame. He dodged beneath the fire line and began to run toward the east end, with an idea that in some way he could help. It was *his* building; he knew it from cornice to foundation; he might know how to get at those within! A policeman seized him roughly and thrust him back behind the line. He fought his way to the front again, while the dense crowd elbowed and cursed him. He lost his hat; his coat was torn from his shoulders. But he struggled frantically forward.

"You here, Hart! What are you after?"

Some one stretched out a detaining hand and drew him out of the press. It was Cook, his draughtsman. Cook was chewing gum, his jaws working nervously, grinding and biting viciously in his excitement. The fierce glare revealed the deep lines of the man's face.

"You can't get out that way. It 's packed solid!" Cook bellowed into his ear. "God alive, how fast it 's going! That 's your steel frame, tile partition, fireproof construction, is it? To hell with it!"

Suddenly he clutched the architect's arm again and shouted, —

"Where are the east-side fire-escapes? I can't see nothing up that wall, can you?"

The architect peered through the wreaths of smoke. There should have been an iron ladder between each tier of bays on this side of the building.

"They are all in back," he answered, remembering now that the contractor had cut out those on the east wall as a "disfigurement." "Let 's get around to the rear," he shouted to the draughtsman, his anxiety whipping him once more.

After a time they managed to reach an alley at the southwest angle of the hotel, where two engines were pumping from a hydrant. Here they could see the reach of the south wall, up which stretched the spidery lines of a solitary fire-escape. Cook pointed to it in mute wonder and disgust.

"It 's just a question if the beams will hold into the walls until they can get all the folks out," he shouted. "I heard that one elevator boy was still running his machine and taking 'em out. As long as the floors hold together he can run his elevator. But don't talk to me about your fireproof hotels! Why, the bloody thing ain't been burning twenty minutes, and look at it!"

As he spoke there was a shrill whistle from the fire marshal, and then a wrenching, crashing, plunging noise, like the sound of an avalanche. The upper part of the east wall had gone, toppling outward into the alley, like the side of a rotten box. In another moment followed a lesser crash. The upper floors had collapsed, slipping down into the inner gulf of the building. There was a time of silence and awful quiet; but almost immediately the blue flames, shot with orange, leaped upwards once more. From the precipitous wall above, along the line of the fire-escape, came horrid human cries, and through the smoke and flame could be seen a dozen figures clinging here and there like insects to the window frames.

Cook swayed against the architect like a man with nausea.

"They 're done for now, sure, all that ain't out. And I guess there ain't many out. It just slumped, just slumped," he repeated with a nervous quiver of the mouth. Suddenly he turned his pale face to the architect and glared into his eyes.

"Damn you! you —!" he stammered, shaking his fist at him. "There were n't any steel in the thing! It was rotten cheese. That 's you, you, you!" He turned and ran toward the burning mass, distracted, shouting, as he ran, "Rotten cheese! Just rotten cheese!"

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But the architect stayed there in the alley, rooted in horror, stupefied. High above him, in a window of the south wall, which was still untouched by the fire, he saw a woman standing on the narrow ledge of the brick sill. She clung with one hand to an awning rope and put the other before her eyes. He shouted something to her, but he could not hear the sound of his own voice. She swayed back and forth, and then as a swirl of flame shot up in the room behind her, she fell forward into the abyss of the night. . . . A boy's face appeared at one of the lower windows. He was trying to break the pane of heavy glass. Finally he smashed a hole with his fist, and stood there, dazed, staring down into the alley; then he dropped backwards into the room, and a jet of smoke poured from the vent he had made.

In front of the hotel there were fresh shouts: they were using the nets. The architect covered his face with his hands, and, moaning to himself, began to run, to flee from the horrible spot. But a cry arrested him, a wail of multitudinous voices, which rose above the throb of the engines, the crackle of the fire, the clamor of the catastrophe. He looked up once more to the fire-eaten ruin. The lofty south wall, hitherto intact, had begun to waver along the east edge. It tottered, hung, then slid backwards, shaking off the figures on the fire-escape as if they had been frozen flies. . . . In the avenue he heard the crowd groaning with rage and pity. As he ran he saw beside the park a line of ambulances and patrol wagons ready for their burdens.

How long he ran, or in what direction, he never knew. He had a dim memory of himself, sitting in some place with a bottle of whiskey before him. The liquor seemed to make no impression on his brain. His hand still shook with the paralysis of fear. He remembered his efforts to pour the whiskey into the glass. After a time a face, vaguely familiar, entered his nightmare, and the man, who carried a little black bag, such as doctors use, sat down beside him and shouted at him: —

"What are you doing here? What do you want with that whiskey? Give it to me. You have had all the booze that 's good for you, I guess."

And in his stupor he said to the man tearfully: —

"Don't take it away, doctor! For heaven's sake, don't take the whiskey away! I tell you, I have killed people to-night. Eight, ten, forty, — no, I killed eight people. Yes, eight men and women. I see 'em dying now. Give me the whiskey!"

"You 're off your nut, man!" the doctor replied impatiently. "You have n't killed any one. You have been boozing, and you 'll kill yourself, if you don't quit. Here, give me that!"

He remembered rising to his feet obediently and saying very solemnly: —

"Very well, my friend, I won't drink any more if you say so. But listen to me! I killed a lot of people, eight of 'em, and I don't know how many more beside. Over there in a great fire. I saw 'em dying, like flies, like flies. Now give me one more drink!"

"All right, you killed 'em, if you say so!"

"Don't leave me, doctor! It 's a terrible thing to kill so many people, all at once, like flies, like flies!"

And he burst into tears, sobbing and shaking with the awful visions of his brain, his head buried in his arms.

XXIV.

The next morning Hart found himself on a sofa in a bare, dusty room that looked as if it was a doctor's office. He sat up and tried to think what had happened to him overnight. Suddenly the picture of the burning hotel swept across his mind, and he groaned with a fresh

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sense of the sharp pain. Some one was whistling in the next room, and presently the door opened, and Dr. Coburn appeared in trousers and undershirt, mopping his face with a towel.

"Hello, Jack Hart!" he called out boisterously. "How are you feeling? Kind of dopey? My, but you were full of booze last night! I had to jam a hypodermic into you to keep you quiet, when I got you over here. Do you get that way often?"

"Was I drunk?" the architect asked dully.

"Well, I rather think! Don't you feel it this morning?"

He grinned at the disheveled figure on the sofa, and continued to mop his face.

"You were talking dotty, too, about killing folks. I thought maybe you might have a gun on you. But I could n't find anything. What have you been doing?"

"It was the fire," Hart answered slowly, "a terrible fire! People were killed, — I saw them. My God! it was awful!"

He buried his face in his hands and shuddered.

"Shook you up considerable, did it? Here, wait a minute! I 'll fix you something."

The doctor went back into the inner room, and returned with a small glass.

"Drink this. It will give you some nerve."

The architect took the stimulant and lay down once more with his face to the wall. Presently he pulled himself together and drank a cup of coffee which the doctor had prepared. Then he took himself off, saying that he must get to his office at once. He went away in a daze, barely thanking the doctor for his kindness. When he had left, Coburn began to whistle again, thinking, "There 's something more 'n drink or that fire the matter with *him!*"

Hart bought a newspaper at the first stand. It was swelled with pages of coarse cuts and "stories" of the "Glenmore Hotel Tragedy." On the elevated train, which he took to reach the city, the passengers were buried in the voluminous sheets of their newspapers, avidly sucking in the details of the disaster. For a time he stared at the great cut on the first page of his paper, which purported to represent the scene at the fire when the south wall fell in. But in its place he saw the sheer stretch of the pitiless wall, the miserable figures on the iron ladder being swept into the flames. Then he read the headlines of the account of the fire. Seventeen persons known to have been in the hotel were missing; the bodies of ten had been found. Had it not been for the heroism of a colored elevator boy, Morris by name, who ran his car up and down seven times through the burning shaft, the death list would have been far longer. On the second trip, so the account ran, the elevator had been caught by a broken gate on the third floor. Morris had coolly run the car up to the top, then opened his lever to full speed, and crashed his way triumphantly through the obstacle. It was one of those acts of unexpected intelligence, daring, and devotion to duty, which bring tears to the eyes of thousands all over the land. The brave fellow had been caught in the collapse of the upper floors, and his body had not yet been found. It was buried under tons of brick and iron in the wrecked building.

The newspaper account wandered on, column after column, repeating itself again and again, confused, endlessly prolix, but in the waste of irrelevancy a few facts slowly emerged. The Glenmore, fortunately, had been by no means full. It had been opened only six weeks before as a family hotel, — one of those shoddy places where flock young married people, with the intention of avoiding the cares of children and the trials of housekeeping in modest homes; where there is music twice a week and dancing on Saturdays;

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where the lower windows are curtained by cheap lace bearing large monograms, and electric candles and carnations are provided for each table in the dining-room. Another year from this time there would have been three hundred people in the burning tinder-box.

The fire had started somewhere in the rear of the second floor, from defective electric wiring, it was supposed, and had shot up the rear elevator shaft, which had no pretense of fireproof protection. The east wall had bulged almost at once, pulling out the supports for the upper three floors. It was to be doubted whether the beams, bearing-walls, and main partitions were of fireproof materials. The charred remains of Georgia pine and northern spruce seemed to indicate that they were not. At any rate, the incredible rapidity with which the fire had spread, and the dense smoke, showed that the "fireproofing" was of the flimsiest description. And, to cap all, there was but one small fire-escape on the rear wall, difficult of access! "The Glenmore," so the Chicago Thunderer pronounced, "was nothing but an ornamental coffin."

Editorially, the Thunderer had already begun its denunciation of the building department for permitting a contractor to erect such an obvious "fire-trap," and for giving the lessees a license to open it as a hotel. There had been too many similar horrors of late, — the lodging-house on West Polk Street, where five persons had lost their lives, the private hospital on the North Side, where fourteen men and women had been burned, etc. In all these cases it was known that the building ordinances had been most flagrantly violated. There was the usual clamor for "investigation," for "locating the blame," and "bringing the real culprits before the Grand Jury." It should be said that the Thunderer was opposed politically to the City Hall.

In the architect's office there was an air of subdued excitement. No work was in progress when Hart let himself into his private room from the hall. Instead, the men were poring over the broad sheets of the newspapers spread out on the tables. When he stepped into the draughting-room, they began awkwardly to fold up the papers and start their work. Cook, Hart noticed, was not there. The stenographer came in from the outer office and announced curtly, —

"The 'phone 's been ringing every minute, Mr. Hart." She looked at the architect with mingled aloofness and curiosity. "They were mostly calls from the papers, and some of the reporters are in there now, waiting. What shall I say to 'em?"

"Say I am out of town," Hart ordered, giving the usual formula when reporters called at the office. Then he went back to his private room and shut the door. He put the bulky newspaper on his desk and tried to think what he should do. There were some memoranda on the desk of alterations which he was to make in a country house, and these he took up to examine. Soon his desk telephone rang, and when he put the receiver to his ear, Graves's familiar tones came whispering over the line. The contractor talked through the telephone in a subdued tone, as if he thought to escape eavesdropping at the central office by lowering his voice.

"Is that you, Hart? Where have you been? I 've been trying to get you all the morning! Say, can't you come over here quick?"

"What do you want?" the architect demanded sharply. The sound of the man's voice irritated him.

"Well, I want a good many things," Graves replied coldly. "I guess we had better get together on this business pretty soon."

"You can find me over here the rest of the morning," Hart answered curtly.

There was a pause of several seconds, and then the contractor telephoned cautiously: —

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"Say, I can't leave. That Dutchman 's in here pretty drunk, and I don't want him to get loose. Come over, quick!"

"All right," the architect muttered dully, hanging up his telephone. He was minded to refuse, but he realized that it would be best to see what was the matter. Van Meyer was one of the officers and directors of the Glenmore Hotel Corporation. The architect and a couple of clerks in the contractor's office were the other dummies in this corporation, which had been organized solely to create bonds and stock, and to escape personal liability.

Hart gathered up the memoranda on his desk, and, telling the stenographer that he was going out to Eversley to see the Dixon house, he left the office. As he stepped into the hall, he met Cook, who had just come from the elevator. He nodded to the draughtsman, and hailed a descending car.

"Say, Hart," Cook said in a quiet voice, "can I have a word with you?"

Hart stepped back into the hall and waited to hear what the draughtsman had to say.

"I must have been pretty near crazed last night, I guess," Cook began, turning his face away from the architect, "and I said things I had no call to say."

"Come in," Hart said, unlocking the door to his private office.

"Of course, it was n't my business anyway," Cook continued, "to accuse you, no matter what happened. But I saw a friend of mine this morning, a man on the Thunderer, and he had just come from the city hall, where he 'd been to see the Glenmore plans. He says they 're all right! Same as ours in the office. I can't understand what happened to the old thing, unless Graves — Well, that 's not our business."

There was a pause, while the two men stood and looked at each other. Finally, Cook said, —

"So I wanted to tell you I was wrong, — I had no call to talk that way!"

"That 's all right, Cook," the architect replied slowly. Somehow the man's apology hurt him more than his curses. They still stood waiting. Suddenly Hart said, —

"You need n't apologize, man! The plans are all right. But that does n't let me out. I knew what Graves was going to do with 'em. I knew it from the start."

"What do you say?" the draughtsman exclaimed, bewildered.

"The hotel was a job from the start," Hart repeated.

There was another pause, which was broken by Cook.

"Well, I suppose after this you won't want me any more?"

"I suppose not," Hart answered in a colorless tone.

"All right; I 'll go to-day if you say so."

"As you please."

And they parted. Cook was an honest, whole-souled man. It was best that they should part, Hart reflected, as he went down in the elevator, best for Cook and for him, too. The draughtsman's admiration for him had been his daily incense, and he could not bear having him about with this matter between them, even if Cook would stay.

Hart found Graves in his inner office, while a clerk held at bay a roomful of men who wanted to get at the contractor. Graves looked serious, but undisturbed, manifesting no more emotion than if he had come from the funeral of a distant relative.

"It 's a pretty bad mess, ain't it?" he said to the architect, offering him a cigar. "I guess you were right. Those first story walls were n't solid. They bulged, and that must have pulled the whole business down. . . . Of course the papers are hot. They always yap considerable when anything happens. They 'll spit fire a week or so, and then forget all about it. Everything is straight over at the city hall. There 'll

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be the coroner's inquest, of course. But he won't find much! The only bad point is this cuss Van Meyer. He 's been on a spree, and if they get hold of him, and ask him questions at the inquest, he 's liable to tell all he knows, and more too. What I want you to do is to take care of the Dutchman."

"What do you mean to do?" Hart asked abruptly.

"Do? Well, the best thing for all of us who are connected with the Glenmore is to be called out of town for two or three weeks, or so. I have got to go to Philadelphia to-night. Gotz will be here to go on the stand if they want to get after the hotel corporation. They won't make much out of him! Now, if you can take care of the Dutchman" —

"What do you mean?"

Graves looked at the architect critically before answering.

"Don't lose your nerve, Hart. It 'll come out all right. I've seen my lawyer this morning, and I know just what they can do with us, and it ain't much. They can get after the building department, but they're used to that! And they can bring suit against the corporation, which will do no harm. You keep out of the way for a while, and you won't get hurt a particle. Take the Dutchman up to Milwaukee and drown him. Keep him drunk, — he 's two thirds full now. Lucky he came here instead of blabbing to one of those newspaper fellers! Keep him drunk, and ship him up north on the lakes. By the time he finds his way back, his story won't be worth telling."

Hart looked at the big mass of a man before him, and loathed him with all his being. He wanted to take him by one of his furry ears and shake the flesh from his bones. The same impulse that had prompted him to admit his guilt to Cook, the impulse to cut loose from the whole business, cost what it might, was stirring within him.

"Well?" Graves inquired.

"I am going to quit," the architect said, almost involuntarily. "I 'm sick of the business, and I shan't run away. You can look after Van Meyer yourself" —

"Perhaps *you're* looking for some money?" the contractor sneered.

"No more of yours, I know that!" Hart answered, rising from his chair and taking his hat. "I 'm sick of the whole dirty job, and if they want me to, I 'll talk, too, I suppose."

"You damned, white-livered sneak! Ain't you got enough gut in you to sit tight? You" —

But the contractor was swearing at the blank wall of his office.

When the architect reached the street he hesitated. Instead of taking the train for Eversley, as he had intended to do, he got on an electric car that ran far out into the northern suburbs. He kept saying to himself that he wanted time to think, that he must "think it out" before he returned to his office. For he was not sure that it would be best to stay and bear the brunt of the investigation which would surely come, as he had said to the contractor. He was not clear what good that would do.

But he did not think. Instead, he brooded over the vision of the past night, which beset him. When the car stopped he got out and walked north along the lake shore, meaning to reach Eversley in that way. He was still trying to think, but saw nothing clearly; nothing but that terrible picture of the burning hotel, the dying men and women. Thus he walked on and on, still trying to think, to find himself. . . .

Robert Herrick.

(*To be continued.*)

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AT THE GRAVE OF SAMUEL ADAMS.

OLD GRANARY BURYING-GROUND, BOSTON.

THEY knew the patriot rebel's soul,
Who set his grave upon the verge
Of Boston's busy street, where roll
The vans of traffic and the surge
Of hasting footsteps: not for him
A cedar'd churchyard's blank repose,
Nor tomb in some cathedral dim
Where no bird flies nor free wind blows.

Sam Adams never ask'd to rest:
I cannot think he slumbers here,
But watches with unjaded zest
The stream rush on and disappear;
He longs to rise and join the strife,
As in the seasons when his breath
Kindled a nation into life;
He scorns the palsying sloth of death.

Fain would he hear which faction rules,
What men precede in town and state,
And if we guard our public schools,
And keep our courts inviolate.
He whispers, "We for Freedom fought,
Have you the love of Freedom still?
Has Wealth not pauperiz'd your thought,
Nor Power bred the wolfish will?

"You hurry by — what errands call?
Service to heart, or head, or purse?
Shed you a freeman's boon on all,
Or shape a subtler tyrant's curse?
We number'd but a little clan
Beside your million-teeming press,
Yet wrought the general good of Man, —
Woe be your meed, if you do less!"

William Roscoe Thayer.

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THE ETHICS OF TAXATION.

THE remark that Goldsmith in one of his essays lets drop apropos of the history of a tavern is essentially true of the history of taxation, — it "is a true picture of human infirmity," in which "we see every age equally absurd and equally vicious." If this seem too disparaging to the present age, consider for a moment the most obtrusive features of taxation in the world of to-day, or, rather, the most obtrusive features of the tax systems of the most progressive nations. For, despite its historical identity with early taxation, we may no longer designate as taxation the habit of the Orient, where taxes are indistinguishable from blackmail, and where the rich disguise themselves in rags to escape the exaction of the publican. Nor may we longer account as taxation the archaic methods in vogue in the land of the Grand Llama, where the tax-collector, happening upon the wayfarer, accosts him with complaints of the cruel rigor of the winter, and, after a minatory flourish of his matchlock, remarks, "Thy cloak, venerable brother." Process like this is rendered unnecessary in civilized lands by the proper extension of indirect taxes.

Instead of allowing the sovereign to blackmail the subject, we graciously permit the owner of personal property to determine the amount of his contribution to the public treasury, much as he might fix upon the gratuity to his waiter in a restaurant.

Seriously considered, the justification offered for indirect taxes is a most curious commentary upon our system of self-government. In the United States, for example, not far from half of the government's total revenue is obtained by disguising taxes in the prices of merchandise, either duty-paid imports, or liquors and tobacco freighted with the weight of the internal revenue. Despite the incidental advantages such taxes afford in consulting the convenience of the payer as to the time and the amounts of particular payments, the great reason for the existence of these taxes in every country is their power to conceal from the governed the real cost of supporting the government. The people, in whose interest the government supposedly is conducted, must be induced to pay their taxes in an unconscious condition, "lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted" to a belief in another than the dominant programme of expenditure.

If, on the other hand, we look away from our Federal taxes to our system of state and local taxation, the crying inequalities of the latter are only too well known. The millionaire *émigré* too frequently escapes his just contribution, while the widow's mite and the orphan's crust pay the very uttermost farthing. Had the Lord questioned Mephistopheles upon the subject of taxation exclusively, the verdict of "*herzlich schlecht*" would have needed but little qualification. Adam Smith, the sagacious father of political economy, saw the situation in his day, and was sad, but the consolation that he offered then is about all we have to-day. "If a nation," said he, "could not prosper without the enjoyment of perfect liberty and perfect justice, there is not in the world a nation which could have prospered. In the political body, however, the wisdom of nature has fortunately made ample provision for remedying many of the bad effects of the folly and injustice of man; in the same manner as it has done in the natural body for remedying those of his sloth and intemperance."

Whatever the causes for the persistence of injustice and double dealing in finan-

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cial administration, one thing is certain, — that these evils are not due to the absence of enlightened inquiry into the nature of fiscal problems. One might in this connection almost echo the remark made of the mediæval Italian cities, that nothing could surpass the excellence of their treatises on money, or the wretchedness of their actual currency. Of the extreme thoroughness with which the diagnosis of the financial status of the body politic has been made, one is reminded by the appearence of Dr. Weston's recent volume.[1] This work does not import into the discussion any new practical plan for securing equity in taxation, for substantial agreement upon the practical ethics of taxation had long ago been reached. That taxes cannot properly be regarded as an insurance premium paid to the state for protection received, nor as a commercial equivalent for benefits enjoyed (except in case of special assessments levied to pay for public improvements to private property), — upon these points there has been for a long time substantial agreement among serious students. And, apart from those obsessed with the idea that society has no claim upon its members to take aught in taxes except what society is first alleged to have created in the rental values of land, universal homage has been paid to the dictum that contributions to public needs should be determined by the contributor's ability. This canon of ability has hitherto been treated as sufficiently explicit as to the matter of justice in taxation. Indeed, the ingenuity of the text-writers has been mainly bestowed upon finding concrete indicia of ability, —such as income, property, expenditure, and the like, — and upon judging extant tax-laws by their conformity to such criteria. Very different is Dr. Weston's inquiry. He has undertaken rather to show how the principle of justice in taxation stands related to what might be called the metaphysics of finance, and how the implicates of the science of finance involve the fundamental theory of the state and the problem of human personality. To the economist and doctrinaire financiers, accustomed to grovel here below in the sordid realm of material wealth, and all the while disturbed by the brawling of the market-place, this aerial flight will prove a much needed boon. Their lungs need expansion in a rarefied atmosphere. They need to rub their eyes and sit up and read that "taxes are in fact voluntarily paid, even though the attempt is almost universally made to evade a part of them, or a protest is made against their amount." They need to learn that in a broad way conscious membership in a state implies acquiescent coöperation in supplying its needs, and that, therefore, it is proper to say that taxes are voluntarily paid, in the Hegelian sense previously referred to in Dr. Weston's essay, according to which "the criminal wills his own punishment." There is here a striking coincidence, one would think, between the Hegelian and Pickwickian senses in which propositions may be understood.

It will doubtless stir the cynic devil in the blood of the typical economist to read at the end of sixty-seven pages of idealistic philosophy Dr. Weston's triumphant contention that he has demonstrated the intimate metaphysical relationship between Economics and Ethics. But this again is precisely what the vast majority of economists need, — to have the truth seared upon their consciousness that the scientific method of measuring the utility of wealth, where previous abstraction has been made of the moral character of its constituents, can afford no fundamental basis of public policy, and can issue no imperative word of political guidance. In the face of the supreme questions the oracles of expediency are dumb.

But fully to fathom the iniquities that

[1] *Principles of Justice in Taxation.* By STEPHEN F. WESTON, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

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attach to taxation we must leave the financial experts to their own devices, and condescend to men of low estate. It may be that the matter will become somewhat clearer if we consider the average taxpayer, first as an exponent of conservative class prejudice, and second as an example of individual frailty. The first will explain why unsparing reform of our system of direct taxation is so unlikely; the second will make clear why our system of direct taxation is so bad.

The taxpayer is above all things a conservative animal. Before his name appeared on the assessor's roll, he was, like Stevenson's bachelor, "fit for heroism or crime;" but taxes, like conscience and matrimony, make cowards of us all. Let the average citizen interrogate his own consciousness and ask, "Am I willing to risk a radical change in our system of taxation, by which doomage shall supersede self-assessment, and personal property in the hands of the holder be exempted altogether, — this in order to secure a thoroughgoing reform?" — and the answer will almost infallibly be in the negative. We are determined at all hazards not "to *fly* to evils that we know not of." We must be dragged to them, if we ever reach them at all.

In a way, it is really remarkable how certain parables of caution have become incorporated in the canons of our political scriptures. One cannot propose the smallest innovation, except in accentuating our truculent policy of foreign aggression, but that our political doctors take us to task by recounting to us the fable of the Dog and the Bone, and beseech us not to sacrifice the reality for the shadow. They never seem to reflect that a plunge in a clear shining stream may often be worth the sacrifice of a dry bone. They are continually exhorting us

"To take the Cash and let the Credit go,"

forgetful of the fact that we really have little of either, and that normally both cash and credit go together. It is positively humiliating to think of the number of political geese that have purchased lifelong immunity from the knife by constantly cackling in our ears the story of their mythical ancestor who laid the golden egg. It seems to be forgotten that, as the late Mr. Whistler would say, there is only *one* goose on record that ever *did* lay a golden egg, and that the day of miracles is past.

So it comes that first of all the fearsome conservatism of the taxpayer is responsible for the fact that "not one of the American states has ever adopted the recommendations of its various expert Tax Commissions." The farmer fumes at the proposed exemption of credits, and the city man is suspicious of all far-reaching changes proposed in taxation.

This reluctance to reconstitute the tax-machinery is the more singular from the fact that those who are unwilling to risk a substitute grumble over the imperfections of the present system as loudly as the reformer who is bent on radical readjustment. The typical yeoman and the well-to-do citizen of the lower middle classes, both of whom through their frugality own a modest homestead, but little beyond, will bitterly oppose the exemption of any form of personal property. And yet individually they will often assent to the dictum of the West Virginia Tax Commission, — a veritable *locus classicus* in the literature of taxation, — which declared that "the payment of the tax on personalty is almost as voluntary, and is considered pretty much in the same light as donations to the neighborhood church or Sunday-school."

So far as taxation is concerned, our electorate presents the incongruous spectacle of radical prepossessions coupled with a paralyzing distrust of all efforts at amendment. The doctrine of progressive taxation, that the percentage of

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taxes should rise as property or income is greater, is to the man in the street an axiom. That a man's ability to contribute to the public chest is more than doubled when his income is doubled — a proposition to the classical economist a stumbling-block, and to the hard-headed logician foolishness — has to the ordinary voter of reflective turn of mind the stamp of self-evident truth. The Philistine assesses lightly the sacrifice of what he designates superfluous luxuries, which, under progressive taxation, the well-conditioned classes would have to submit to. The man of common clay has little inkling of the real pathos of Motley's cry, "Give us the luxuries of life and we will dispense with the necessities." He finds it not a bitter, but an easy thing to look into the sacrifice of happiness through another man's eyes. But despite his radical convictions, extreme and indefensible as they often are, he shakes his head at any proposed change in our system either of direct or indirect taxes, both of which notoriously impose the heavier relative burdens upon the weaker shoulders.

But the average taxpayer represents not only the conservative apathy of his social class, but another constituency as well, essentially a pocket-borough, to wit, himself. Despite the fact that, under the usual process of assessing real estate, the taxpayer has comparatively little power over his assessment, when it comes to the declaration of personal property, he has almost unlimited liberty of "writing himself down," not an ass, but a pauper. In a sense there is no more curious problem in social psychology than the way in which the ordinary taxpayer interprets, and the degree in which he discharges, the duty that rests upon him, of contributing to the expenses of the government. The elements in the situation, so far as the taxation of personal property is concerned, are these: the individual is confronted with his duty to an abstract personality, the government; he is required to fill out an inventory of all kinds of personal property, itemized so minutely that through its meshes absolutely no chattel or credit can escape. He is frequently, if not generally, required to declare over his own signature, and not uncommonly upon oath, that the list returned is complete and literally correct. Under these circumstances the taxpayer almost universally commits deliberate perjury, and omits, or knowingly undervalues, what personal property he possesses; and — moral paradox that it is — thinks none the worse of himself for it. It has long been a truism among students of American finance that the tax on personalty, as various official reports have it, "has in effect become a tax upon ignorance and honesty," "a school of perjury promoted by law," "a premium on perjury and a penalty on integrity;" and that, when the taxpayer's conscience is tender, "virtue is perforce its own reward."

There is little use in drawing a long face over this situation, or of saying of all men at our leisure what the Psalmist said of them in his haste. The truth is that what we really need is a new code or digest of what might be called Decalogical Limitations. The leading case, so far as the commandment of veracity is concerned, has already been decided by a learned judge who refused to admit as proper evidence of a witness's general reputation for veracity the tax-duplicate which said witness had returned under oath. The common sense of mankind will support this decision. "In lapidary inscriptions," as Dr. Johnson has declared, "a man is not upon oath." Nor, we may add, is a fisherman when questioned as to his catch; nor a woman, if one is graceless enough to ask her age; nor, of course, a God-fearing burgess when he fills out his tax-bill. Must one always squat in the dead centre of verity, and "never hover upon the confines of truth?" Does not Jove himself laugh at lovers' vows? Why all

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this simulated concern over taxpayers' oaths? If "charity is a demand for beggars," self-assessment is a demand for perjury. That the supply of either should fail to be forthcoming would be an anomaly indeed.

Nor let it be fancied that this vice is wholly a masculine peccadillo. If one would see what Lombroso, the Italian criminologist, calls the Female Offender, let him but visit the custom house. The exemplary mother of a family is returning from abroad, and with a ferocity which quite overpowers the protest of her husband's "struggling, tasked morality," she delights to outwit the ferret-faced inspector on the dock, at the cost of asseverations which would have put St. Sapphira herself to the blush.

The conclusion is plain. The law, as some one has well put it, is such a fragile thing, that when men take it into their own hands, it is almost sure to get broken. If we want to continue to have our tax-laws broken at the expense of individual veracity, all we have to do is to continue the present arrangement of self-assessment or declaration of personal property.

If it be asked what is the prospect of an intelligent reform of taxation, the answer must be that the effective impulse will probably come only from a sensibly increased pinch of taxation. Peaceful reforms, like warlike revolutions, crawl upon their belly. Jeshurun may have "waxed fat and kicked," but modern peoples generally reverse the scriptural order. The Revolution in France and Chartism in England were the significant precursors of the two greatest tax reforms of modern times. This tendency of social unrest to unsettle social injustice long antedates our modern democracies. As far back as the fourteenth century in England, the author of Piers Plowman was enough of a political philosopher to observe that, when the fluctuating tide of prosperity is once past, Demos becomes restless.

"And thanne curseth he the kynge and all his conseille after,
Suche lawes to loke [enforce] laboreres to greve."

Fortunate is it for us that the lines upon which the reform of direct taxes must proceed have been so clearly marked out, and that some of our commonwealths have already taken pronounced steps in the right direction. The taxation of real estate by and for the local governments exclusively, the practical exemption of credits and chattels in individual hands, and the relegation both of the administration and the proceeds of corporate taxation to the state governments, foreshadow the financial reform to which we may some time attain.

But if the vision of an equitable system of direct taxation seems not impossible of realization in the proximate future, the prospect for a similar adjustment of Federal imposts is as yet beclouded and dim. The craft of state finance and local finance ply the sheltered channels of fairly stable and calculable expenditure; the national ship of state has to breast the uncharted waters of international politics and encounter the storms of war. When to the difficult task of providing sums whose aggregate must vary greatly from year to year, there is added the additional task of giving through taxation a constant protective stimulus to certain industries, the double and often conflicting demands made upon our Federal financiers are obvious. Were the protective function of our Federal taxes done away with, while there would still remain perplexities great enough in all conscience, one of the unknown and baffling factors in the problem would be eliminated.

For over a generation many unselfish and thoughtful American citizens have cherished the hope and the aspiration that the intrinsic injustice of our national system of taxation might be extirpated, not at the unreasoning anger of the victims of its oppression, but at the

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dictate of an enlightened national conscience aggrieved at the spoliation too long perpetuated by law. Difficult it is, of course,

> "To canvass with official breath
> The future and the viewless things;"

but, looking at the present situation without bias, one is bound to admit that these hopes of revenue reform seem, if anything, farther from realization to-day than they were twenty years ago. If peace has "her victories no less renowned than war," peace has also her disappointments and her sacrifices, — of disenchantment, of disillusion, of hope deferred, — and this is one of them.

Winthrop More Daniels.

SONG-FORMS OF THE THRUSH.

SEVERAL years ago, while reading in an old number of the Atlantic Monthly an admirable description by Wilson Flagg of the song of the hermit thrush, I came upon the following sentence: "I have not been able to detect any order in the succession of these strains, though some order undoubtedly exists and might be discovered by long-continued observation." This suggested a question: Had any one ever attempted to solve the old naturalist's problem? So far as I could remember, no one among the hundreds of observers who had exhausted their vocabularies in descriptions of thrush songs had made the effort, not even Solomon Cheney in his delightful Wood Notes Wild, nor Schuyler Mathews, whose musical notations of thrush songs were so accurate and so sympathetic. The thought flashed upon me that here was an unoccupied field, a territory into which perhaps only the most sanguine would dare to venture, but still a region unexplored and alluring in possibilities. Such a temptation was irresistible, and when spring brought once more the liquid sound of wood thrush notes, with the rarer whispered songs of migrating hermits, olive backs, and veeries, I began my task, not without some misgivings as to my success, but sure of one thing, — that, even if the problem proved insoluble, the search itself would be a delightful occupation.

Spring and summer, then, I listened to thrushes in Ohio, New England, and Canada; tramping beside sluggish western streams or along ravines carved out of the Ohio plains, scrambling through New England woods and pastures, climbing mountains in Canada, or rowing along the rocky shores of northern lakes. At the outset I encountered a difficulty, that I never could wholly overcome, in the problem of determining the form of the phrases I heard. I had to learn to ignore all sorts of conflicting sounds, from the notes of rival singers to locomotive whistles, to adjust a pitch-pipe to match a tone held in the memory while the bird himself was uttering a different one, and to accustom myself to the occasional sudden introduction by any singer of new variations in his song. But the thrushes' delivery was slow, their phrases were repeated continually, and the tones themselves were so clear that before long the matter of recording became somewhat less perplexing, although never very easy.

But in the process of learning to identify the songs by the pitch-pipe a new difficulty appeared in the absence of any recognized way of representing the sounds actually uttered by the thrushes. The birds' pitch was of course entirely free, whereas the musical staff provided for only a conventional series of tones differing by fixed intervals; and when

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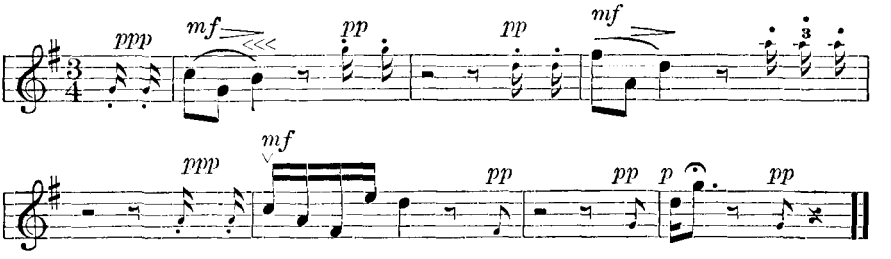
the pitch-pipe faithfully recorded intermediate quarter or eighth tones — that is, a trifle sharp or flat — there was no way of representing them. I experimented for a while with various devices, hoping that I might discover some way to record the actual sounds, but I finally abandoned the problem as practically insoluble. As the study of the birds' song-forms progressed I came, however, to console myself for the lack of exactitude by the discovery that thrushes tended steadily to approximate the intervals of the human scale. They were rarely just on the key, but they were generally close to it, never failing to suggest the conventional pitch.

Having determined, then, while recognizing the imperfections of my method of recording, to use it as a fairly satisfactory one, I amassed a great number of thrush song-forms, and from these I derived the following facts, noted from wood thrushes in Ohio, Massachusetts, and Quebec. From the beginning, I was greatly surprised to discover how few really distinct phrases the wood thrushes used. Very many had no more than three, the great majority used but four, and only a few had as many as five or six. The finest singers I heard were usually those with only four phrases, which they uttered with such beauty of modulation, and such deliberate excellence, as to suggest the thought expressed by Thoreau: "He confines himself to his few notes, in which he is unrivaled, as if his kind had learned this and no more anciently."

These phrases, whether in the eastern or western parts of the wood thrush range, were all very much alike. I have not recorded over twenty different forms, yet only once did I hear precisely the same set used by two birds. In this case they were near neighbors along the river bank, father and son, perhaps, I thought. All the other sets of phrases which I recorded were individual and unmistakable, often coinciding in two phrases or three, only to differ sharply in one or two others.

Here is a typical example of a thrush song with four phrases. Of course it does not pretend to give the actual sounds, or to enable one unfamiliar with the bird to reproduce the song, for the timbre, the unique, individual wood thrush voice, is not to be hinted at by such means. All it does is to symbolize roughly the tones of the musical scale, to which the thrush approximated.

THE RAVINE WOOD THRUSH.



It will be seen that these four phrases were assignable without undue stretching of the truth to the key of G natural. Each began with two or three softly uttered grace notes, continued with three or more loud tones, and concluded with one or more soft staccato notes, sometimes tinkling or buzzing, and either much higher or much lower than the loud ones preceding. The *sotto voce* part of the song was inaudible except at close range, but on a few occasions I heard it developed into a whisper song decidedly unlike the well-known flute notes.

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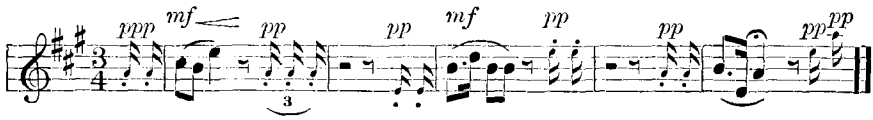
It will also be observed that these four phrases seemed to form part of a broken melody. The first was introductory in character, uttered with the bird's richest tones, round and liquid, with an organ tremolo or pulsation on the last note quite unmatched for vibrant beauty by any other bird of the region. The next phrases seemed to continue the musical progress, the second being a cadence into the key of D, the third an arpeggio leading back into G again; and each of these was sharper and more metallic in quality than the first one, the third being especially rapid and brilliant, equal in dexterity to any of the brown thrasher's roulades, and far finer in tone. The last phrase, which was thin and reedy, seemed to be a sort of conclusion to the song.

With much the same words the songs of all the other forty odd wood thrushes I studied might be described; for whether they consisted of three themes only, or as many as six or seven, they always had one or more phrases corresponding in musical character to those shown above, and the vocal quality was adjusted after the same manner. The introductory phrases were always rich, full, and round, the continuing ones were less steady in tone, more brilliant, but liable to contain squeaky notes, and the final one was generally soft and reedy. The thrushes did not always hold so clearly to the key as did the "ravine" wood thrush, for now and then one would introduce accidental notes, and occasionally one would sing persistently off the pitch; but the tendency was to adhere to some one key.

Here are some other examples, beginning with a thrush who, during months of observation, never used more than three phrases. For convenience we will call him

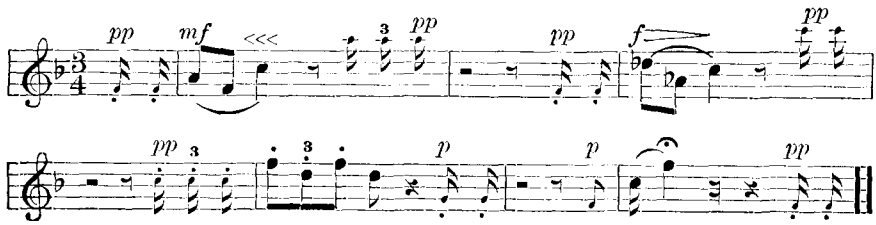
THE RIVERBANK WOOD THRUSH.



In this simplest of songs the same elements may be seen as in the one previously recorded: introductory, suspending, and final.

Here is another singer, with four phrases, who signalized himself by introducing flats, thereby making a modulation into the minor of his original key.

THE POOL WOOD THRUSH.



Following are the songs of two performers, each with five phrases, one of whom, the "pasture" wood thrush, introduced a phrase in an entirely unrelated key, a daring performance for one of his kind.

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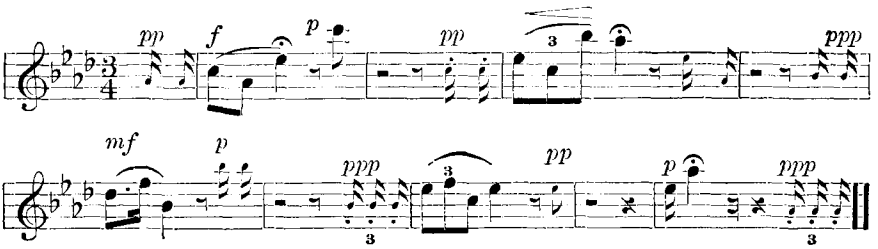
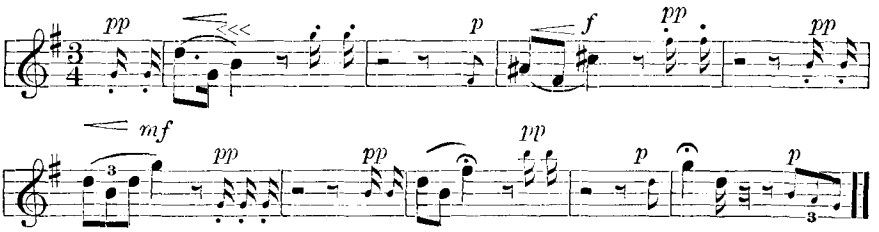
THE ROADWAY WOOD THRUSH.

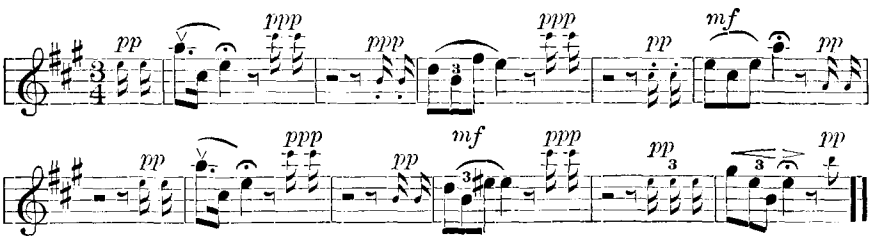


THE PASTURE WOOD THRUSH.



But what of the order in which these thrushes sang? That problem proved relatively simple, once the phrase-forms had been identified, for the slowness and precision of the thrushes made it easy to record long series. I collected many such, running into the hundreds for some birds, taken at various times and under all sorts of conditions; and from a study of these it appeared that the wood thrushes, while singing with free choice, tended to use their themes so as to produce as much variety as possible without violating the musical character of the phrases themselves. Further, each one had a favorite order, or set of orders, from which he would vary, but to which he would return unfailingly. Here, for instance, is the phrase sequence of a thrush noticeable for his regularity.

THE SWAMP WOOD THRUSH.



This "swamp" thrush had no low introductory phrase, and his whole song was rather higher pitched than usual; and this, together with his sharp ringing utterance, made his song sequence a striking one. Now and then he would interject a phrase out of place, but he would immediately return to his alternation, — 1,2,3; 1,2,4; 1,2,3; 1,2,4. The other thrushes whose songs are shown above were not quite so regular, but each had his favorite sequence.

The "ravine" thrush sang 1,2,3; 1,2,4, much like the "swamp" thrush. The "pool" thrush used his four phrases a little more freely, seeming to begin each new series with the first phrase, but using the others in varied combinations, as follows: 1,2,4,3; 1,4,2; 1,4,2; 1,2,3; 1,2,3; 1,2,3,4.

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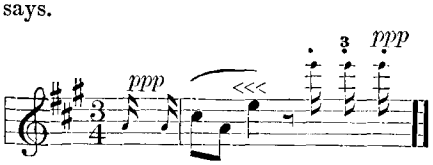
The "riverbank" thrush, with only three phrases, used them after the following manner: 1,2,3; 1,2,3; 1,3; 1,2,3; 1,2,3; 1,2,3; 1,3,2; 1,3,2; 1,3,2,3.

The "roadway" thrush used his five phrases in varying orders, always seeming to lead off with the low phrase, but using his fifth or conclusion phrase very little, as follows: 1,2,4,3,4; 1,2,4,3; 1,2,4,3,4; 1,2,3,4,3; 1,2; 1,4,2; 1,4,2,3,2; 1,2,3,4,5.

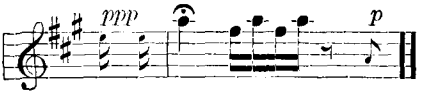
The "pasture" thrush used his five phrases more equally, but seemed to have certain favorite orders, as follows: 1,2,3,4; 1,5,2,3,4; 1,4; 1,2,3,4; 1,5,2,3,4. Examples might be furnished of an indefinite number of these song orders. A thrush would often sing apparently at random for a moment, but soon one of the familiar sequences would reappear, the one thing never done by thrushes in full song being to repeat the same phrase twice in succession.

It was contrast which lent its great charm to the wood thrush song as compared with the far more elaborate strains of sparrows or bobolinks, — contrast of tone and timbre as well as in the succession of phrases. Only the catbird and brown thrasher offered anything similar, and their delivery was so jerky and their tone quality at best so inferior that in emotional effect the simpler wood thrush far surpassed.

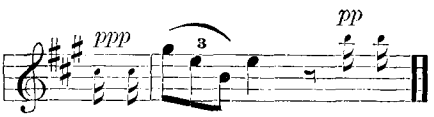
Take the song of a fine singer, such as the "lagoon" thrush, neighbor of the "riverbank" and "pool" thrushes, but distinctly superior. With deliberation he uttered a sudden clear, round, vibratory phrase, the little staccato notes following "like the jingling of steel," as Thoreau says.



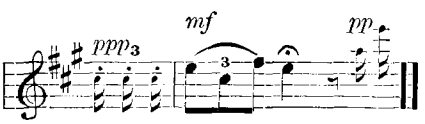
Then followed a pause, not indicated in the foregoing notations, but always to be understood between any two wood thrush phrases, and after it another phrase, thin and tinkling in timbre, apparently at the other end of the gamut from its predecessor.



Another pause, and there was heard a sudden modulation into the key of the dominant, in a ringing, brilliant, rather reedy voice.



After that came the low rich phrase, then the second, and then, in place of the third one, a new figure in a clear mellow flute tone in the middle of the bird's register, the little tinkling grace notes after it seeming to shoot up like sparks.



Then would come the first again, then the third, and so on, the four phrases being employed so as to produce continual variety and contrast.

Is there any apparent reason for the order relations which the birds seemed to prefer? Yes and no. The singers did not hesitate to leave progressions unfinished, and did not feel bound to abstain from any particular successions, but still they seemed to prefer to use their phrases in a way comporting with their character. They did not sing them at random, nor did they use the conclusion phrase to begin combinations; but seemed, as the above examples have shown, to prefer such successions and variations as an orchestral composer would employ. It was this apparent deliberate choice which marked off the wood thrush from such singers as the bobolinks, the orioles, the sparrows, or finches, which repeated like an involuntary expression of joy the same

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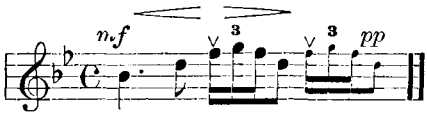
melody the day through. The wood thrush with his few figures used them, and them only, not inventing recklessly, but employing his well-learned themes with apparent purpose.

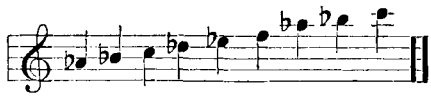
When I turned from the wood thrush to study the song of his smaller cousin, the hermit thrush, I found a far harder task confronting me. Hermit thrushes sang with untiring persistence, sometimes for an hour or more at a stretch, and at all times of the day, but they were generally much shyer than the wood thrushes, harder to approach, and more restless, often changing from tree to tree while in song. Then, too, they were seldom at all gregarious, being found at considerable distances one from another, whereas wood thrushes seemed to prefer to nest in little colonies; so I had to tramp through wide stretches of New England and Canadian pastures and forests, and row many miles along the shores of Canadian lakes, in order to learn to know even a few of these singers very well. Only on very rare occasions did I succeed in taking notes from a few yards; as a rule, my studies were necessarily carried on at a respectful distance from the invisible performers, as they perched in the thick green of hemlocks or spruces, or among the foliage of great sugar maples.

Each thrush, it appeared, had from eight to eleven separate phrases, and these, unlike the figures of the wood thrush, were in several different keys, and were all approximately of the same form. This typical hermit thrush theme consisted of a long opening note, followed by two or more groups of rapid notes higher on the scale, as in the following example: —



Each of the eight or more phrases would be similar to the foregoing, and each would generally begin on a different note, which, as it was deliberate, loud, and penetrating, was not difficult to determine with the pitch-pipe. The rapid figures, however, were altogether too lively to be analyzed in this way, and had to be guessed at from their apparent intervals. It was my impression, not ventured as an unqualified statement, that the song-forms adhered rather closely to the major or minor scale; at all events, after listening to scores of birds and taking voluminous notes upon two or three singers, that was the way it appeared. Of course the birds sang off the pitch with freedom, just as did the wood thrushes; but nevertheless, the impression produced was of an approximation to the conventional scale.

Assuming that such was the case, it followed that each phrase was in a key of its own, which was determined generally by the opening note; and from a mass of observations the fact soon appeared that the opening notes of these phrases formed part of a definite scale. A certain bird, for instance, as in the case to be noted below, had nine phrases, and these were always in the following keys: —



Others were in sharps, but, however arranged, these opening notes always formed some scale. No doubt the actual sounds did not conform entirely; some were a shade too low, others too high, but the pitch-pipe never failed to record a series surprisingly close to some conventional scale. This meant that all of the hermit thrush utterances were related in a much more elaborate manner than were any of the wood thrush phrases. In some cases it followed that the bird sang in just those keys marked by the opening notes. Here is an example of this sort: —

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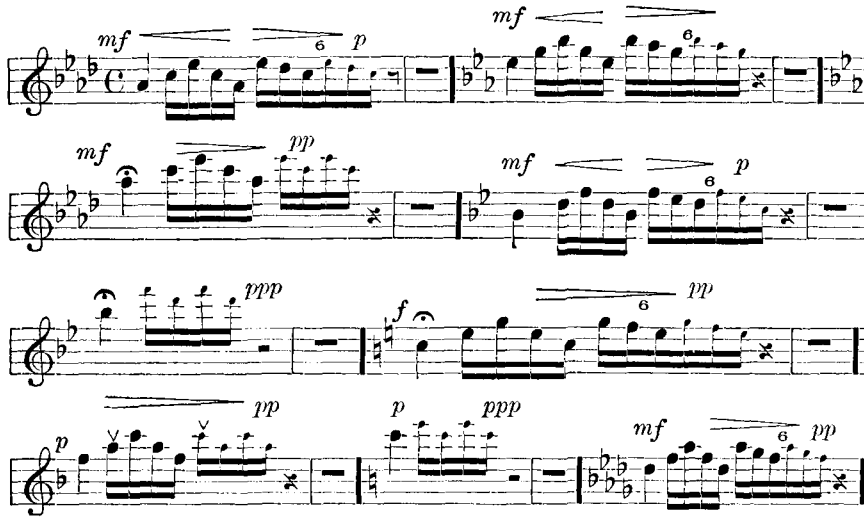
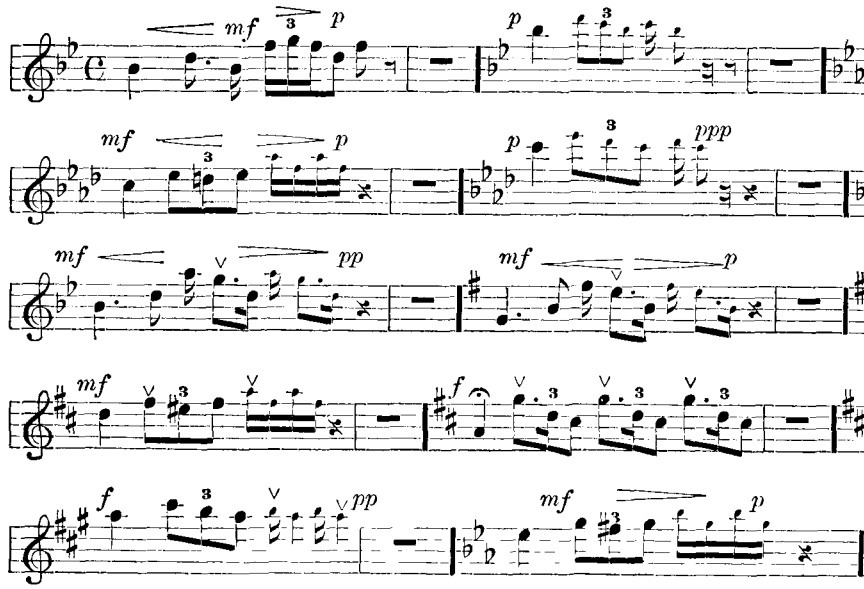
CAMP HERMIT THRUSH.



The contrast in form between this and the wood thrush's song is obvious. Instead of from three to five unlike phrases forming part of a broken melody, there were nine phrases, all similar in form, not melodic, but thematic in character. That songs so unlike in form should be confused seems scarcely comprehensible.

By no means all hermit thrushes exhibited the regularity of the singer figured above. A neighbor of the "camp" thrush, whose voice often rang out with his in response or in rivalry, had a more complicated system, fascinating in its variety. Following out the system of nomenclature which I have used for purposes of identification, I will call him the "sugar woods" thrush.

SUGAR WOODS THRUSH.



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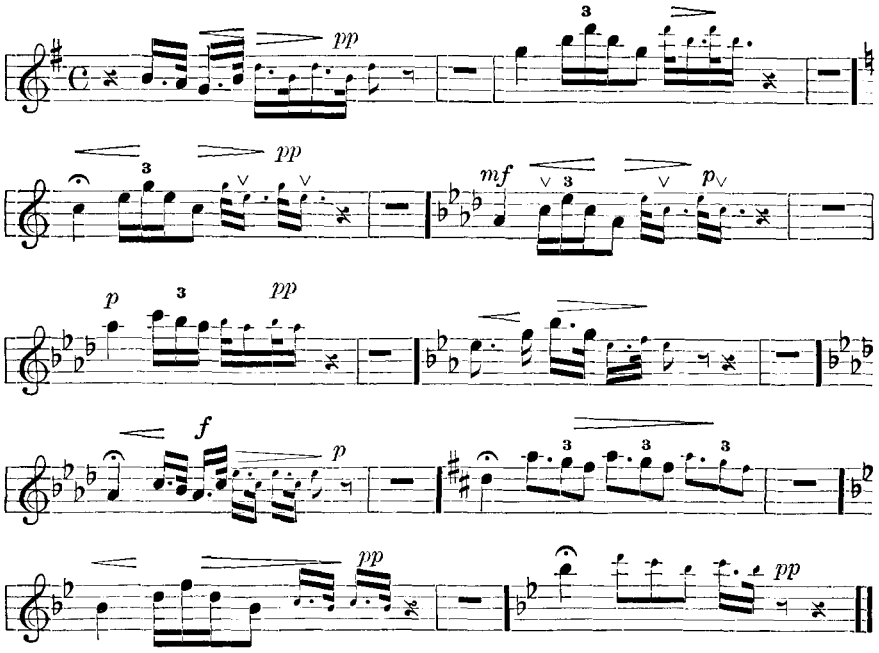
Here there were ten phrases in six keys, of which two were minor, and in four cases the opening note was not the key-note.

A still more elaborate variety was that of a Canadian thrush, some of whose phrases were so long as almost to merit the name of melodies. A striking feature of them was their frequent syncopation, and the fact that in one case the long opening note was omitted, — an unusual occurrence.

LAKE THRUSH.



Just what Burroughs meant when he wrote years ago that the hermit thrush's song was "interspersed with the finest trills and the most delicate preludes," is not clear to me. I have heard the birds sing at such short range that their loud notes fairly pierced, yet I have never detected any soft notes like those of the wood thrush, to which, indeed, the foregoing description seems to apply. Possibly it may refer to the hermit's whisper song, which consists of the bird's highest phrases at the top of his register, — sung sotto voce in a rather hurried manner, with occasional hints at one of the lower figures. But when the bird was in full song, these high phrases played a limited part only.

The order of the hermit thrush's song I found much harder to determine than that of the wood thrush, since there were more phrases, all of which were similar in form, and some of which differed by only a half tone. The ear could not be relied upon with certainty to distinguish in all cases between a C natural or a D flat phrase, and it was hard to adjust a pitch-pipe rapidly enough. Still, by unending patience, a good many records were obtained, and these when studied showed a similar result to that found in the records of the wood thrush. The hermit thrush, while bound to no order, tended to use certain favorite sequences and to avoid others. With the "camp" thrush this was not very obvious, but in the long run it appeared that the bird adhered to successions like that in the

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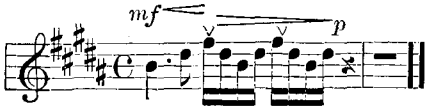
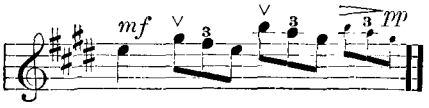
notation, liking to jump by fifths and octaves, and seeming to avoid with great care the utterance of successive phrases at or near the same pitch.

The "sugar woods" thrush, however, surpassed the "camp" thrush in the interest of his song order, for he had certain definitely marked preferences. After the first phrase in B flat major he sang the octave phrase more than half the time, and the E flat phrase most of the remainder; after the phrase in D major, he sang the phrase beginning with A, the eighth in the notation, the phrase in B flat major, the phrase in E minor beginning on G, — the sixth in the notation, — and no others. So each might be taken in succession, and it would be found that the bird had a certain favorite order, with a limited range of variation. Now and then he would sing his ten phrases in succession, but far oftener his choice of alternatives prevented such a conclusion and led to repetitions. The notation above represents, however, an actual sequence. The matter may be summed up by saying that beneath an apparently haphazard utterance, clear signs were found of permanent preferences in each bird. Like the wood thrush, the hermit tried to produce continual variety, without repetition of phrases near the same pitch, and without violent contrasts. It will be seen that most of the sequences are in related keys; and when the bird varies from flats to sharps the change is made easy by the form. See, for instance, how the "sugar woods" thrush, having sung a minor phrase beginning with B flat, — the fifth, — follows it with one beginning with G natural, which is a rather harsh sequence in itself, but rendered inconspicuous here by the fact that it is a precise echo of the B flat phrase.

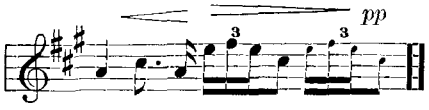
The contrasts of pitch were aided by those of timbre. The lowest phrases were generally round and hollow, not very loud, but exquisitely finished in delivery, uttered with deliberation and spirit, clear and rich, after pauses even longer than the wood thrush's. Here is an example from a Massachusetts bird, the "pasture" hermit thrush, neighbor of the "pasture" wood thrush before described:



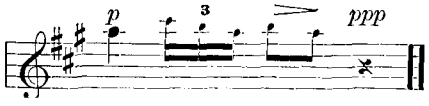
After this first phrase would come a pause, then, in a far more penetrating voice, a middle phrase, brilliant and metallic, but sometimes, it must be confessed, reedy to the point of harshness.



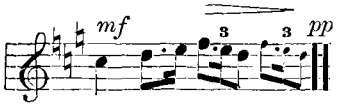
Following that would come another low phrase, round in the opening note, ringing in the rapid figures.



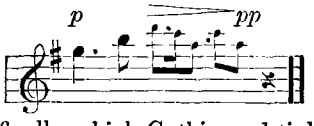
Then, after the usual pause, would break out a phrase an octave higher, in a thin, metallic utterance, contrasting sharply with the preceding one, and by its change in timbre suggesting a jump of two octaves rather than one.



Then down would come the bird again to a middle phrase, this one clear and penetrating, the opening note swelling a little, the rapid triplets falling like tongued flute notes.



After that a pause, and then a high phrase in metallic tones.



And finally a high C, thin and tinkling,

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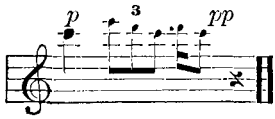
a "spray" of notes, as Bradford Torrey calls it somewhere.



And so it would go on, a half hour at a stretch, continual contrast in pitch and timbre, continual progression, continual variation in the order, piquing the interest with never-failing change, long after a sparrow or a bobolink would have become utterly familiar.

Why the hermit thrushes should use sets of musical themes whose initial notes fall into a scale, why they should employ these themes so as to secure pleasing contrast, or why they should prefer certain sequences to others, does not appear. Whatever the true explanation may be, the effect upon the listener is that of personality; every one of the little olive and russet singers seems to be exercising æsthetic judgment.

A few times during this search it was my good fortune to hear these two thrushes simultaneously, — twice on a mountain side in Canada, and several times in the brook valleys of the Berkshire hills in Massachusetts. On one memorable occasion fine singers of the two species, those called here the "pasture" wood thrush and the "pasture" hermit thrush, sang in full voice not over fifty yards apart; and while I drank in the sounds, it seemed to me that the superior beauty of the wood thrush's best tones was undeniable. There was a liquid fullness, and that pulsation like an organ tremolo on the final note of the first two phrases, which was not equaled by his rival. The hermit's low phrases were clear and ringing, but lacked the color of the larger bird's. In the middle and upper registers the two were more nearly on an equality, and, in fact, could scarcely be distinguished except for the form; but here, also, it seemed to me that the wood thrush was rather sweeter and more flowing. On the other hand, the hermit's voice was more penetrating, more vibrant with overtones; its sweetness was piercing instead of liquid, and at any distance it rang with a silvery chime; while the wood thrush's short phrases sounded, by comparison, muffled and dull.

Although birds differ very much in vocal quality, and some hermits are vastly superior, not only in penetration but in sweetness, to a great many wood thrushes, yet on the whole the contrast of these two birds seemed typical; and were it a question of vocal sweetness alone, the hermit thrush would have to be ranked below his larger cousin. But in song-form, in execution, and in general effect, the contrast was undeniably, it seemed to me, in favor of the hermit thrush. The wood thrush had a clear, liquid modulation, sudden and striking, and a brilliant arpeggio, but the hermit had a more elaborate figure, greater delicacy of utterance, and a manner of delivery which no wood thrush equaled. His long opening note in each phrase swelled gradually, the first group of rapid notes came louder, like a sparkling shower, and the next one diminished, fading away into a silvery whisper. When the two sang together, the wood thrush's phrases seemed beautiful, but fragmentary, the hermit thrush's a finished performance. He did not sing louder than the wood thrush, but his voice and delivery marked him out amid the full chorus of early summer, which at that time made the fields and woods vocal. Over the chirping of sparrows or warblers, the tinkle of wrens, the bubble and sparkle of bobolinks, the flowing warble of robins or grosbeaks, through the chiming of veeries, even through the liquid notes of the wood thrush, the steady, swinging phrases of the hermit thrush pierced their way, now high and clear, now low and ringing, always individual, strong, delicate, and aspiring. He was the master artist of the Northern woods.

Theodore Clarke Smith.

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THE STAGE COACH.

At the very threshold of life Julian Grabo met with an Obstacle. It filled the doorway. He could not pass nor see beyond it.

"By Jove, what a nuisance!" he had cried when the doctor told him he had not more than six months to live.

"But perhaps," said the physician, "if you 'll go into the arid country, you 'll make the six months into a year."

"I could put in a year excellently," mused Grabo. "I believe I 'll go."

He could hardly realize that he was in danger. He did not feel depleted nor weakened. He was full of excitable life, and interested in everything, — men, women, animals, poetry, history, and possibilities.

"You could put me anywhere and I 'd amuse myself," he said to a friend. "I never yet complained about anything, — not even my coffee. It seems such a waste of good nature for ME to go off!"

His friends were incredulous, — the men swore and the women wept. But Grabo, who had once bellowed like a calf when his football team had been beaten by a rival college, now shed no tear. He sent out his farewell cards, packed up his portable possessions, and set off post haste for a sheep ranch in Colorado, which was kept by a young Englishman he had met on his travels.

On the cars he tried to think things over, but his mind would not concentrate. All he could think of was Stevenson's epitaph, which the rails rattled off at a brisk tempo: —

> Under the wide and starry sky,
> Dig the grave and let me lie.
> Glad did I live and gladly die,
> And I laid me down with a will.
>
> This be the verse you grave for me:
> Here he lies where he longed to be;
> Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
> And the hunter home from the hill

"But the real trouble with all that is," he said to the rails, "that this hunter has not yet been to the hill, nor this sailor to the sea."

The rails kept up an idiot-iteration, however: —

> Glad did I live and gladly die.
> Glad did I live and gladly die!

He grew more and more dejected as he went westward. He resented the vigor of the engineer who stuck his grimy face out of the cab to nod to Grabo as he paced the platform; he was angry with the brunette young woman who was on her way to Los Angeles and expected to find it gay; he detested the hale old man who told stories in the smoking compartment. He grew bitter at the inequalities of fate. By degrees he reached despair, then abjection. He sank into a sodden reverie, forgot to eat, slept as if he were drugged, and awoke with a semi-prostration upon him. This made him exaggerate his symptoms.

"It will not be even three months," his frightened spirit shrieked out to his trembling body.

At Upper Mesa he was to take a stage coach, and he loathed the idea, for it meant that he was to have companions. And, truly enough, he found himself in intimate proximity to them. He would have liked to shut them out of his consciousness, but so far from being able to do that, he was forced into a minute yet distasteful observation of them.

As a man doomed to die before sundown will watch the progress of a fly on the wall, or count the tiles on the floor of his cell, so Julian observed his companions, though they were to him as negligible as tiles or flies.

There were five passengers within the coach and one outside with the driver. To begin with, there was Grabo, the doomed and unreconciled. Then there

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was an old man, a woman of forty, a woman of seventy-five, and a child — a girl — of seven. Outside were Tuttle Underwood, a miner, and Henry Victor, the owner and driver of the stage coach. These two men had introduced themselves to Grabo. Victor measured six feet three, and he handled the ribbons of his four-in-hand with happy nonchalance. The Rockies have a breed of their own, and Victor was a Rocky Mountain man. His hands, face, and beard were the color of well-seasoned sandstone, and he affected the same color in his clothes. Never did a human being fit more unobtrusively into a landscape. His voice had an agreeable monotone which accorded with the minor, undulating harmonies of wind, water, and trees which soughed in the cañons. If some over-musician, reflected Grabo, could find the keynote to the Rockies, that would be the keynote to Henry Victor, too.

As for his four bays, they were mountain horses as surely as their driver was a mountain man, and no one of them was rendered in the least nervous by the fact that the rear wheels of the coach were flirting over the precipice as the vehicle flung around the buttressed rock.

Underwood, the miner, was as lean as a coyote. His iron-gray hair was shaggy, his eyes in perfect focus, his hand good for the exigeant shot. He wore a dust-colored hat, a blue flannel shirt, a faded coat, trousers of the same sad fabric tucked in handsome boots, and he was belted and armed. He looked to Grabo as if he would probably live forever.

As for the people within the coach, each one was alone. None had known any other member of the company till that hour. Even the child was alone, her only companion being an ugly doll.

"You are my little girl," she was heard to babble. "Really and truly you are, though I have n't seen you since ever. You 've been living away off with your grandmother for years 'n' years, and now you 're coming home to your own mamma. You 'd better look nice, or she won't like you, so there!"

She found a bit of string in the bottom of the coach and tied it around the doll's neck.

"There!" she said in satisfied accents, "now you 've got a tag on, telling just who you are and where you 're going, and there would n't be any sense in your getting lost. You just go up to anybody, man *or* woman, and show 'em that tag, and they 'll help you on. Folks is always good to a child."

This optimistic remark was followed by a sigh on the part of the child, and seemed to be more of a creed than a conviction. It created a mild sensation. The old man looked appealingly at the women. The old woman felt in her bag for treasures which she did not find. The woman of forty started up from a reverie, regarded the child in a puzzled and somewhat embarrassed fashion, and then seated herself by her.

"I hope you 're not getting tired," she said. There was a minor cadence to the voice, which was rather deep and serious.

"I don't think I 'm tired," said the child, turning eyes of heavenly blue upon the woman, "but it 's dreadful when no one says a word!"

"Oh, well, you see," said the woman apologetically, letting a smile creep into her rather bitter face, "we don't know each other."

"Except you and me," cried the child, with a laugh which revealed two rows of minute and pearly teeth. "We got acquainted quick, did n't we?"

"Very," said the woman with flattering gravity.

"I 've come a long way," continued the little one, "and my grandma cried when I left her. Here, read this!" She tugged at a string which ran about her neck, and drew out a tag. The woman read from it: —

"Margaret Samsom, Arline, Colorado."

"That 's my name and where I 'm go-

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ing," announced the child. "And my mamma's name is just the same as mine. She 'll be waiting for me when I get out of the coach."

Her penetrating treble reached the men on the front seat, and Underwood nudged Victor.

"D' yeh hear that?" he whispered. "She 's th' daughter of Red Mag!"

They turned in their seats and regarded the child with curiosity and something akin to horror. She had a face as tender as a flower. Her blue eyes were beaming with excitement, brown ringlets clustered about her low, blue-veined temples, her teeth were like little grains of rice, and her parted lips were exquisitely arched. As her soft glowing neck crept away between the clean ruffles of her gingham frock, it conveyed an idea of delicacy and loveliness of person. She beamed at the miner as he regarded her with frowning anxiety.

"Peter 's eye!" he said, and spat twice in the road. At intervals he ejaculated with disgust, "Red Mag!" And once he said, "The only decent thing for you to do, Hank, is to run this here stage over the gulch, and end it for her before she meets her 'mamma.'"

"Have you a tag around your neck?" little Margaret asked of the bitter-faced woman.

"No, dear."

"What am I going to call you when I want to speak to you?"

"Mrs. Ellery — no, aunt Anna."

The horses were toiling up the slope. They were in the midst of a great gorge. The world about them was vast and dead, — its fires burned out, its floods spent, its tumult stilled. As they climbed up and up, the very old woman began to move her head from side to side curiously, and several times she put her hand to her throat.

"There 's a dreadful noise in my ears," she complained.

"Never bin up as high as this before, I reckon?" said Victor interrogatively.

"Who — me?" piped the old woman. "No; I 've always lived at Morgansport. That ain't a hilly place."

"Going to live out this-a-way?"

"Well, yes, I bethought myself to," responded the old lady in a neighborly tone. "My sister Marthy, that I 've bin livin' with, is twenty years younger than me, and a very spry person. I got under foot. I could see it. She did n't like me fussin' about her kitchen, nur weedin' in the garden, and it seemed to her that I had to burn a most uncommon amount of wood to keep warm. I kin see as plain as anything how it struck Marthy. I did n't want her grudgin' me my days, and I took matters in my own hands, and lit right out for my son James's. I knew Jim would want me!" She put her head on one side, exhibiting that last form of coquetry — that of a mother for a well-loved son.

"Does your son live at Arline, ma'am?" inquired Victor.

"Yes," she answered, smiling till her toothless gums were fully revealed. "James Farnam. Maybe you know him? He was always great for makin' friends."

Grabo saw the men on the front seat exchange one swift and frightened look.

"Now I *will* drive the blamed old stage over the rim!" swore Victor to Underwood. They smiled at each other grimly.

"What 's to pay?" wondered Grabo.

The day wore on pleasantly enough. Grabo forgot himself a little. Or, rather, the mysticism which was his inheritance from a line of dreamers began to anæsthetize him. The vastness of the world about him, the endurability of those mountain ranges, the clarity of the sapphire heavens, the swing of the high sun, the obvious fret and fume of man's little life as indicated in the group there in the coach, all reconciled him somewhat to his grief. The old, old woman swayed feebly in her seat, yet still smiled on, thinking of "Jim." The little child grew

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fretful, and the bitter-faced woman comforted her with infinite tenderness. The two men on the front seat were telling tales to each other to pass away the time. Only the old man and Grabo sat silent. There seemed to be something hunted in the old man's face.

"What's *his* trouble?" wondered Grabo, "and how long before oblivion will overtake him? The trouble with me is, I have no trouble. I'm in fit shape for life, and not attaining it." He remembered with sudden self-pity that he had not even kissed a woman as men kiss the women they love. This made him turn the eye of masculine appraisement on the bitter-faced person near him. He noticed that her eyes were gray, half-closed, as if from instinctive reserve of soul; that her lips were softly compressed, that they were shapely and mournful. Her complexion was that of a woman who has lost anticipation, and in whose veins the blood moves wearily. A plume of gray hair showed above her brow in the midst of the brown. She was costumed with conspicuous neatness in black, and about her neck gear was just a touch of brightness, as if, after long denial, she had awakened to the joys of decoration.

"She's beginning over," mused Grabo. "She has seen a mirage on the desert, and she's making for it."

Silence seemed to lie on Grabo like a spell. The fundamental silence of the abyss, of the vault, of the everlasting hills, had come up and seized him by the throat. It became a pain at last, — for Grabo had always been loquacious till he met the Obstacle. He made up his mind to speak, and he turned to the old man.

"You are going west for the first time, sir?" He spoke out of a dry throat, and the trifling inquiry represented a triumph of will.

"Me?" said the old man pleasantly, with a kind of timid neighborliness. "Yes — the first time. I've lived in Ohio all my life."

"Quite a break-up — coming away out here," said Grabo.

"Yes, yes. Well, I've been living with my son's wife. My son died three years ago, and Lucy set out to do her duty by me. It was hard for her — and harder for me!" he gave a sardonic little twist to his lips, which were loose and pitiful and discouraged-looking. "A while ago I could see she was taking interest in a man down street, — a good man, too. I sold some things I had. 'Lucy,' says I, 'I'm going to take myself off.' — 'How'll you live, father?' says she. — 'There's my pension,' says I, 'and there's old Luke Bailey. He was in my regiment, you see, and he baches it out in Red Butte. He's often written urging me to come out.' — 'But father,' says Lucy, 'I always wanted to be with you in your last hours.' She was still thinking of her duty. That's Lucy's style. — 'Lucy,' says I, 'spare yourself the pleasure. You're a good girl, and that's why I'm getting out of your way.'"

His faded eyes watered, and he sat staring at the wall of rock beside which the coach was running.

"There ain't nothing so satisfying as being out from under foot," observed Underwood, who had been listening.

"It ain't just what I pictured for myself," said the old man. "I've had good homes, and a good wife and children, and responsibility in my community. They're all gone. Sometimes I think I never had them, — that it was a kind o' dream. Anyhow, now I'm going on to a new place. It took sixty-five years for my roots to strike in, and then I tore 'em up."

"What's your name, sir?" asked Grabo respectfully. His heart warmed genially toward this man who had built up the structure of life and seen it tumble about his feet.

"John Siller," responded the man, with a ring in his voice, as if the name had its significance. Grabo was sure it

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was a name which had counted here and there, — perhaps at town meetings, perhaps at local elections, maybe in abolition gatherings, certainly on the roster of a volunteer regiment.

"You've walked a long road," said Grabo gently.

"Eh? Oh yes! Walked a long road! Well, you'd think so if you'd walked it with me. The people that have passed — they'd make a cityful! But walking a long road ain't the only thing, young man."

He looked at Grabo with a penetrating glance.

"He sees I'm doomed," thought the young man.

"Walking a road, and not being driven along it, is the thing," said Anna Ellery. There was an accent of wrath and sorrow in her voice. "My idea is to walk it and set my own pace."

It had the gusto of a fresh declaration of independence.

"Evidently," thought Grabo, "she found the path too narrow for two."

It came lunch time, and being in a grove of pines, they all seated themselves on the ground and ate together. Mrs. Ellery made coffee; Grabo looked after the child, who was fastidious, and did not take well to the cold food. Mrs. Farnam, the old woman, could not eat at all, and the coffee she drank intoxicated her.

"If it wa'n't for the thought of Jim," she gasped again and again, "I don't know how I could git up spirit to go on."

"There ain't nothing to do, ma'am, *but* git on," said Victor cheerily. "You'll come out all right, ma'am."

But as the afternoon wore on she became more and more distressed. Mrs. Ellery noted how the breath fluttered in the poor old throat. Grabo, who watched her with fascinated eyes, and who — so strange was his mood — appeared to feel the winds of Destiny blowing continually upon this party of stragglers in search of happiness, saw a peculiar pallor spreading over her face. He was not surprised when the poor little figure toppled forward. He caught it in his arms, and called to Victor to rein in. The brakes clamped the wheels, and Grabo got out with the old woman in his arms. She was no heavier than a child, but repulsive with the repulsion of wasted flesh, sunken eyes, and inert limbs. Her cheeks began to puff out curiously, and her eyes to roll. The coach was, fortunately, at a small level semicircle of honest horizontal earth. The soil had washed down here, and piñon trees — seven in number — stood together in a confidential and frightened group. Grabo put the old soul there. Nay — the soul, which may have been young or old, had escaped, but whether it was in the purple and solemn valley beneath them, or in the sweet clarity of daffodil sky above, no man ventured to surmise. All looked at the pitiful body, which, bereft of that which gave it its trifling significance, lay supine.

There being neither prayers nor tears at hand, the bitter-faced woman, who had been supporting the dead woman, kissed her on the forehead.

"Good-by, mother," she said gently. Grabo felt the tears leap to his eyes.

"I didn't know women were so sweet," he thought.

"You heard her say she was goin' to Arline to visit her darlin' son, didn't yeh?" asked Underwood with emotion.

Grabo nodded.

"Well," said Underwood, "she would n't hev seen him. He tried to knife Bill Upton in Garey's place three weeks back, and got shot between the eyes."

"Dead?" asked Anna Ellery.

"You bet, ma'am," said Underwood devoutly.

"Poor mother!" said Anna Ellery once more.

The panting beasts stood at rest. The old man, Siller, was hanging on to the child, lest she should go too near the precipice. A rigor began to creep over the dead woman.

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"Shall we take her to Arline?" asked Victor.

Grabo turned sick at the idea. The old man shivered. Anna Ellery shook her head.

"It's no good," she said. "Whom would we take her to? This is a beautiful place for a — for a grave."

"And handy to heaven," muttered Underwood.

"How about gettin' through to our journey's end?" asked John Siller.

"We'll have to camp here to-night," Victor said. "The Rattlesnake River, three miles from here, has been doing its best lately. I would n't take anybody through it in the dark that I was anyways responsible for — not to mention the hosses." He looked affectionately at his beasts.

"It *would* be too bad to risk the horses," smiled Grabo. He was thinking the others might take the Long Voyage merrily enough. Yet who could tell! There is a saying that the young are prodigal with life, but the old economical of it. Perhaps old man Siller wanted to live!

"You think, then," said Victor, "that we'd best plant the old soul right here?" He spoke almost tenderly.

"Not till the child's asleep," whispered Anna Ellery.

Victor took command, sending Underwood to chop wood, and Grabo to get the victuals from the coach, while he himself looked after the horses.

Anna led the child back among the rocks.

"See," she said, "you can have a little playhouse here." She made a miniature pantry for her with pebbles and bits of mica for the dishes. Then she returned to the "poor mother." She combed her straggling locks, made her decent, covered her face with a clean handkerchief and the whole body with a horse blanket. By this time the men had a fire, and a repast with hot coffee. A good deal of time had been consumed, and already the shadows were groping their way far down the gorge, — trooping down like blind men bound on some grim and final errand. In the inlet of land — for the blue ether of space ran about them like a fluid sea — the day began to gloom. Anna called the child to her, and they all sat about the fire and ate. It grew chilly, and she wrapped the child in her cape. When the little one began to fret Anna held her close till she fell asleep, and then carried her over to the shelter of the rocks, and wrapped her well. When she came back the men had already begun to dig the grave with whatever implements they had at hand. There was one shovel, an axe, and three knives in the party. They were all utilized for the task, and in a little while the shallow grave was dug. Victor and Grabo laid the old woman in her comfortable bed. They covered her over without the "dust to dust." No one prayed. No one sang. But Mrs. Ellery had found the dead woman's full name on a letter within her pocket, and Grabo graved the name on the rock.

MARY FARNAM. DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH UNKNOWN.
DIED ON THE ROAD, AND BURIED BY HER FELLOW TRAVELERS.

He put the date last. They all watched him, and stirred the fire from time to time to give him light. After it was over, Anna went to look at the child. She was sleeping delicately, and when Anna stooped close to her she noticed that her breath was like that of a young calf. She came back to the fire and seated herself among the men. Her eyes were shining, her mouth tender, all her aspect sisterly.

"Pretty fine little gal, ma'am," said Underwood, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb.

"Oh!" said Anna, unable to articulate her appreciation of the child.

"You want to know the kindest thing you kin do to her?" persisted Underwood. Anna's silent gesture answered.

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"Well, throw her over this here gorge while she sleeps. She 'll never know nothin' after that."

"What do you mean?"

"You ain't acquainted in Arline, ma'am, but if you wus, you 'd know Red Mag. Every man there knows 'er. Every woman runs from 'er. She lives in a filthy hut, and talks filthier than she looks. That 's the young un's ma."

"But I won't have it!" Mrs. Ellery cried, clasping her hands. "I won't have her go to a woman like that!"

She appeared to be shaken by some strange passion. Grabo listened to the wind wailing through the gorge, but he smiled to himself, and said that of course it was the windage of Destiny's wings. For surely this night Her presence was felt. He turned gleaming eyes upon Anna. "Maternity has come to her," he reflected, "without birth pangs." He was convinced that she would never let the child go to its mother.

"I like an intelligent breaker of the law," he mused. He threw himself back on the ground, his hands under his head. He was happy. He liked his companions. They seemed to him more alive than any persons he had previously met.

"The stars are more neighborly than I had supposed," he said, conscious that his calm remark was out of key with Anna's emotion, but willing to take the attention from her.

"They do look that way out here," admitted Underwood. "I suppose it 's because they 're the only neighbors you kin get."

"I like the way they mind their own business," observed Victor. "You 'd think, to look at 'em, that they was thicker than snakes at Slaney's Pocket, but they never git mixed up."

Grabo was cheerfully misquoting some lines of Tennyson's. Underwood caught the last couplet: —

> — "yet with power to burn and brand
> His nothingness into man"

He debated the point.

"I don't know about nothingness!" he said. "When I see the way men come it over these hulking, ugly brutes of mountains, and git their livings out of 'em, and pick and peck at 'em, and tunnel and bridge 'em, I don't know about nothingness. I ain't the man to take a back seat fur a star or a mountain."

The stars seemed to grow in brilliancy. The blackness deepened. It was impenetrable, chill, yet with streams of warmth flowing through it like currents of charity through a censorious world. The precipice yawned a few feet distant. The little company rested at ease on a narrow shelf midway between earth and heaven. They were bound together by the torrent, which impeded their journey, by the night which encompassed yet could not extinguish them, by the new-made grave of their fellow traveler, by the sleeping child, and by the fire.

"It 's odd," said old John Siller, lighting his pipe, "but I don't know when I 've felt so at home."

Julian Grabo let his hand fall so that, in the darkness, it touched Anna Ellery's dress. He held the fabric between his fingers, as he used to hold his mother's gown when he was a child.

They all talked together softly, often with a friendly incoherence. Anna had a sense of being watched over. The men smiled at her brother-wise. Finally Grabo urged her to sleep, and she went once more to see to the covering of the child; then she stood for a space by Mary Farnam's grave. Grabo joined her.

"*She* is well covered," he said.

"I 've been saying a prayer," confessed Anna, "and I 'd almost forgotten how."

"Were you praying for the living or the dead?" asked Grabo.

"I hardly know," smiled Anna. "To-night I could easily imagine that we are all dead."

Their eyes met. A shiver of sympathy shook them, and then, with decision,

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they withdrew their gaze. It is the fashion — world old — for souls thus to salute each other. These, having saluted, bade each other farewell. Anna lay down beside the child and slept a little while. It was dawn when she awoke, and shafts of marvelous purple light were streaming into the uttermost recess of the gorge. Some far mountains were bathed in rose. The world was glorious as a Transfiguration. Anna rose up as one who comes into a new life. The child awoke, too, and laughed at her, dewy-fresh. They kissed, and while the men were getting ready the horses Anna bathed the little one's face and hands, and combed her curls. Then she made herself tidy, and had time, before all was in readiness, to cover the grave of the "fellow traveler" with piñon boughs.

Grabo helped her and Margaret into the coach. Siller sat with Grabo. Underwood and Victor mounted in front. The horses had had their breakfast, though the people had not, and they started on their way with careful speed. The ford was reached, and they plunged among foaming waters and hidden rocks. Little Margaret threw her arms about Mrs. Ellery's neck with a cry of alarm. Old Siller grasped Grabo's arm.

"I believe we 're going down," Siller whimpered.

"I think not," soothed Julian. "Our friends the horses would be ashamed to let us, you know."

Once more the eyes of Anna and Julian met. They were wondering the same thing, — whether it would be a better matter if the torrent should overcome them.

"Life is too sardonic for that," reflected Grabo. "That innocent baby will live to grow up under the tutelage of her mother, Red Mag; Mrs. Ellery, in her search for liberty, will find some new form of slavery; old Siller will not perish till senility has disintegrated him; as for me, I shall exist to watch death creeping on me like a tide; as for the fellows on the front seat, they would n't ruin their reputations by dying in so innocent a manner!"

They emerged upon a fine mesa, and sped on swiftly to the place of relay of horses and breakfast. At the meal they felt the hour of parting hanging over them heavily.

"I git tired, sometimes," said Underwood in an outburst, "of livin' up a gulch. Strikin' a pile ain't the only thing in life. It 's about time I took a little comfort, seems to me, and got a family about me." His eyes rested on Margaret, who had gone into semi-eclipse behind a bowl of milk. Her soft curls, her pink chin, and her dimpled hands only were visible.

"Yes," said old Siller, who was mumbling his food after the fashion of the toothless, "family life 's the thing. If only my son" — He did not finish, but fixed a wistful gaze on Grabo.

Julian was, indeed, a good sight to look upon this morning. He held his head high, his eyes were clear and blue, his complexion like a girl's, his figure elegant, his garments a perfect fit. He looked as carefully attired as if he had come newly from his chamber. There was something poignant in the glance Anna turned upon him.

"If such a man had been my lover" — she thought brokenly, and then sank into heavy reminiscence.

"Well," said Victor aloud, "I sometimes think I 'd like to settle down, too. I git tired of drivin' people around."

He regarded Anna with frank admiration. Underwood followed his gaze, and for the first time a personal speculation took possession of him. Both of them estimated the woman's excellent physique, her kind yet sad eyes, the efficiency of her manner, the modest yet striking fashion of her dress.

When the time came to resume their journey with fresh horses, they had about them that stalwart interest which follows the eating of a good meal. The very

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pangs of parting diverted them. Siller, particularly, was alert.

"I wonder what old Luke Bailey will think when he sees me loomin' up," he mused, chuckling with anticipatory glee. "I mean to keep my settin'-room always spic up for company," he announced. It was intended for a general invitation.

"So shall I," said Anna in her minor, vibratory voice. "I shall make friends of my own choosing. I shall go to church with good people. I mean to be useful. I am going to have some new dresses. After a little while I 'm going to invite people to supper." She looked demure, and evidently saw the pitifulness of her spoken aspirations. "You see," she said by way of explanation, "it 's years since — he — let me hold up my head."

The words were almost whispered, but every one heard them. A sympathetic silence fell. No one asked a question, but all four men wondered as to the legal status of her liberty. Margaret was playing with some little tassels on Anna's jacket. She looked up in Anna's face with sudden winsomeness.

"I like you," she said, and hung her head. Anna snatched her close.

"I like *you!*" she declared fiercely.

Victor turned in his seat.

"In a little while we 'll be at Arline." The words were significant, — even ominous.

Anna Ellery must have heard them, but she gave no sign. She fixed her eyes upon the landscape, and a peculiar smile fastened itself upon her face. Margaret began to yawn, showing those ricelike teeth, and Anna lifted her up into her lap, and absently soothed her till she fell asleep. The curious smile never left her face.

A few straggling cabins came into view, and then the raw streets of a mining town.

"We 're here," announced Underwood gloomily.

There was a gathering in front of the general store, — ranchers, loafers, Mexicans, Chinese, Indians, Negroes. The coach stopped, and Victor threw off the mail bag and handed out packages.

Down the street came a large woman, her arm locked in that of a male companion. Both were staggering and vociferous. Grabo guessed the truth instantly. This was Red Mag, — this was Margaret's mother! He tried once more to think philosophically of the wings of Destiny, but he was in hot revolt. His hands clenched involuntarily. Old Siller was trembling, and his jaw worked up and down.

"Mag 's celebratin'," Grabo heard one of the crowd remark.

"Expectin' her daughter," said a sardonic voice.

Anna patted the sleeping child, and stared straight ahead.

A silence spread through the crowd as Mag came staggering on. Grabo looked at the bloated face, the dare-devil eyes, the frowzy red hair, the slovenly gown, and then at the woman who treasured the child in her arms.

"I 'm going to see an event," he reflected.

Red Mag seemed to have forgotten temporarily what she had come for. Then, with an oath, she remembered. She stuck her head in the coach.

"That 's my gal!" she declared.

Underwood and Victor kept their eyes on Anna, as men in an orchestra fasten their gaze upon the conductor. Grabo noticed that each sat with a hand clapped to his pistol pocket.

"I 'm lookin' fur my gal," Mag said defiantly. Her companion came forward pugnaciously.

"Where 's that there young un that took passage with you, Hank Victor?" he demanded.

"There 's no child here but my daughter," said Anna Ellery in her penetrating voice.

It was the lift of the bâton, and the orchestra responded.

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"Git out of the way, there!" commanded Victor. He raised his whip. Mag began to pour forth oaths fluently. But the whip fell. The horses leaped from the watering trough, their check reins hanging.

A mile out of town, Grabo leaned forward, lifted one of Anna Ellery's hands where it still clasped the sleeping child, and put it to his lips. Old Siller was weeping. Underwood and Victor sat close together on the front seat and seemed to be enjoying themselves.

In an hour they reached Grabo's place. It was the cross-roads on a high and sunny plain, where the pungent smell of sage-brush perfumed the air. Grabo looked about him, in the spirit of reconnaissance. He had a sense that he was to be left in space. But he liked it.

There was an open wagon and a pair of mules waiting for him, and they were driven by an alert boy with freckles.

"I came down yisterday," he said to Grabo, "expectin' you. When you did n't come, I camped. Mr. Memory is awful anxious to see ye, sir. He 's laid up with a twisted knee. Got throwed off his bronc."

"You see I 'm wanted," Grabo smiled at Siller. "And I think you 'll be!"

He shook hands with all the men, and they slapped him on the shoulder. He and Anna looked once more in each other's eyes. For a second or two they were motionless. Then he removed a curious little pin from the inside of his coat, regarded its cabalistic insignia affectionately, and pinned it on her dress.

"It 's a decoration for distinguished conduct," he said with such nonchalance as he had at command.

He kissed Margaret on her moist forehead.

"She 'll grow up a good woman," he prophesied. "She 'll be a comfort to you. In a day or two I shall send her a gift. Once in three months it will be repeated. Perhaps you 'll write me how she gets on."

He was, indeed, laying plans for the child even as he talked. The freckled boy transferred Julian's belongings to the wagon.

"Sometimes when you drive by I 'll be here at the cross-roads to yell at you," Grabo told Victor.

He got in the wagon, and both vehicles started on their ways.

For a few moments Grabo sat tense, throbbing with curious emotions.

Then twelve shots rent the air, — the parting salute of his fellow travelers. He stood up in the wagon and waved his adieux. He could see Anna waving, and little Margaret, whom the shooting had awakened, and he recognized Siller's bandana. When he sat down the freckled boy said, —

"You 'll git jest as hearty a hullo when ye reach Amber Ranch."

"Shall I?" cried Grabo. "And who are you, friend?"

"Me? Biff Hathaway. I 'm herdin' f'r Mr. Memory. I come out here to die. The doctor giv me a month."

"How long ago was that?" asked Grabo.

"Four year," grinned the freckled boy.

Grabo straightened his shoulders. He took in the flowing spacious plain, the perfect arch of the cloudless vault, the windings of the persistent road.

"Does n't it seem to you we 're taking it a little too easy?" he asked.

The freckle-faced boy snapped his whip, and the tawny mules leaped forward. Julian sat straining his eyes into the distance. Miraculously, the common dust of the highway had been transmuted into gold.

Elia W. Peattie.

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LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN.

II.

1857–1859.

In the preface to the fifth and last volume of Modern Painters Ruskin gives a brief statement of "matters which had employed or interrupted" him between 1855 and 1860. The great variety of these matters shows the extent of his intellectual interests, ranging from the Elements of Drawing to theories of Political Economy.

Through the autumn and winter of 1857–58 he was occupied in caring for and arranging the immense mass of the Turner drawings in the National Gallery. In May, 1858, exhausted by the hard labor, the exciting interest, and the heavy responsibility of this work, he went to Switzerland to rest, and to make studies in several of the old towns in order to illustrate some of Turner's compositions.

In August he went on into Italy and stopped at Turin. Almost twenty years afterwards he wrote of his experience there: "I was still in the bonds of my old Evangelical faith, and, in 1858, it was with me Protestantism or nothing: the crisis of the whole turn of my thoughts being one Sunday morning, at Turin, when, from before Paul Veronese's Queen of Sheba, and under a quite overwhelmed sense of his God-given power, I went away to a Waldensian chapel, where a little squeaking idiot was preaching to an audience of seventeen old women and three louts, that they were the only children of God in Turin; and that all the people in Turin outside the chapel, and all the people in the world out of sight of Monte Viso, would be damned. I came out of the chapel, in sum of twenty years of thought, a conclusively *un*-converted man. . . . Thus then it went with me till 1874, when I had lived sixteen full years with 'the religion of Humanity' for rough and strong and sure foundation of everything." [1]

Ruskin returned to England to spend the winter of 1859 at home, very hard at work, which was by no means concentrated on Modern Painters. In the spring he went to Berlin, to Dresden, and to Munich, in order to study the Venetian pictures in the galleries of those cities. After his return home, he set himself to his task steadily, and with his accustomed industry, and in the spring of 1860, seventeen years after the publication of the first volume, the fifth and last volume of Modern Painters was completed and published. The following letters illustrate this period, which proved as time went on to have been practically the turning-point of his life.[2]

Penrith, Cumberland,
24th *September*, '57.

Dear Norton, — I was very thankful to know you had arrived safely, and without getting any blue put on your wings by that Atlantic, and I am trying to conceive you as very happy in the neighborhood of those rattlesnakes,

[1] *Fors Clavigera*, letter lxxvi, March, 1877. Ruskin gives a somewhat different account of this critical incident in the first chapter of the third volume of *Præterita*, 1888.

[2] I venture to call the reader's attention to the fact that much in these letters is written in a humorous vein, the humor often, indeed, being grim enough. I should not thus call in question the reader's intelligence, were it not that some humorous passages in the first installment of the letters have been taken as quite serious expressions of opinion by one or more of their critics.

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bears, etc., though it seems to me much the sort of happiness (compared with ours at home here) that a poor little chimney-sweeper is enjoying below on the doorstep, to whom I have just imparted what consolation there is in sixpence for the untowardness of his fate, his mother having declared that if "he didna get a job, he would stop oot all day." You have plenty "jobs," of course, in your fine new country; but you seem to me, nevertheless, "stopping out all day." I envy your power of enjoyment, however, and respect it, and, so far, understand it; for truly it must be a grand thing to be in a country that one has good hope of, and which is always improving, instead of, as I am, in the position of the wicked man in one of the old paraphrases my mother used to teach me: —

> Fixed on his house he leans; — his house
> And all its props decay,
> He holds it fast; but, while he holds,
> The tottering frame gives way.

And yet, I should n't say that, neither, for in all I am doing, or trying to do, I assume the infancy of my country, and look forward to a state of things which everybody mocks at, as ridiculous and unpopular, and which holds the same relation to our present condition that the said condition does to aboriginal Britonship. Still, one may look triumphantly to the advance of one's country from its long clothes to its jacket, and yet grudge the loss of the pretty lace on the baby caps. Not, by the way, that baby caps ever should have any lace (vide, passim, my political economy). Truly, however, it does look like a sunset in the east, today; and my baby may die of croup before it gets its jacket; but I know what kind of omen it is for your American art, — whatever else may flourish among the rattlesnakes, that the first studies of nature which I get sent me here by way of present are of Dead leaves, — studies of hectic red and "flying gold of the ruined woodlands," by a young lady. I have accepted them gratefully, but send her back word that she had better draw "buds" henceforward.

I am just returning through Manchester to London to set to work on the Turner sketches, which are going finally to be entrusted to me, altogether; and a pretty piece of work I shall have of them; pretty, I hope to make it at last, in the most literal sense.

We have had a wonderfully fine summer, and the harvest of oats in Scotland is quite as pretty as any vintage, prettier, I think, for a vintage is a great mess, and I always think it such a pity the grapes should be squeezed. Much more when it comes to dancing among the grapes with bare feet, — and other such arcana of Bacchanalian craft. Besides there is, so far as I know, no instrument employed on vines, either for pruning or cutting, half so graceful or metaphorical as the sickle. I don't know what they used in Palestine for the clusters of the "Vine of the earth," but as far as I remember vintages, it is hand work. I have never seen a maize or rice harvest (have you?), and, for the present, think there is nothing like oats; — why I should continue to write it in that pedantic manner I know not; the Scotch word being "aits" and the English "whuts" — the h very mute, and the u full. It has been such fine weather, too, that all our little rivers are dried up. You never told me enough about what Americans feel when first they see one of our "celebrated" rivers; Yarrow, or Tweed, or Teviot, or such like; consisting, in all probability, of as much water as usually is obtained by a mischievous boy from the parish pump, circling round a small stone with a water wagtail on it.

I have not often been more surprised than I was by hearing of Mrs. Stowe at Durham. She had an introduction to the librarian, of course, and there are very notable manuscripts at Durham as you probably know; and the librarian is very proud of them, and was much an-

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noyed when Mrs. Stowe preferred "going in a boat on the river." This preference would have seemed, even to me, a great manuscript hunter, quite justifiable in a novelist; but it puzzled me to account for Mrs. Stowe's conceding the title of "River" to the water at Durham, or conceiving the idea of its floating a boat, seeing that it must, in relation to an American river, bear much the aspect of a not very large town drain.

I shall write you again when I get some notion of my work for winter; I hope in time for the letter to get over the water by the 16th November; I have put it down 16th in my diary; and yet in my memory it always seemed to me you said the 17th. I can't make out why. I am very glad that you found all well. Present my sincerest regards to Mrs. Norton and your sisters. My father and mother unite in kind and grateful remembrances to yourself.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

Denmark Hill, 5th *December*, 1857.

Dear Norton, — I am now beginning to be seriously anxious lest you should not have got either of my letters — and if not, what you are thinking of me by this time I cannot guess — kindly and merciful as I know your judgment always is. I sent you one letter from Manchester, not a long one, but still a "letter;" then a "salutation" rather than letter, posted as I thought very cleverly, so as to get over the water just in time for your birthday, about ten days afterwards. Just about then — No, it must have been later, perhaps five days after the 16th, I got your letter of the 30th October; but I supposed at all events my birthday letter would have reached you and explained matters. My letters were directed Cambridge, near Boston. I knew nothing of Rhode Island or Newport,[1] nor do I know more now, but this line must take its chance.

I was delighted with the magazine[2] and all that was in it — but I won't write more just now, for I feel doubtful even of your Rhode Island address and in despair lest I should never catch you with a letter in that fearful American Wilderness, from which you will shoot barbed arrows at me, or poisoned ones of silence.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

I see you are to stay at Rhode Island some months, so I may risk a little bit more chat — not that I can chat at present, for my head and hands are full to choking and perpetual slipping through thoughts and fingers. I've got all the Turner sketches in the National Gallery to arrange, — 19,000: of these some 15,000 I had never seen before, and though most of them quite slight and to other people unintelligible, to me they are all intelligible and weary me by the quantity of their telling — hundreds of new questions beyond what they tell being suggested every hour. Besides this I have to plan frames — measure — mount — catalogue — all with single head and double hands only: and under the necessity of pleasing other people no less than of satisfying myself — and I've enough to do.[3] (I did n't know there was anything graphic on this side of the paper.[4])

I'm very grateful for your faith in me through all this unhappy accident of silence.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

What a glorious thing of Lowell's that

[1] I was spending the winter in Newport.

[2] The first number of the Atlantic Monthly, — that for November.

[3] Ruskin gave a full and interesting account of the condition in which he found these drawings, and of his work on them in the preface to the fifth volume of Modern Painters.

[4] Two fragments of drawing.

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is[1] — but it 's too bad to quiz Pallas, I can stand it about anybody but her.

[*February* 28, 1858.]

My dear Norton, — Your letter for my birthday and the two little volumes of Lowell reached me as nearly as possible together — the letter on the ninth of February[2] — so truly had you calculated. I know you will have any patience with me, so here is the last day of the month, and no thanks sent yet.

To show you a little what kind of state my mind is in, I have facsimiled for you as nearly as I could one of the 19,000 sketches. It, like most of them, is not *a* sketch, but a group of sketches, made on both sides of the leaf of the notebook. The size of the leaf is indicated by the red line, — on the opposite leaf of the note-paper is the sketch on the other side of the leaf in the original. The notebooks vary in contents from 60 to 90 leaves; there are about two hundred books of the kind (300 and odd, of notebooks in all), and each leaf has on an average this quantity of work, a great many leaves being slighter, some blank, but a great many also elaborate in the highest degree, some containing ten exquisite compositions on each side of the leaf — thus — each no bigger than this[3] — and with about that quantity of work in each — but every touch of it inestimable, done with his whole soul in it. Generally the slighter sketches are written over everywhere, as in the example enclosed, every incident being noted that was going on at the moment of the sketch. The legends on one side, you will see, "Old wall, Mill, Wall, Road, Linen drying." Another subject, scrawled through the big one afterwards, inscribed, "Lauenstein [?]." The words under "Children playing at a well" I can't read. The little thing in the sky of the one below is the machicolation of the tower.

Fancy all this coming upon me in an avalanche — all in the most fearful disorder — and you will understand that I really can hardly understand anything else, or think about anything else.

Thank you, however, at least for all that I can't think about. Certainly I can't write anything just now for the magazine. Thank you for your notice of my mistake about *freno* in Dante — I have no doubt of your being quite right. . . .

I 've been reading Froissart lately, and certainly, if we ever advance as much from our own times as we have advanced from those of Edward III, we shall have a very pretty free country of it. Chivalry, in Froissart, really seems to consist chiefly in burning of towns and murdering women and children.

Well — no more at present — from — as our English clowns say at the ends of their letters. I assure you this is a longer letter than I 've written to anybody this four months. Sincerest regards to your mother and sisters.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

FROM JOHN JAMES RUSKIN.

London, 31 *May*, 1858.

My dear Sir, — Being authorized to open Letters addressed to my Son Mr. J. Ruskin during his absence (a privilege not always accorded to Fathers), I have had the pleasure of perusing your Letter of 17 May, and a part of it requiring immediate reply will account for my intruding my Correspondence upon you.

I beg of you to detain the Drawing of the Block of Gneiss, being quite certain my son would so wish. He will tell you himself when he wants it — your Letter will go to him to-morrow, at Lucerne.

He has spent seven months, nearly,

[1] The Origin of Didactic Poetry, in the Atlantic.

[2] Ruskin's birthday was February 8.

[3] Ruskin here draws an oblong figure about two inches by one.

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in reducing to something of Order a Chaos of 19,000 Drawings and Sketches by Turner, now National property — getting mounted or framed a few hundred of such Drawings as he considered might be useful or interesting to young Artists or the public. These are at Marlborough House, and he is gone to make his own Sketches of any Buildings about the Rhine or Switzerland or north of Italy in danger of falling or of being restored. His seven-month work, though a work of Love, was still work, and though sorry to have him away I was glad to get him away to fields and pastures new. It may be the end of October before he returns D. V. to London. I conclude you have seen his Notes on Exhibitions or I would send one. The public seem to take more interest in the Pictures as Artists take more pains — It is long since I have bought a Picture (my Son going sufficiently deep into the Luxury), but I was tempted by 3 Small ones at the first glance, — Plassan's Music Lesson, French Exhn.; Lewis's Inmate of the Harem, Rl. Academy; Lewis's Lilies & Roses, Constantinople, Rl. Ac'y. I did not tell my Son I had bought the first till his Notes were printed — not that it could bias him, but it might have cramped his Critique. When his Notes were out I told him the picture was his, and I was glad he had spoken, say written, so well of it.[1] As the Times calls the Inmate of the Harem a Masterpiece of Masterpieces, and the Spectator stiles it a marvelous Gem, it is a pretty safe purchase. I had it at home before the public saw it.

I forward to my Son your Photograph of the Giorgione, and I cut out and send Stillman's Lecture, as the present Post Master of France, Nap'n 3rd, is not to be trusted with a newspaper. You are fortunate in possessing a picture of Gainsborough — neither spot nor blot of him ever appear for sale here.

If I have used a freedom in my mode of addressing you at the commencement of this Letter, you have yourself occasioned it. In the too few visits you made to us here you almost endeared yourself to Mrs. Ruskin and me as you had already done to my Son. We beg to offer our united Regards and best wishes for your Health.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
JOHN JAMES RUSKIN.

CHAS. E. NORTON, Esqr.

Will you present our Kind Remembrances to your Mother and Sisters. I send a copy of Notes to make sure.

DENMARK HILL, 24th *October*, '58.

DEAR NORTON, — At last I begin to write letters again. I have been tired, ill, almost, and much out of heart during the summer; not fit to write to you, perhaps chiefly owing to the reaction from the intense excitement of the Turner work; partly because at 39 one begins to feel a life of sensation rather too much for one. I believe I want either to take up mathematics for a couple of years, or to go into my father's counting house and sell sherry for the same time — for otherwise, there seems to me a chance of my getting into perfect Dryasdust. I actually found the top of St. Gothard "dull" this year. Besides this feeling of weariness, I have more tiresome interruption than I can bear; questions — begging for opinions on pictures, etc. — all which I *must* put a stop to, but don't yet see my way clearly to the desired result: — the upshot of the matter being that I am getting every day more cold and sulky — and dislike writing letters even to my

[1] Ruskin had written of this picture as follows: "Exquisite in touch of pencil, and in appreciation of delicate character, both in features and gesture. . . . On the whole it seems to me the best piece of quiet painting in the room" [of the French Exhibition in London]. These words must have pleased his father as a confirmation of his own judgment.

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best friends; I merely send this because I want to know how you are.

I went away to Switzerland this year the moment Academy was over; and examined with a view to history Habsburg, Zug, Morgarten, Grutli, Altorf, Bürglen, and Bellinzona — sketching a little; but generally disgusted by finding all traditions about buildings and places untraceable to any good foundation; the field of Morgarten excepted, which is clear enough. Tell's birthplace, Bürglen, is very beautiful. But somehow, I tired of the hills for the first time in my life, and went away — where do you think? — to Turin, where I studied Paul Veronese in the morning and went to the opera at night for six weeks. And I've found out a good deal, — more than I can put in a letter, — in that six weeks, the main thing in the way of discovery being that painting — to be a first-rate painter — you *must n't* be pious; but a little wicked, and entirely a man of the world. I had been inclining to this opinion for some years; but I clinched it at Turin.

Then from Turin I came nearly straight home, walking over the Cenis, and paying a forenoon visit to my friends at Chamouni, walking over the Forclaz to them from St. Gervais and back by the road — and I think I enjoyed that day as if it had been a concentrated month: — but yet — the mountains are not what they were to me. A curious mathematical question keeps whispering itself to me every now and then, Why is ground at an angle of 40, anything better than ground at an angle of 30 — or of 20 — or of 10 — or of nothing at all? It is but ground, after all.

Apropos of St. Gervais and St. Martin's — you may keep that block of gneiss altogether if you like it; I wish the trees had been either in the sky, or out of it.

Please a line to say how you are. Kindest regards to your Mother and Sisters. My Father and mother are well and beg kindest regards to you.

I have written your initials and mine in the two volumes of Lowell (how delightful the new prefaces to the Fable). He does me more good in my dull fits than anybody, and makes me hopeful again. What a beautiful face he has.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

29th *November* [1858].

Dear Norton, — I 'm so intensely obliged to you for your letter and consolations about Paolo Veronese and Titian and Turner and Correggio and Tintoretto. Paolo and Titian are much deeper however than you know yet, immensely deeper than I had the least idea of till this last summer. Paolo 's as full of mischief as an egg 's full of meat — always up to some dodge or other — just like Tintoretto. In his Solomon receiving Queen of Sheba, one of the golden lions of the Throne is put into full light, and a falconer underneath holds a white falcon, as white as snow, just under the lion, so as to carry Solomon on the lion and eagle, — and one of the elders has got a jewel in his hand with which he is pointing to Solomon, of the form of a Cross; the Queen 's fainting — but her Dog is n't, — a little King Charles Spaniel, about seven inches high, — thinks it shocking his mistress should faint, stands in front of her on all his four legs apart, snarling at Solomon with all his might — Solomon all but drops his sceptre stooping forward eagerly to get the Queen helped up — such a beautiful fellow, all crisped golden short hair over his head and the fine Arabian arched brow — and I believe after all you 'll find the subtlest and grandest *expression* going is hidden under the gold and purple of those vagabonds of Venetians.[1]

[1] Writing of this picture in the preface to the fifth volume of Modern Painters (1860) Ruskin says: "With much consternation but more delight I found that I had never got to the roots of the moral power of the Venetians, and that they needed still another and a very

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Yes, I should have been the better of you — a good deal. I can get on splendidly by myself if I can work or walk all day long — but I could n't work, and got low because I could n't.

I can't write more to-day — but I thought you 'd like this better than nothing.

I 'm better now, a little, but doubtful and puzzled about many things. Lowell does me more good than anybody, what between encouraging me and making me laugh. Mr. Knott[1] makes me laugh more than anything I know in the world — the punning is so rapid and rich, there 's nothing near it but Hood, and Hood is so awful under his fun that one never can laugh.

Questi poveri — what are we to do with them? You don't mean to ask me that seriously? Make pets of them to be sure — they were sent to be our dolls, like the little girls' wax ones — only we can't pet them until we get good floggings for some people, as well.

Always yours affectionately,

J. Ruskin.

Denmark Hill, 28th *December*, 1858.

Dear Norton, — I am sadly afraid you have not got my answer to your kind letter written on your birthday. The answer was short — but instant — and you must rightly have thought me unfeeling when you received none — it is doubly kind of you to send me this poem of Lowell's and your good wishes.

Indeed, I rather want good wishes just now, for I am tormented by what I cannot get said, nor done. I want to get all the Titians, Tintorets, Paul Veroneses, Turners, and Sir Joshuas in the world — into one great fireproof Gothic gallery of marble and serpentine. I want to get them all perfectly engraved. I want to go and draw all the subjects of Turner's 19,000 sketches in Switzerland and Italy, elaborated by myself. I want to get everybody a dinner who has n't got one. I want to macadamize some new roads to Heaven with broken fools'-heads; I want to hang up some knaves out of the way, not that I 've any dislike to them, but I think it would be wholesome for them, and for other people, and that they would make good crow's meat. I want to play all day long and arrange my cabinet of minerals with new white wool; I want somebody to amuse me when I 'm tired; I want Turner's pictures not to fade; I want to be able to draw clouds, and to understand how they go — and I can't make them stand still, nor understand them — they all go sideways, πλάγιαι (what a fellow that Aristophanes was! and yet to be always in the wrong in the main, except in his love for Æschylus and the country. Did ever a worthy man do so much mischief on the face of the Earth?) Farther, I want to make the Italians industrious, the Americans quiet, the Swiss romantic, the Roman Catholics rational, and the English Parliament honest — and I can't do anything and don't understand what I was born for. I get melancholy — overeat myself, oversleep myself — get pains in the back — don't know what to do in anywise. What with that infernal invention of steam, and gunpowder, I think the fools may be a puff or barrel or two too many for us. Nevertheless, the gunpowder has been doing some work in China and India.

Meantime, thank you for Lowell. It is very beautiful, but not, I think, up to his work. Don't let him turn out any but perfect work (except in fun). I don't quite understand this — where is "Godminster"? How many hostile forms of prayer are in the bells of the place that woke him — or where was it? "Ointment from her eyes" is fine, read in the temper it was written in; but the first

stern course of study." In the third chapter of Part ix in this volume is a vivid description of the picture.

[1] Lowell's rollicking poem, The Unhappy Lot of Mr. Knott.

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touch of it on the ear is disagreeable — too much of "Eyesalve" in the notion.

I've ordered all I've been writing lately to be sent to you in a parcel.

Thank you always for what you send me.

Our sincerest regards to you all.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P. S. I want also to give lectures in all the manufacturing towns, and to write an essay on poetry, and to teach some masters of schools to draw; and I want to be perfectly quiet and undisturbed and not to think, and to draw, myself, all day long, till I can draw better; and I want to make a dear High Church friend of mine sit under Mr. Spurgeon.

SCHAFFHAUSEN, 31st *July*, '59.

MY DEAR NORTON, — I have been too unwell or sick at heart lately to write to my friends — but I don't think there's another of them who has been so good as you, and believed still in my affection for them. As I grow older, the evil about us takes more definite and overwhelming form in my eyes, and I have no one near me to help me or soothe me, so that I am obliged often to give up thinking and take to walking and drawing in a desperate way, as mechanical opiates, but I can't write letters. My hand is very shaky to-day (as I was up at three to watch the dawn on the spray of the fall, and it is hot now and I am tired), — but I must write you a word or two. The dastardly conduct of England in this Italian war has affected me quite unspeakably — even to entire despair — so that I do not care to write any more or do anything more that does not bear directly on poor people's bellies — to fill starved people's bellies is the only thing a man can do in this generation, I begin to perceive.

It has not been my fault that the Rossetti portrait was not done. I told him, whenever he was ready, I could come. But when I go now, I will see to it myself and have it done. I broke my promise to you about sending books — there was always one lost or to be got or something — and it was put off and off. Well, I hope if they'd been anybody else's books, or if I really had thought that my books would do you any good, I'd not have put it off. But you feel all I want people to feel, and know as much as anybody need know about art, and you don't want my books. Nevertheless, when the last volume of M. P. comes out, I'll have 'em all bound and sent to you. I am at work upon it, in a careless, listless way — but it won't be the worse for the different tempers it will be written in. There will be little or no bombast in it, I hope, and some deeper truths than I knew — even a year ago.

The Italian campaign, with its broken faith, has, as I said, put the top to all my ill humor, but the bottom of it depends on my own business. I see so clearly the entire impossibility of any salvation for art among the modern European public. Nearly every old building in Europe, France and Germany is now destroyed by restoration, and the pictures are fast following. The Correggios of Dresden are mere wrecks; the modern Germans (chiefly at Munich) are in, without exception, the most vile development of human arrogance and ignorance I have ever seen or read of. I have no words to speak about them in. The English are making progress — which in about fifty years might possibly lead to something — but as yet they know nothing and can know nothing, and long before they gain any sense Europe is likely to be as bare of art as America. You have hope in beginning again. I don't see any way to it clearly.

I want to be as sure as I can of a letter reaching you just now. I shall send this with my London packet to-day, and the next sheet with the next packet next week, so as to have two chances. My

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health is well enough. I draw a great deal, thinking I may do more good by copying and engraving things that are passing away.

Sincere regards to your Mother and Sisters. Ever, dear Norton,

Affectionately and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

THUN, 15th *August* [1859].

DEAR NORTON, — Scrap No. 2 is long in coming — if it had n't been for the steamers here, which keep putting me in mind, morning and evening, of the steamer on lake of Geneva,[1] I don't know when it would have come. It's very odd I don't keep writing to you continually, for you are almost the only friend I have left. I mean the only friend who understands or feels with me. I've a good many radical half friends, but I'm not a radical and they quarrel with me — by the way, so do you a little — about my governing schemes. Then all my Tory friends think me worse than Robespierre. Rossetti and the P R B[2] are all gone crazy about the Morte d'Arthur. I don't believe in Evangelicalism — and my Evangelical (once) friends now look upon me with as much horror as on one of the possessed Gennesaret pigs. Nor do I believe in the Pope — and some Roman Catholic friends, who had great hopes of me, think I ought to be burned. Domestically, I am supposed worse than Blue Beard; Artistically, I am considered a mere packet of quibs and crackers. I rather count upon Lowell as a friend, though I've never seen him. He and the Brownings and you. Four — well — it's a good deal to have — of such, and I won't grumble — but then you're in America, and no good to me — except that I'm in a perfect state of gnawing remorse about not writing to you, and the Brownings are in Italy, and I'm as alone as a stone on a high glacier, dropped the wrong way — instead of among the moraine. Some day, when I've quite made up my mind what to fight for, or whom to fight, I shall do well enough, if I live, but I have n't made up my mind what to fight for — whether, for instance, people ought to live in Swiss cottages and sit on three-legged or one-legged stools; whether people ought to dress well or ill; whether ladies ought to tie their hair in beautiful knots; whether Commerce or Business of any kind be an invention of the Devil or not; whether Art is a Crime or only an Absurdity; whether Clergymen ought to be multiplied, or exterminated by arsenic, like rats; whether in general we are getting on, and if so where we are going to; whether it is worth while to ascertain any of these things; whether one's tongue was ever made to talk with or only to taste with. (Send to Mr. Knott's house and get me some raps if you can.)

Meantime, I'm copying Titian as well as I can, that being the only work I see my way to at all clearly, and if I can ever succeed in painting a bit of flesh, or a coil of hair, I'll begin thinking "what next."

I'll send you another scrap soon. I'm a little happier to-day than I've been for some time at the steady look and set of Tuscany and Modena. It looks like grey of dawn, don't it? Sincerest regards to your Mother and Sisters.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, 10th *December*, 1859.

MY DEAR NORTON, — The first thing I did when I got home was to go to Rossetti to see about the portrait. I found

[1] On which we had met in July, 1856.

[2] The Pre-Raphaelite Brethren. Morris, Burne-Jones, and others had been painting scenes from the Morte d'Arthur on the walls of the Oxford Union, and Morris had been writing tales imbued with its spirit in the short-lived Oxford and Cambridge Magazine. The single volume of this magazine contains much writing by Morris and Burne-Jones full of the poetic imagination of their fervent youth.

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him deep in work — but, which was worse, I found your commission was not for a little drawing like Browning's, but for a grand finished, delicate oil — which R. spoke quite coolly of taking three or four weeks about, wanting I don't know how many sittings. I had to go into the country for a fortnight, and have been ill since I came back with cold and such like, and I don't like the looks of myself — however, I 'm going to see R. about it again immediately; [1] but I 'm now worried about another matter. The drawing he has done for you is, I think, almost the worst thing he has ever done, and will not only bitterly disappoint you, but put an end to all chance of R's reputation ever beginning in America. Under which circumstances, the only thing to be done, it seems to me, is to send you the said drawing indeed, but with it I will send one he did for me, which at all events has some of his power in it. I am not sure what it will be, for I don't quite like some bits in the largest I have, and in the best I have the color is changing — he having by an unlucky accident used red lead for vermilion. So I shall try and change the largest with him for a more perfect small one, and send whatever it is for a New Year's token. I shall put a little pencil sketch of R's in with it — the Virgin Mary in the house of St. John — not much — yet a Thing — such as none but R. could do.

I have your kind letter with Lowell's — both quite aboundingly helpful to me. Please take charge of enclosed answer to Lowell.

I am finishing 5th vol.,[2] and find it is only to be done *at all* by working at it to the exclusion of *everything* else. But — that way — I heartily trust in getting it done in spring and having my hands and soul so far free.

I had heard nothing of that terrible slave affair,[3] till your letter came. I can understand the effect it may have — but here in Europe many and many a martyrdom must come before we shall overthrow our slavery.

I hope to write you another line with drawings — meantime love and all good wishes for your Christmas time, and with sincerest regards to your Mother and Sisters,

Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

Charles Eliot Norton.

[1] The commission was never executed.

[2] Of Modern Painters.

[3] John Brown's raid.

(*To be continued.*)

A QUATRAIN.

A flawless cup: how delicate and fine
The flowing curve of every jeweled line!
Look, turn it up or down, 't is perfect still, —
But holds no drop of life's heart-warming wine.

Henry van Dyke.

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THE DIPLOMATIC CONTEST FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

II.

After Jay's treaty with England, in November, 1794, the whole diplomatic situation in respect to the Mississippi Valley changed. It is necessary to observe how the United States sacrificed the friendship of France in gaining that of England; how Spain, irate at the conduct of her English ally, made the peace of Bâle with France, thus restoring a concert between these two powers for the first time since the rupture of the Family Compact; and how France, seeking for means to injure England and to render the United States more subservient to French policy, turned her attention again to the acquisition of Louisiana.

The representative of France in the United States at that time was Fauchet. As the successor of Genet, he was characterized by Alexander Hamilton as "a meteor following a comet;" but he appreciated the profound significance of the new relations of this country with England, and as soon as he was fairly well informed of the purport of Jay's treaty, in February, 1795, he proposed a radical programme for meeting the situation. He reminded his government that at the commencement of his mission the pressing need of France, then threatened with famine, was American provisions, and that political interests were subordinated to the single consideration of keeping this country from alliance with other powers while it served as the granary for France and her islands. He had energetically protested against our failure to enforce the rights of neutral commerce vigorously against England; but now Jay's treaty threatened even more unfavorable conditions by its concessions to Great Britain in the matter of neutral rights, and the alliance of 1778 was worse than useless. Yet, as he pointed out, France had no means of intimidating the United States. The ocean separated the two powers, and the French West Indies, far from threatening the United States, were actually in danger of starvation in time of war if American trade were cut off. He quoted Jefferson's remark: "France enjoys their sovereignty and we their profit." A war to compel the Union to follow French policy would deprive the Republic of the indispensable trade of America. Some other means must be found, and the solution of the problem, in Fauchet's opinion, was the acquisition of a continental colony in America: "Louisiana opens her arms to us." This province would furnish France the best *entrepôt* in North America for her commerce, raw material, and a market for her manufactures, a monopoly of the products of the American states on the Mississippi, and a means of pressure upon the United States. He predicted that, unless a revolution occurred in Spanish policy, the force of events would unite Louisiana to the United States, and in the course of time would bring about a new confederation between this province and the Western states, which would not remain within the United States fifty years. In this new union the superior institutions and power of the American element would give to it the sovereignty. But if France or any power less feeble than Spain possessed Louisiana, it would establish there the sovereignty over all the countries on the Mississippi. If a nation with adequate resources, said he, understood how to manage the control of the river, it could hold in dependence the Western states of America, and might at pleasure advance or retard the rate of their growth. What, then, he asks, might not France

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do with so many warm friends among the Western settlers? The leaven of insurrection had been recently manifested in the whiskey rebellion; it would depend upon France to decide the question of dismemberment. In this way, by pressure on our borders, she could bend the United States to her will, or in the possession of the Mississippi Valley find a means of freeing herself and her islands from their economic dependence upon the United States. Such was the line of thought presented by Fauchet to the French authorities; he preferred diplomatic negotiation to war or the filibustering system of Genet.

The possibility of a secession of the people beyond the Alleghanies from the Union was no new conception: settlers had threatened it; Federalists had calculated the value and the feasibility of the union between the interior and the coast, and after the acquisition of Louisiana the leaders of New England threatened secession; travelers like Brissot had foretold the withdrawal of the West; Washington had feared it; Western leaders like Wilkinson, Sevier, and Robertson had been ready to bring it about; and Spain and England, as we have seen, had initiated negotiations to this end. There can be little doubt that if the United States had proved unwilling or unable to secure free navigation for the West, it would have withdrawn, and by reason of the lack of sea power to defend its commerce passing from the mouth of the Mississippi through the Gulf, it must have sought protection from a foreign state. Fauchet cited a dispatch by De Moustier, the French minister to this country at the close of the Confederation, in which he reached conclusions similar to his own.

But properly to appreciate how deeply rooted was the desire of France for the whole Mississippi Valley, it must be understood that she had made the recovery of this province a cardinal point in her connections with the United States during our Revolutionary War. If we may accept as authentic a memoir[1] attributed to him, Vergennes, who conducted French foreign relations at that time, apprehended that when the United States obtained its independence it would prove able to give the law to France and Spain in America. In this memoir, written prior to the alliance of 1778, he considered means for averting this outcome, and advised the king to insist, in the treaty which France expected to dictate to England at the conclusion of the war, upon the recovery of the territory beyond the Alleghanies. He regarded much of this territory as rightly a part of the old French Louisiana, and did not accept the view of the Americans that it was a part of their chartered possessions. He even drafted a treaty providing in detail for the cession of this western region by England to France, and for such a division of Canada as would prevent an English attack upon Louisiana by way of the Great Lakes. He further proposed to procure the retrocession of Louisiana from Spain, and to restore it to its old French limits, with the Alleghanies as the eastern boundary. He pointed out to the king that if the United States passed from the colonial condition and secured a place among independent nations, having fought to defend its hearth fires, it would next desire to extend itself over Louisiana, Florida, and Mexico in order to master all the approaches to the sea. France, on the other hand, by possessing the Mississippi Valley, the Great Lakes, and the entrance to the St. Lawrence, and by allying herself with the Indians of the interior, could restrain the ambitions of the Americans. By the treaty of 1778, however, France renounced the possession of territories in North America that had belonged to

[1] Mémoire historique et politique sur la Louisiane par M. de Vergennes (Paris, 1802); found, as its editor states, among the minister's papers after his death, with his coat of arms at the head of the document.

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England, but Vergennes supported the Spanish contention that our own rights stopped with the Alleghanies, and he tried to acquire Louisiana from Spain. He could evade the renunciation of territory by making the region between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi Indian country. Instructing his minister to the United States that France did not intend to raise this nation to a position where she would be independent of French support, he made earnest efforts to dissuade the Americans from insisting on the Mississippi as their boundary in the terms of peace. Indeed, so successful was he, that in the dark days of 1781 Congress voted to rescind its ultimatum, and instructed its representatives to be guided by the advice of France. Fortunately, the commissioners broke their instructions. We know what this advice would have been from a plan which Vergennes' confidential secretary showed to Jay. This provided that the land south of the Ohio, between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, should be Indian country, divided by the Cumberland River into two spheres of influence, — the northern to fall to the United States, and the southern to Spain. Vergennes' effort to induce Spain to cede Louisiana to France would have succeeded, if the latter power could have furnished the funds to reimburse Spain for the expenses incurred in defending and administering that province.

The apprehensions of the far-sighted French statesman were now proving only too well-founded. France had lost the fruits of the war which she had waged as our ally, England was once more in favor, and Louisiana was in danger. It was with energy, therefore, that France recurred to the policy of recovering her former province.

In May, 1795, the French government instructed Barthélemy, her negotiator with Spain at Bâle, to demand cessions as the price of peace. The Spanish portion of San Domingo, the Basque province of Guipuscoa, and Louisiana were desired, but upon Louisiana he was ordered to insist; "the rest would be easy." In support of her demand, France argued that it would be a great gain to Spain to place a strong power between her American possessions and those of the United States, particularly since England had by Jay's treaty guaranteed to the United States the freedom of navigation of the Mississippi, and it was to be feared that these new allies would seize Louisiana.

At this juncture Godoy, the Duke of Alcudia, was in control of the foreign policy of Spain. Alarmed by conditions in Europe, and chagrined at England's arrangements with the United States at a moment when Spain trembled for the fate of Louisiana, he made peace with France at Bâle (July, 1795); but he refused to yield Louisiana, preferring to abandon the Spanish portion of San Domingo. This only rendered France the more determined to secure the continental colony needed to support her West Indian possessions; and in the negotiations later over the terms of alliance, she pressed hard for the additional cession. It is this situation which explains the treaty that Godoy made with the United States not long after.

He was most reluctant to give up Louisiana, but France demanded it as a condition of her alliance. Threatened thus with isolation, and confronted by the prospect of a war with England, he was disposed to conciliate the United States, lest she join England and take Louisiana by force. When, therefore, Pinckney's threat to leave for London was made, Godoy quickly came to terms, and in the treaty of San Lorenzo (October 27, 1795) conceded the navigation of the Mississippi, and our boundary on that river, and agreed to give up the Spanish posts north of New Orleans within the disputed territory. Thus relieved of the danger of an American invasion, Godoy was in a better position to resist the efforts of France to force him to cede Louisiana.

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In the spring of 1796, the Directors sent General Perignon to Madrid to arrange terms of a formal alliance. He was instructed to warn Spain that French influence in America was nearing its end. War with the United States promised France no satisfactory results, and to punish the Americans by restrictions on their commerce would deprive France of a resource which the European wars rendered necessary to her. These, however, were merely temporary difficulties. "Who," asked the Directors, "can answer that England and the United States together will not divide up the northern part of the New World? What prevents them?" The instructions went on to give a forceful presentation of the rapidity with which settlers were pouring into Kentucky and Tennessee, and of the danger to Louisiana from filibustering expeditions. Conceding the navigation of the Mississippi, in the opinion of France, only prepared the ruin and invasion of Louisiana whenever the Federal government, in concert with Great Britain, should "give the reins to those fierce inhabitants of the West." The English-speaking people would then overrun Mexico and all North America, and the commerce of the islands of the Gulf would be dependent upon this Anglo-American power. Only France, in alliance with Spain, argued the Directors, can oppose a counterpoise by the use of her old influence among the Indians. "We alone can trace with strong and respected hand the bounds of the power of the United States and the limits of their territory." All that France demanded was Louisiana, a province that, so far from serving the purpose of its original cession as a barrier against England, was now a dangerous possession to Spain, ever ready to join with her neighbors. It had remained in a condition of infancy while the United States had acquired irresistible strength on its borders. This country was now daily preparing the subjects of Spain for insurrection by intrigues and by the spectacle of its prosperity. "On the other hand," continued the Directors, "if this possession were once in our hands, it would be beyond insult by Great Britain, to whom we can oppose not only the Western settlements of the United States, who are as friendly to us as they could possibly be, but also the inhabitants of Louisiana, who have given clear evidence of their indestructible attachment to their former mother country. It gives us the means to balance the marked predilection of the Federal government for our enemy, and to retain it in the line of duty by the fear of dismemberment which we can bring about." "We shall affright England by the sudden development of an actual power in the New World, and shall be in a position to oppose a perfect harmony to her attacks and her intrigues." They therefore urged Spain to act at once, in order that the political and military campaigns might begin in America that very year.

As we shall presently see, the apprehension that England contemplated an attack upon Louisiana was well founded. But Godoy resolutely refused to give up Louisiana, and Perignon was obliged to content himself with a treaty of alliance without this important concession. France thereupon recalled him, and sent a successor with the particular purpose of persuading Spain to yield Louisiana by the offer to join her in the conquest of Portugal; but the Prince of Peace remained immovable; nor did he consent even when, in 1797, after Napoleon's victories in Italy had given the Papal legations to France, she offered them to the royal house of Spain as an equivalent for Louisiana. Had religious scruples not prevented, however, Spain would probably have accepted this proposition.

While France negotiated with Spain, she prepared the ground in America. In the winter of 1795, Colonel Fulton, one of George Rogers Clark's officers in the Genet expedition, was sent to conciliate the Southwestern Indians, and at

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the same time information regarding these Indians was procured from Milfort, a French adventurer who, after passing twenty years among the Creeks as an agent of Spain, went to offer his services to France. He had married a sister of McGillivray, and claimed to be the principal war chief of the Creeks. His *Mémoire ou coup d'œil rapide sur mes différens voyages et mon séjour dans la nation Crëck* is one of the sources for our knowledge of these Indians; but he was a hopeless liar, one of his most interesting concoctions being a statement to the French government that he had defeated 10,000 regulars under George Rogers Clark near Detroit by a force of 6000 Northern Indians under his command. Nevertheless, the French listened with respect to his assertions that he could bring about the cession of a large portion of Creek territory to France, that the Creeks would form an independent nation in alliance with that power, and that 10,000 men would suffice for the occupation of Louisiana. He was made general of brigade in the spring of 1796, and his plans were later taken up by Talleyrand.

Before a final breach with the United States, France determined to send a new minister to effect a change in our policy. Mangourit, the former consul at Charleston, who had been recalled because of the fact that he had organized the frontiersmen of the Carolinas and Georgia to cooperate with Genet's proposed attack on Louisiana and Florida, was picked out as the representative. He was an apt choice, if France expected to tamper with the West; but the protests of Monroe resulted in the decision of the Directors to withhold him, and to break off all diplomatic connection with the United States. In August, 1796, Monroe reported from Paris that it was rumored that France was to make an attempt upon Canada, which was to be united with Louisiana and Florida, taking in such parts of our Western people as were willing to unite. A little later, Fulton, who had recently returned from the United States, was furnishing the Directors information as to the best time for occupying Louisiana, and was assuring them that Clark's old soldiers were loyal to France, and asked only arms, ammunition, and uniforms, and "their country will find itself in the vast regions which the Republic will possess." Toward the end of the year, France sent a new commission to George Rogers Clark, as brigadier-general, on the theory (as Delacroix, the Minister of Foreign Relations, declared) that it was to the interest of France to foster a favorable disposition among the Westerners. "In case we shall be put in possession of Louisiana," he wrote, "the affection of those regions will serve us in our political plans toward the United States."

In the meantime Adet, the French minister to the United States, exerted every effort to prevent Congress from voting the appropriations to carry out Jay's treaty. In fact, as it turned out, the vote was a close one, but Adet, foreseeing defeat, and acting in accordance with the desire of his government, in March, 1796, commissioned General Victor Collot, formerly governor of Guadeloupe, to travel in the West, and to make a military survey of the defenses and lines of communication west of the Alleghanies, along the Ohio and the Mississippi. Collot was gone about ten months, and as he passed down the rivers, he pointed out to men whom he trusted the advantages of accepting French jurisdiction. He made detailed and accurate plans of the river courses and the Spanish posts, which may still be seen in the atlas that accompanies his Journey in America, published long afterwards. As the military expert on whose judgment the French government had to rely, his conclusions have a peculiar interest, and may be given in his own words: —

"All the positions on the left bank of the river [Mississippi], in whatever

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point of view they may be considered, or in whatever mode they may be occupied, without the alliance of the Western states are far from covering Louisiana: they are, on the contrary, highly injurious to this colony; and the money and men which might be employed for this purpose would be ineffectual." In other words, a Louisiana bounded by the Mississippi could not be protected against the neighboring settlements of the United States. He emphasizes the same idea, in another connection, as follows: "When two nations possess, one the coasts and the other the plains, the former must inevitably embark or submit. From thence I conclude that the Western states of the North American republic must unite themselves with Louisiana and form in the future one single compact nation; else that colony, to whatever power it shall belong, will be conquered or devoured." As the logical accompaniment of this conclusion that Louisiana must embrace the Western states, Collot drew up a plan for the defense of the passes of the Alleghanies, which were to constitute the frontier of this interior dependency of France to protect it against the United States. The Louisiana that Collot contemplated, therefore, stretched from the Alleghanies to the Rockies. The importance of his report is made clearer by the facts that the minister Adet, and the consul-general who remained after he left, continually refer to Collot's work as the basis for their views on Louisiana, and that Livingston reported in 1802 that it was expected that Napoleon would make Collot second in command in the province of Louisiana, and that Adet was to be prefect.

In view of these designs, there is a peculiar significance in the Farewell Address which Washington issued while Collot was making his investigations. Washington informed the West that "it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of the indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interests as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious." He added that the treaties with Spain and England had given the Western people all that they could desire in respect to foreign relations, and asked: "Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the Union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren and connect them with aliens?"

As he descended the Mississippi, Collot learned of a plot for an attack under the English flag upon the Spanish dependencies, and on his return, early in 1797, he notified the Spanish minister to the United States, who promptly informed the Secretary of State. In the investigation that followed, it was ascertained that the British minister had been privy to the plans, and United States Senator Blount, of Tennessee, lost his seat as a result of the revelations, which involved him. The incident revealed how widespread were the forces of intrigue for the Mississippi Valley, and it gave grounds for the refusal of the Spanish authorities to carry out the agreement to yield their posts on the right bank of the river while New Orleans was threatened by an attack down the Mississippi.

It is possible to trace the outlines of this affair, although it is difficult to fix the exact measure of England's connection with it. On October 25, 1795, the English government had charged Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, of Canada, to cultivate such intercourse with the leading men of the Western settlements of

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the United States as would enable England to utilize the services of the frontiersmen against the Spanish settlements, if war broke out between England and Spain, and to report what assistance might be afforded by the Southern and Western Indians in such an event. Information was also desired with regard to the communications between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, with the evident idea of using Canadian forces in the operations. These "most private and secret" instructions cast light upon England's policy at this time; and the explicit injunctions of caution, lest the government should be compromised with Spain and the United States while matters were preparing, help us to understand that whatever was to be done must be managed secretly.

War was declared by Spain against England in the fall of 1796. The rumors that France was to acquire Louisiana alarmed land speculators on the western waters, who feared the effect of the power of France to close the river, and even to secure the territory along its eastern bank. Among these men was Senator Blount, who owned some 73,000 acres. He was the most important figure in his own section, having held the position of governor of the Southwest territory, and the management of Indian affairs in that quarter. Thus his influence extended among all the Indian agents and traders of that turbulent region. The loyalists at Natchez also were struck with alarm at the prospect of French sovereignty. In the course of the fall and winter of 1796–97, a plan was concerted between Blount, Dr. Romayne, a land speculator, who had just returned from Great Britain, Captain Chisholm (who had served Blount in Tennessee, and who was in Philadelphia in the interests of the Natchez Tories), and Indians and British Indian agents from New York and Canada. The plan was submitted to the English minister by Chisholm, for Blount did not deal directly with Liston, and, indeed, the minister assured his government later that, while he was aware that important men in the West would be concerned in the expedition, he did not know that Blount himself was involved in it.

The outlines of the proposition were as follows: a force of Pennsylvania and New York frontiersmen, with Brant and his Indians, was to attack New Madrid on the Mississippi, and proceed by the head of the Red River to the Spanish silver mines. Tennessee, Kentucky, and Natchez settlers, with the Choctaw Indians, led by Blount, were to capture New Orleans; while the Cherokees, Creeks, and white settlers in Florida, under the direction of Chisholm, were to take West Florida. Great Britain was to furnish a fleet to block the mouth of the Mississippi while the attack was in progress, and was to become the mistress of Louisiana and Florida.

The British minister was sanguine enough to believe that the United States itself would be glad to see this plan carried into execution, if it could be effected with rapid success. He corresponded with the Governor of Canada, to ascertain the practicability of furnishing supplies from that quarter, and in the spring of 1797 he paid the passage money of Chisholm to England, in order to allow the government to pass upon the project. At the same time George Rogers Clark wrote to his friends in France that English agents from Canada were enrolling volunteers in Kentucky for the conquest of Louisiana and Santa Fé, and asserted that he had received propositions from the Governor of Canada to march at the head of 2000 men against New Mexico, — an offer which he says he declined because of his loyalty to French interests. General Elijah Clarke, of Georgia, the seasoned filibusterer of the Oconee River and Amelia Island, also came forward with allegations of English attempts to buy his services. Certain it is that the frontier was in ferment.

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But the exposure came when, in July, President Adams submitted to Congress evidence that Senator Blount had made efforts to engage the Indian agents of the United States in the Southwest in his unlawful schemes. He was expelled from the Senate, and the investigation, which Liston vainly endeavored to prevent, gave such publicity to the plot that, if the English government ever had actively engaged in it, it was obliged to abandon the project. Liston made denial for his government of complicity, although he admitted accepting and transmitting information. Indeed, he went farther, and denied that England intended, or had intended, any attack upon Upper Louisiana, adding, on the authority of his government, that the impropriety of violating our neutral territory, and the inhumanity of the use of Indians, would induce the king's ministers to reject any such plan. These assertions are interesting in view of the instructions previously given to Simcoe.

It is only fair to assume that the activity of the individuals engaged in promoting the undertaking may have given reason to the frontier leaders to believe that the men who made propositions to them acted with a direct authority which they did not possess; but the policy of the British government permitted the use or disavowal of just such attempts according as they met its needs.

From the point of view of the larger diplomatic problem, the most tangible result of the affair was the retention of Natchez and the other posts east of the Mississippi by Spain, under the sincere apprehension that if they were evacuated, in accordance with the treaty of 1795, a clear road would be opened for the British into Louisiana. Not until the spring of 1798 did Spain actually evacuate these forts.

After the rupture of diplomatic relations with France the Federalists proceeded in the early summer of 1797 to enact laws for raising an army and providing a fleet, and for the necessary loans and taxes in preparation for war with the Republic. But, less radical than some of his advisers, and ready to make another effort to adjust our affairs with France, President Adams sent a commission to reopen negotiations, in spite of his chagrin that the previous minister, C. C. Pinckney, had been summarily refused and ordered out of France.

When this commission sailed, Talleyrand had just become the master of the foreign policy of his country. He had returned from his sojourn in the United States, convinced that Americans were hopelessly attached to England, and that France must have Louisiana. In a memoir to the Institute he pointed out that Louisiana would serve the commercial needs of France, would prove a granary for a great West Indian colonial power, and would be a useful outlet for the discontented revolutionists, who could find room for their energies in building up the New World. It was his policy to play with the American representatives, refusing to deal with them except informally through agents, and while detaining them, to negotiate with Spain for Louisiana. These so-called X. Y. Z. negotiations extended till the spring of 1798, when Marshall and Pinckney, outraged by demands for bribes, and hopeless of results, left Paris. Gerry, deluded by Talleyrand, remained to keep the peace, and while the adroit diplomat deceived Gerry, he instructed Guillemardet, his minister at Madrid, to make Spain realize that that government had been blind to its interests in putting the United States into possession of the Mississippi forts; they meant, he declared, to rule alone in America, and to influence Europe. No other means existed for putting an end to their ambition than that of "shutting them up within the limits which nature seems to have traced for them." There can be little doubt that Talleyrand intended the Alleghanies by this expression. France, he argued, if placed in possession

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of Louisiana and Florida, would be a "wall of brass forever impenetrable to the combined efforts of England and America."

Foreseeing the tendency of France to carry her influence over Spain to the point of absolute domination, Godoy had resigned in March, 1798, after a vain effort to induce the king to break with France. But although the latter power greatly gained in influence after Godoy's retirement, Spain was not yet weak enough to yield Louisiana, and France was forced to wait for the energy of Napoleon to wring this province from its reluctant owner.

In the meantime the publication of the X. Y. Z. correspondence brought the United States to the verge of declaring war against France. Indeed, hostilities were authorized at sea, the aged Washington was made titular head of the army, while Hamilton and Knox were rivals for the position of second in command.

Here was an opportunity made to hand for Miranda, the old-time friend and correspondent of these men. Alarmed lest Spain should drift completely under French domination and yield her empire in the New World, in the beginning of 1798 Pitt summoned Miranda to London, and discussed with him the project of revolutionizing Spanish America. Miranda proposed an alliance between England, the United States, and South America, which should give independence to Spanish America and open its commerce. The passage of the Isthmus of Panama was to be "forthwith completed," and the control of the waterway to be given to England for a certain number of years. There were to be mutual arrangements with regard to division of territory. In return, England was to furnish 8000 foot and 2000 horse, together with her Pacific squadron; while from the United States were expected 5000 woodsmen who understood new countries, officered by Revolutionary veterans.

These proposals Pitt held under advisement. If the Spanish government were overthrown and the resources and colonies of Spain placed at the disposal of France, England was prepared to set Spanish America free, and would negotiate for joint action to this end with the United States. Rufus King, our minister in England, eagerly accepted this idea of coöperation, and by January, 1799, he was urging upon Hamilton that the time had come to settle the system of the American nations, while England was ready to assist us in accomplishing in South America what we had accomplished in North America. "For God's sake give attention to it," he begged.

Hamilton was not averse to engaging in the enterprise, but he believed that the United States should furnish the entire land forces. This would have given to him the military leadership. But President Adams, hard-headed and devoid of dreams of conquests in the South, saw that in such an alliance England would be the gainer. He regarded Miranda's plan as absurd, and rightly believed he had no effective force in America. Doubting whether Pitt had been bewitched by this Venezuelan agitator, or whether he was trying to dupe us into war with France, the President firmly declined to answer Miranda's letters, or to open negotiations for the proposed conquest of Spanish America. As soon as Napoleon's overtures paved the way he sent a new embassy to Paris, and on September 30, 1800, a treaty was made which restored France and America to friendly relations. The next day the subtle and forceful Corsican secured the secret retrocession of Louisiana to France. His material power, and the tempting offer of the beautiful land of Tuscany, rich in art and literature, to the royal house of Spain, proved effective.

The rest of the story is a familiar one. Napoleon made the peace of Amiens with England, and in the lull prepared to erect a colonial empire in America.

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His army would first occupy San Domingo, and then Louisiana, the continental feeder to the West Indies. He would acquire the Floridas, and in time make of the Gulf of Mexico a French lake. His agents should establish friendly relations among the settlers beyond the Alleghanies, while alliances with the South-western Indians within our borders should serve to defend Louisiana and Florida from attack. There can be no doubt that once in control of the Mississippi and the Gulf he would have set himself to the task of extending his province to the Alleghanies. Lord Hawkesbury, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, warned Rufus King in 1801 that "the acquisition might enable France to extend her influence and perhaps her dominion up the Mississippi and through the Great Lakes, even to Canada. This would be realizing the plan, to prevent the accomplishment of which the Seven Years' War took place."

But before he occupied Louisiana, Napoleon undertook to subdue the negro insurrection in San Domingo, and fever and slaughter ruined his armies of occupation. He had founded his system on restoring this island to its once proud position as the centre of West Indian commerce, and he delayed taking possession of Louisiana until the interval of peace was at an end. But the strength of English sea power, and the danger of a union of the forces of England and the United States in time of war, would make the transfer of a large army to occupy Louisiana under hostile conditions a hazardous enterprise. Was it, after all, worth the cost, since its value was not so much immediate, as in that remote future which lay before the power that dominated the Mississippi?

If considerations like these engaged Napoleon's thought, the vigorous representations of Jefferson would have reinforced them. When it became clear that Louisiana had passed to France, he wrote our minister, Livingston, a letter, intended also for the perusal of Napoleon, which showed that the lessons of the long and tortuous intrigues for the possession of the mouth of the Mississippi had sunk deeply into his mind. Confronted with the danger of French occupation of the mouth of the Mississippi, he saw that he must throw aside his old antipathy to England, navies, alliances, and conquests, and grasp at that policy of an English alliance for the domination of North and South America, which so vigorous a Federalist as John Adams had rejected. "The day that France takes possession of New Orleans," he wrote, "fixes the sentence which is to restrain her forever within her low-water mark. It seals the union of two nations who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation. We must turn all our attention to a maritime force, for which our resources place us on very high ground; and having formed and connected together a power which may render reënforcement of her settlements here impossible to France, make the first cannon which shall be fired in Europe the signal for the tearing up of any settlement she may have made, and for holding the two continents of America in sequestration for the common purposes of the united British and American nations." Jefferson perceived clearly that European possession of the mouth of the Mississippi would necessarily involve North America in the system of the Old World.

When the French minister Adet was striving to secure the election of Jefferson to the Presidency in 1796, he reported to his government an estimate of the great Virginian's character which strikingly illustrates this letter. He said: "I do not know whether, as I am told, we will always find in him a man entirely devoted to our interests. Mr. Jefferson likes us because he detests England; he seeks to unite with us because he sus-

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pects us less than Great Britain, but he would change his sentiments toward us to-morrow, perhaps, if to-morrow Great Britain ceased to inspire him with fear. Jefferson, although a friend of liberty and the sciences, although an admirer of the efforts which we have made to break our chains and dissipate the cloud of ignorance which weighs upon mankind, Jefferson, I say, is an American, and, by that title, it is impossible for him to be sincerely our friend. An American is the born enemy of European peoples."

But with his passion for peace, Jefferson was in no haste to apply the rigorous programme of hostility. He preferred to put off the day of contention till our population in the valley increased so that "it could do its own business." In the instructions which he gave to Monroe in March, 1803, on sending him as a special envoy to France, he set the maximum desire of the United States at New Orleans and the Floridas. To secure them he was even ready to give to France an absolute guarantee of the west bank of the Mississippi. But his minimum demand was simply for the continuation of the right of deposit, to insure the freedom of navigation of the river. It was the "barren sand, . . . formed by the Gulf Stream in its circular course round the Mexican Gulf," and lying at the mouth of the Mississippi, that he coveted, for it controlled the destiny of the Great Valley.

Impetuous and swift in his decisions, Napoleon, while Monroe was still at sea, abandoned his hopes of a great colonial empire on the Gulf of Mexico, resolved on war with England, and ordered that all of Louisiana should be offered to the Union. On April 30, 1803, the treaty was dated which brought to an end these years of intrigue between European powers for the control over the interior of North America, and for the domination of the desintegrating empire of Spain. From that cession dates the emancipation of North America from the state systems of Europe, and the rise of the United States into the position of a world power, the arbiter of America.

Frederick J. Turner.

TRAINING IN TASTE.

THE desire to have good taste must be almost universal, for its possession implies so much that is honorable. It is an interesting question, whether good taste may be acquired or communicated, and, if so, to what degree. Assuredly few persons set out consciously upon a quest for it. It is generally felt that it is a gift rather than an accomplishment, being chiefly a matter of temperament and instinct. Education may have much to do with its development; culture, which Matthew Arnold defines as "the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world," still more; but experience, life itself, is the only school in which the man of taste can take his final degree. Learning and taste do not always run together, for we all know that there are educated persons who have very little taste, and, on the other hand, we know that there are illiterate persons who possess a "general susceptibility to truth and nobleness," which is Carlyle's definition of taste. Indeed, the difference between knowledge and culture is as wide as that between knowledge and wisdom. Almost every one may acquire a certain degree of education, but as for really "acquainting ourselves" with the best things in the world, that is something which, with the best will imaginable, will never come at the beck of mere intellect. We are so

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made that we cannot know the things that we do not love, even as we cannot love the things we do not know.

Thus a prosaic and unimaginative nature can never get into real contact with the classics; for the sensitiveness to fine impressions, which is a necessary condition of creative work of a high type, is equally requisite for the complete appreciation of that work. Although it is not necessary for a man to be a Dante in order to understand and relish the Divine Comedy, he must have some mental affinity to the author, — a similar vein of potential poetry in his nature. There must be that in him which vibrates in response to the call of genius. Intellect and culture are not enough; there must be the heart to feel as well as the mind to grasp the meaning.

Scientific criticism may be useful in its way, but there is a higher kind of criticism, which employs sympathy more than naked facts of history in order to interpret the spirit of work. It deals with results more than with methods. No analysis, no laboratory test, for Titian's color, for Milton's diction! That way pedantry lies. Yet "the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world" is not a passive achievement. Sublime revelations of truth and beauty await our coming to them; but we must meet them halfway. All your life you have heard of Rembrandt, — *clarum et venerabile nomen!* — and have taken him, as it were, upon faith; but some bright morning, while you loiter in a gallery of engravings, you have perhaps come upon a little etching of a New Testament scene, drawn with a curiously awkward yet impassioned touch, and giving forth such poignant expression, such a full tide of emotional life, that all the unspeakable, tragic grandeur of the history of the Man of Sorrows seems compacted in that diminutive bit of scratched copper.

In respect to works of art of all classes, from music and poetry to architecture and sculpture, it is not so much perfection that we are to expect and desire, as a certain combination of traits, which, by the laws of our individual temperaments, are peculiarly adapted to arouse in us sympathetic enthusiasm. This is why we choose our friends, sweethearts, wives, politics, religions, to suit ourselves, not to conform to some general or ideal standard, still less to suit the neighbors. Let us be loyal to our preferences, and have the courage of our prejudices. If a man can see nothing that is good in Botticelli, Burne-Jones, or Claude Monet, let him say so candidly; there is a reason for it; and even if that reason be somewhat unreasonable, it is imperative to be honest. The keystone of the arch of art is expressed in Polonius's counsel to Laertes, "To thine own self be true."

Nor does a negative attitude of mind with reference to the works of certain authors convey any imputation of their inferiority. We may be simply indifferent at present; it does not follow that we shall be so always; we are open to conviction, and therefore shall not miss much that is good; every free man has the right to change his mind when he receives new light. To suppose that there is any sort of moral obligation to understand, approve, and enjoy all the good books, pictures, music, and monuments in existence, would be to suppose an æsthetic impossibility. No one can eat all the dishes named in the bill of fare. We must economize our appetites, partaking of that food only which we can relish and assimilate. The maxim *de gustibus non est disputandum* is neither wholly true nor wholly false. It is certain that the free exercise of individual taste is perfectly allowable, more than that, is perfectly desirable, and this will inevitably lead to some differences of opinion; yet it is as certain that there are fundamental principles of choice, common to all the arts, and as a corollary there is a standard of excellence

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which in due time is recognized by all good authorities.

If the charm, nobility, and beauty of simple honesty in the realm of taste were only realized, mere differences of opinion would count for little. It is of no avail to learn things by rote, after the manner of the multiplication tables. In the æsthetic world we must be adventurous, hardy, and independent, use our own eyes and minds, discover new continents for ourselves, experience the sensations of explorers, finding our own way. It is of little use to believe that two and two make four because some one has said so. We must project the fact in our imaginations, realize it, and be convinced of it by our own reason.

Nevertheless, when there is a virtually unanimous consensus of expert opinion as to the merits of any work, would it not be an absurd display of egotism to set up a dissenting judgment? A waiting attitude is the wiser part, neither scornful nor obsequious. Questions of taste are not settled by universal suffrage, nor by personal whims, but by the edicts of the intellectual élite in all ages and generations of men. So, while we are at liberty to reserve our opinions in those instances where the accumulated testimony of authoritative criticism points one way, it is at least probable that it is sound. With all the allowances that must be made for individuality, there is, after all, a standard of taste on which all competent judges may unite. Though they may differ about minor matters, they agree finally as to the essentials.

A thoughtful person is in no danger of remaining neutral for long with regard to any important issue. Frank discussion is useful, but controversy and contention seldom lead to any valuable conclusions. As in ethics, so in æsthetics; unless the mind is busied with good thoughts, it will gravitate toward bad ones, for it cannot remain empty. Contact with good literature, since this is an age of reading, is doubtless the most effectual formative condition for the cultivation of taste; and when this may be supplemented by contact with good architecture, sculpture, and pictures, the whole trend of mental development should be upward. The growth of taste, however, will vary in rapidity and thoroughness in strict accordance with each individual temperament; in no case is it possible for it to outrun the innate "susceptibility to truth and nobleness."

The influence of personal example is worth any amount of didacticism. I had a friend, who, without much education, and without any of the advantages of travel, possessed the finest native instinct for all things in nature and art that are fine and true. Association with him amounted to a liberal, though unacademic, education in art appreciation. His intellect, undisciplined by bookish studies, was singularly alert, keen, and vigorous. His conversation was more picturesque and pithy than lettered, but his intuitive wisdom was seldom at fault, as is sometimes the way with those who have studied men and things more than textbooks. He could not have told you what school Mantegna belonged to, perhaps; but his nature was stirred to its depths by any and every manifestation of a passion for beauty, whether in life or art. I think he could be called, in the fullest sense of the word, a connoisseur; for he knew. But his knowledge came from within. He obeyed the inner light. His example taught me to observe things; my eyes were opened to the humble and casual revelations of every-day beauty, grandeur, and significance, all about, which we have but to look for in order to find. When I think of this great-hearted friend, who could derive more exquisite emotion from the contemplation of a wild flower in the woods than most people are capable of feeling in front of a Raphael or on the first sight of Mont Blanc, I have little

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patience with the prattle of so-called artists about their dependence upon an "art atmosphere." "Coelum non animam mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

So far as a philosophy of taste exists, its teachings ought to be affirmative rather than negative. It is more important to know what to attain than to know what to avoid. The mind of the civilized man is open to impressions, and the first condition of æsthetic culture is mental hospitality. The terms most frequently used in the philosophy of ethics occur with equal pertinence in the field of æsthetics, — integrity, purity, elevation, dignity, elegance, finish, reposefulness, balance, poise, and the like. A sense of humor is of great usefulness in counteracting the opposite tendencies toward pedantry, conventionality, and priggishness. But one should know when to be serious. The habit of perpetual banter is pernicious. A normal and wholesome degree of sensuousness is also an important factor in the development of taste. Without it no vital art is possible. The safeguard against its abuse is not asceticism, but moral enthusiasm, — the passion for righteousness, — which is the supreme thing in English literature, for instance.

In the presence of a new work of art, many persons stand on guard, defiant, suspicious, timid, as if afraid of being tricked into undue admiration or enjoyment. Those who are on the watch for flaws can always find some. All criticism is a confession, in which the critic lays bare his own limitations. What we need in criticism, an old painter once said to me, is a nourishing, and not a destructive system. The reflex effect of the censorious habit is very belittling. Sarcasm is a two-edged weapon, and must be handled with vast discretion. Yet we do not care to learn the opinions of historians who are so excessively good-natured, catholic, and charitable that they love everything.

I do not like to hear people speak of their preferences in an apologetic tone. Affectation is the only unpardonable sin in the realm of taste, so none of us need be ashamed of liking certain things that are not strictly first-rate. It is so tiresome to hear opinions put forth with a preface excusing their inadequacy, that one sometimes welcomes heartily the blunt declaration of the man who proclaims Ouida or the Duchess the greatest of novelists, and believes that John G. Brown's pictures are truer to life than those of John La Farge.

A little taste is a dangerous thing. A large class of would-be æsthetes partake of the characteristics of poor Mr. Winkle, who was constantly getting into dreadful scrapes because he hated to acknowledge that he did not know. It is this ambitious but vulnerable class which is forever engaged in a still hunt for the latest and costliest fashion in apparel, furniture, fiction, philosophy, food, sport, — I had almost said religion. Each new style, or fad, is passed along in some occult, wireless way, with marvelous promptitude, and makes its presence felt with the agility of the most recent microbe. There are those whose conversation is ingeniously made to convey the information that the speaker is in touch with the only correct line of contemporary thought on all the things I have named.

The reason for the inextricable relation which exists between ethics and æsthetics is that the only durable kind of beauty is spiritual or moral beauty, of which material beauty is but the exterior symbol. I can exemplify this in no simpler way than by taking the art of Velasquez as a concrete illustration. This painter stands, in an exceptionally perfect manner, for all that is noble, dignified, lucid, and refined. The chief attributes of civilization — character, intellect, culture, gentleness of demeanor and conduct — are his constant theme and inspiration. By his supreme integ-

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rity, and the lofty and pure style which results from it, he lends to civilization a new lustre. It may be said that to know Velasquez is a liberal education in taste. His severity and reserve are among his high merits, for they belong to an art in which self-respect is a conspicuous element. His work is measured, poised, sober, never florid, nor rhetorical. In contemplating his pictures we are entering a natural atmosphere of real aristocracy, the aristocracy of merit, where all forms of meanness and vulgarity are out of the question. Never were style and the man more completely identical. The moral superiority of Velasquez is so natural, so easy, so much a matter of course, that the perfection of his style, growing out of it, becomes a sort of moral excellence in itself. Such painting is an act of high morality, — a luminous embodiment of virtue.

William Howe Downes.

THE CRY OF THE OLD HOUSE.

Come back!
My little lads, come back!
My little maids, with starchèd frocks;
My lads, my maids, come back!
The poplar trees are black
Against the keen, lone, throbbing sky;
The tang of the old box
Fills the clear dusk from wall to wall,
And the dews fall.
Come back!
I watch, I cry:
Leave the rude wharf, the mart;
Come back!
Else shall I break my heart.

Am I forgot;
My days as they were not? —
The warm, sweet, crooning tunes;
The Sunday afternoons,
Wrought but for you;
The larkspurs growing tall,
You wreathed in pink and blue,
Within your prayer-books small;
The cupboards carved both in and out,
With curious, prickly vine,
And smelling far and fine;
The pictures in a row,
Of folk you did not know;
The toys, the games, the shrill, gay rout;
The lanterns, that at hour for bed,
A charmed, but homely red,
Went flickering from shed to shed;

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The fagots crumbling, spicy, good,
Brought in from the great wood;
The Dark that held you all about;
The Wind that would not go? —
Come back, my women and my men,
And take them all again!

Not yet, not yet,
Can you forget —
For you that are a man,
You battle not or reap, you dream nor plan;
And you, so gray of look,
You cannot pluck a rose, or read a book,
Do aught for faith, or fame, or tears,
But I am there with all my years.
Oh, one and all,
When at the evenfall,
Your slim girls sing out on the stair,
Lo, I am there!
When blow the cherry boughs so fair
Athwart your slender town yards far away,
Lo, all at once you have no word to say;
For at your throat a sharp, strange thing —
An old house set in an old spring!

Come back!
Come up the still, accustomed, wistful lands,
The poplar-haunted lands.
You need not call,
For I shall know,
And light the candles tall,
Set wine and loaf a-row.
Come back!
Unlatch the door,
And fall upon my heart once more.
For I shall comfort you, oh lad;
Oh, daughter, I shall make you wholly glad!
The wreck, the wrong,
The unavailing throng,
The sting, the smart,
Shall be as they were not,
Forgot, forgot!
Come back,
And fall upon my heart!

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

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BAXTER'S PROCRUSTES.

BAXTER'S Procrustes is one of the publications of the Bodleian Club. The Bodleian Club is composed of gentlemen of culture, who are interested in books and book-collecting. It was named, very obviously, after the famous library of the same name, and not only became in our city a sort of shrine for local worshipers of fine bindings and rare editions, but was visited occasionally by pilgrims from afar. The Bodleian has entertained Mark Twain, Joseph Jefferson, and other literary and histrionic celebrities. It possesses quite a collection of personal mementos of distinguished authors, among them a paperweight which once belonged to Goethe, a lead pencil used by Emerson, an autograph letter of Matthew Arnold, and a chip from a tree felled by Mr. Gladstone. Its library contains a number of rare books, including a fine collection on chess, of which game several of the members are enthusiastic devotees.

The activities of the club are not, however, confined entirely to books. We have a very handsome clubhouse, and much taste and discrimination have been exercised in its adornment. There are many good paintings, including portraits of the various presidents of the club, which adorn the entrance hall. After books, perhaps the most distinctive feature of the club is our collection of pipes. In a large rack in the smoking-room — really a superfluity, since smoking is permitted all over the house — is as complete an assortment of pipes as perhaps exists in the civilized world. Indeed, it is an unwritten rule of the club that no one is eligible for membership who cannot produce a new variety of pipe, which is filed with his application for membership, and, if he passes, deposited with the club collection, he, however, retaining the title in himself. Once a year, upon the anniversary of the death of Sir Walter Raleigh, who, it will be remembered, first introduced tobacco into England, the full membership of the club, as a rule, turns out. A large supply of the very best smoking mixture is laid in. At nine o'clock sharp each member takes his pipe from the rack, fills it with tobacco, and then the whole club, with the president at the head, all smoking furiously, march in solemn procession from room to room, upstairs and downstairs, making the tour of the clubhouse and returning to the smoking-room. The president then delivers an address, and each member is called upon to say something, either by way of a quotation or an original sentiment, in praise of the virtues of nicotine. This ceremony — facetiously known as "hitting the pipe" — being thus concluded, the membership pipes are carefully cleaned out and replaced in the club rack.

As I have said, however, the *raison d'être* of the club, and the feature upon which its fame chiefly rests, is its collection of rare books, and of these by far the most interesting are its own publications. Even its catalogues are works of art, published in numbered editions, and sought by libraries and book-collectors. Early in its history it began the occasional publication of books which should meet the club standard, — books in which emphasis should be laid upon the qualities that make a book valuable in the eyes of collectors. Of these, age could not, of course, be imparted, but in the matter of fine and curious bindings, of hand-made linen papers, of uncut or deckle edges, of wide margins and limited editions, the club could control its own publications. The matter of contents was, it must be confessed, a less important consideration. At first it was felt by the publishing committee that nothing but the finest products of the human

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mind should be selected for enshrinement in the beautiful volumes which the club should issue. The length of the work was an important consideration, — long things were not compatible with wide margins and graceful slenderness. For instance, we brought out Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, an essay by Emerson, and another by Thoreau. Our Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám was Heron-Allen's translation of the original MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which, though less poetical than FitzGerald's, was not so common. Several years ago we began to publish the works of our own members. Bascom's Essay on Pipes was a very creditable performance. It was published in a limited edition of one hundred copies, and since it had not previously appeared elsewhere and was copyrighted by the club, it was sufficiently rare to be valuable for that reason. The second publication of local origin was Baxter's Procrustes.

I have omitted to say that once or twice a year, at a meeting of which notice has been given, an auction is held at the Bodleian. The members of the club send in their duplicate copies, or books they for any reason wish to dispose of, which are auctioned off to the highest bidder. At these sales, which are well attended, the club's publications have of recent years formed the leading feature. Three years ago, number three of Bascom's Essay on Pipes sold for fifteen dollars; — the original cost of publication was one dollar and seventy-five cents. Later in the evening an uncut copy of the same brought thirty dollars. At the next auction the price of the cut copy was run up to twenty-five dollars, while the uncut copy was knocked down at seventy-five dollars. The club had always appreciated the value of uncut copies, but this financial indorsement enhanced their desirability immensely. This rise in the Essay on Pipes was not without a sympathetic effect upon all the club publications. The Emerson essay rose from three dollars to seventeen, and the Thoreau, being by an author less widely read, and by his own confession commercially unsuccessful, brought a somewhat higher figure. The prices, thus inflated, were not permitted to come down appreciably. Since every member of the club possessed one or more of these valuable editions, they were all manifestly interested in keeping up the price. The publication, however, which brought the highest prices, and, but for the sober second thought, might have wrecked the whole system, was Baxter's Procrustes.

Baxter was, perhaps, the most scholarly member of the club. A graduate of Harvard, he had traveled extensively, had read widely, and while not so enthusiastic a collector as some of us, possessed as fine a private library as any man of his age in the city. He was about thirty-five when he joined the club, and apparently some bitter experience — some disappointment in love or ambition — had left its mark upon his character. With light, curly hair, fair complexion, and gray eyes, one would have expected Baxter to be genial of temper, with a tendency toward wordiness of speech. But though he had occasional flashes of humor, his ordinary demeanor was characterized by a mild cynicism, which, with his gloomy pessimistic philosophy, so foreign to the temperament that should accompany his physical type, could only be accounted for upon the hypothesis of some secret sorrow such as I have suggested. What it might be no one knew. He had means and social position, and was an uncommonly handsome man. The fact that he remained unmarried at thirty-five furnished some support for the theory of a disappointment in love, though this the several intimates of Baxter who belonged to the club were not able to verify.

It had occurred to me, in a vague way, that perhaps Baxter might be an unsuccessful author. That he was a poet we knew very well, and typewritten

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copies of his verses had occasionally circulated among us. But Baxter had always expressed such a profound contempt for modern literature, had always spoken in terms of such unmeasured pity for the slaves of the pen, who were dependent upon the whim of an undiscriminating public for recognition and a livelihood, that no one of us had ever suspected him of aspirations toward publication, until, as I have said, it occurred to me one day that Baxter's attitude with regard to publication might be viewed in the light of effect as well as of cause, — that his scorn of publicity might as easily arise from failure to achieve it, as his never having published might be due to his preconceived disdain of the vulgar popularity which one must share with the pugilist or balloonist of the hour.

The notion of publishing Baxter's Procrustes did not emanate from Baxter, — I must do him the justice to say this. But he had spoken to several of the fellows about the theme of his poem, until the notion that Baxter was at work upon something fine had become pretty well disseminated throughout our membership. He would occasionally read brief passages to a small coterie of friends in the sitting-room or library, — never more than ten lines at once, or to more than five people at a time, — and these excerpts gave at least a few of us a pretty fair idea of the motive and scope of the poem. As I, for one, gathered, it was quite along the line of Baxter's philosophy. Society was the Procrustes which, like the Greek bandit of old, caught every man born into the world, and endeavored to fit him to some preconceived standard, generally to the one for which he was least adapted. The world was full of men and women who were merely square pegs in round holes, and *vice versa.* Most marriages were unhappy because the contracting parties were not properly mated. Religion was mostly superstition, science for the most part sciolism, popular education merely a means of forcing the stupid and repressing the bright, so that all the youth of the rising generation might conform to the same dull, dead level of democratic mediocrity. Life would soon become so monotonously uniform and so uniformly monotonous as to be scarce worth the living.

It was Smith, I think, who first proposed that the club publish Baxter's Procrustes. The poet himself did not seem enthusiastic when the subject was broached; he demurred for some little time, protesting that the poem was not worthy of publication. But when it was proposed that the edition be limited to fifty copies he agreed to consider the proposition. When I suggested, having in mind my secret theory of Baxter's failure in authorship, that the edition would at least be in the hands of friends, that it would be difficult for a hostile critic to secure a copy, and that if it should not achieve success from a literary point of view, the extent of the failure would be limited to the size of the edition, Baxter was visibly impressed. When the literary committee at length decided to request formally of Baxter the privilege of publishing his Procrustes, he consented, with evident reluctance, upon condition that he should supervise the printing, binding, and delivery of the books, merely submitting to the committee, in advance, the manuscript, and taking their views in regard to the bookmaking.

The manuscript was duly presented to the literary committee. Baxter having expressed the desire that the poem be not read aloud at a meeting of the club, as was the custom, since he wished it to be given to the world clad in suitable garb, the committee went even farther. Having entire confidence in Baxter's taste and scholarship, they, with great delicacy, refrained from even reading the manuscript, contenting themselves with Baxter's statement of the general theme and the topics grouped under it. The

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details of the bookmaking, however, were gone into thoroughly. The paper was to be of hand-made linen, from the Kelmscott Mills; the type black-letter, with rubricated initials. The cover, which was Baxter's own selection, was to be of dark green morocco, with a cap-and-bells border in red inlays, and doublures of maroon morocco with a blind-tooled design. Baxter was authorized to contract with the printer and superintend the publication. The whole edition of fifty numbered copies was to be disposed of at auction, in advance, to the highest bidder, only one copy to each, the proceeds to be devoted to paying for the printing and binding, the remainder, if any, to go into the club treasury, and Baxter himself to receive one copy by way of remuneration. Baxter was inclined to protest at this, on the ground that his copy would probably be worth more than the royalties on the edition, at the usual ten per cent, would amount to, but was finally prevailed upon to accept an author's copy.

While the Procrustes was under consideration, some one read, at one of our meetings, a note from some magazine, which stated that a sealed copy of a new translation of Campanella's Sonnets, published by the Grolier Club, had been sold for three hundred dollars. This impressed the members greatly. It was a novel idea. A new work might thus be enshrined in a sort of holy of holies, which, if the collector so desired, could be forever sacred from the profanation of any vulgar or unappreciative eye. The possessor of such a treasure could enjoy it by the eye of imagination, having at the same time the exaltation of grasping what was for others the unattainable. The literary committee were so impressed with this idea that they presented it to Baxter in regard to the Procrustes. Baxter making no objection, the subscribers who might wish their copies delivered sealed were directed to notify the author. I sent in my name. A fine book, after all, was an investment, and if there was any way of enhancing its rarity, and therefore its value, I was quite willing to enjoy such an advantage.

When the Procrustes was ready for distribution, each subscriber received his copy by mail, in a neat pasteboard box. Each number was wrapped in a thin and transparent but very strong paper, through which the cover design and tooling were clearly visible. The number of the copy was indorsed upon the wrapper, the folds of which were securely fastened at each end with sealing-wax, upon which was impressed, as a guaranty of its inviolateness, the monogram of the club.

At the next meeting of the Bodleian a great deal was said about the Procrustes, and it was unanimously agreed that no finer specimen of bookmaking had ever been published by the club. By a curious coincidence, no one had brought his copy with him, and the two club copies had not yet been received from the binder, who, Baxter had reported, was retaining them for some extra fine work. Upon resolution, offered by a member who had not subscribed for the volume, a committee of three was appointed to review the Procrustes at the next literary meeting of the club. Of this committee it was my doubtful fortune to constitute one.

In pursuance of my duty in the premises, it of course became necessary for me to read the Procrustes. In all probability I should have cut my own copy for this purpose, had not one of the club auctions intervened between my appointment and the date set for the discussion of the Procrustes. At this meeting a copy of the book, still sealed, was offered for sale, and bought by a non-subscriber for the unprecedented price of one hundred and fifty dollars. After this a proper regard for my own interests would not permit me to spoil my copy by opening it, and I was therefore compelled to procure my information concerning the

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poem from some other source. As I had no desire to appear mercenary, I said nothing about my own copy, and made no attempt to borrow. I did, however, casually remark to Baxter that I should like to look at his copy of the proof sheets, since I wished to make some extended quotations for my review, and would rather not trust my copy to a typist for that purpose. Baxter assured me, with every evidence of regret, that he had considered them of so little importance that he had thrown them into the fire. This indifference of Baxter to literary values struck me as just a little overdone. The proof sheets of Hamlet, corrected in Shakespeare's own hand, would be well-nigh priceless.

At the next meeting of the club I observed that Thompson and Davis, who were with me on the reviewing committee, very soon brought up the question of the Procrustes in conversation in the smoking-room, and seemed anxious to get from the members their views concerning Baxter's production, I supposed upon the theory that the appreciation of any book review would depend more or less upon the degree to which it reflected the opinion of those to whom the review should be presented. I presumed, of course, that Thompson and Davis had each read the book, — they were among the subscribers, — and I was desirous of getting their point of view.

"What do you think," I inquired, "of the passage on Social Systems?" I have forgotten to say that the poem was in blank verse, and divided into parts, each with an appropriate title.

"Well," replied Davis, it seemed to me a little cautiously, "it is not exactly Spencerian, although it squints at the Spencerian view, with a slight deflection toward Hegelianism. I should consider it an harmonious fusion of the best views of all the modern philosophers, with a strong Baxterian flavor."

"Yes," said Thompson, "the charm of the chapter lies in this very quality. The style is an emanation from Baxter's own intellect, — he has written himself into the poem. By knowing Baxter we are able to appreciate the book, and after having read the book we feel that we are so much the more intimately acquainted with Baxter, — the real Baxter."

Baxter had come in during this colloquy, and was standing by the fireplace smoking a pipe. I was not exactly sure whether the faint smile which marked his face was a token of pleasure or cynicism; it was Baxterian, however, and I had already learned that Baxter's opinions upon any subject were not to be gathered always from his facial expression. For instance, when the club porter's crippled child died Baxter remarked, it seemed to me unfeelingly, that the poor little devil was doubtless better off, and that the porter himself had certainly been relieved of a burden; and only a week later the porter told me in confidence that Baxter had paid for an expensive operation, undertaken in the hope of prolonging the child's life. I therefore drew no conclusions from Baxter's somewhat enigmatical smile. He left the room at this point in the conversation, somewhat to my relief.

"By the way, Jones," said Davis, addressing me, "are you impressed by Baxter's views on Degeneration?"

Having often heard Baxter express himself upon the general downward tendency of modern civilization, I felt safe in discussing his views in a broad and general manner.

"I think," I replied, "that they are in harmony with those of Schopenhauer, without his bitterness; with those of Nordau, without his flippancy. His materialism is Haeckel's, presented with something of the charm of Omar Khayyám."

"Yes," chimed in Davis, "it answers the strenuous demand of our day, — dissatisfaction with an unjustified optimism, — and voices for us the courage of human philosophy facing the unknown."

I had a vague recollection of having

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read something like this somewhere, but so much has been written, that one can scarcely discuss any subject of importance without unconsciously borrowing, now and then, the thoughts or the language of others. Quotation, like imitation, is a superior grade of flattery.

"The Procrustes," said Thompson, to whom the metrical review had been apportioned, "is couched in sonorous lines, of haunting melody and charm; and yet so closely inter-related as to be scarcely quotable with justice to the author. To be appreciated the poem should be read as a whole, — I shall say as much in my review. What shall you say of the letter-press?" he concluded, addressing me. I was supposed to discuss the technical excellence of the volume from the connoisseur's viewpoint.

"The setting," I replied judicially, "is worthy of the gem. The dark green cover, elaborately tooled, the old English lettering, the heavy linen paper, mark this as one of our very choicest publications. The letter-press is of course De Vinne's best, — there is nothing better on this side of the Atlantic. The text is a beautiful, slender stream, meandering gracefully through a wide meadow of margin."

For some reason I left the room for a minute. As I stepped into the hall, I almost ran into Baxter, who was standing near the door, facing a hunting print of a somewhat humorous character, hung upon the wall, and smiling with an immensely pleased expression.

"What a ridiculous scene!" he remarked. "Look at that fat old squire on that tall hunter! I'll wager dollars to doughnuts that he won't get over the first fence!"

It was a very good bluff, but did not deceive me. Under his mask of unconcern, Baxter was anxious to learn what we thought of his poem, and had stationed himself in the hall that he might overhear our discussion without embarrassing us by his presence. He had covered up his delight at our appreciation by this simulated interest in the hunting print.

When the night came for the review of the Procrustes there was a large attendance of members, and several visitors, among them a young English cousin of one of the members, on his first visit to the United States; some of us had met him at other clubs, and in society, and had found him a very jolly boy, with a youthful exuberance of spirits and a naïve ignorance of things American, that made his views refreshing and, at times, amusing.

The critical essays were well considered, if a trifle vague. Baxter received credit for poetic skill of a high order.

"Our brother Baxter," said Thompson, "should no longer bury his talent in a napkin. This gem, of course, belongs to the club, but the same brain from which issued this exquisite emanation can produce others to inspire and charm an appreciative world."

"The author's view of life," said Davis, "as expressed in these beautiful lines, will help us to fit our shoulders for the heavy burden of life, by bringing to our realization those profound truths of philosophy which find hope in despair and pleasure in pain. When he shall see fit to give to the wider world, in fuller form, the thoughts of which we have been vouchsafed this foretaste, let us hope that some little ray of his fame may rest upon the Bodleian, from which can never be taken away the proud privilege of saying that he was one of its members."

I then pointed out the beauties of the volume as a piece of bookmaking. I knew, from conversation with the publication committee, the style of type and rubrication, and could see the cover through the wrapper of my sealed copy. The dark green morocco, I said, in summing up, typified the author's serious view of life, as a thing to be endured as patiently as might be. The cap-and-bells

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border was significant of the shams by which the optimist sought to delude himself into the view that life was a desirable thing. The intricate blind-tooling of the doublure shadowed forth the blind fate which left us in ignorance of our future and our past, or of even what the day itself might bring forth. The black-letter type, with rubricated initials, signified a philosophic pessimism enlightened by the conviction that in duty one might find, after all, an excuse for life and a hope for humanity. Applying this test to the club, this work, which might be said to represent all that the Bodleian stood for, was in itself sufficient to justify the club's existence. If the Bodleian had done nothing else, if it should do nothing more, it had produced a masterpiece.

There was a sealed copy of the Procrustes, belonging, I believe, to one of the committee, lying on the table by which I stood, and I had picked it up and held it in my hand for a moment, to emphasize one of my periods, but had laid it down immediately. I noted, as I sat down, that young Hunkin, our English visitor, who sat on the other side of the table, had picked up the volume and was examining it with interest. When the last review was read, and the generous applause had subsided, there were cries for Baxter.

"Baxter! Baxter! Author! Author!"

Baxter had been sitting over in a corner during the reading of the reviews, and had succeeded remarkably well, it seemed to me, in concealing, under his mask of cynical indifference, the exultation which I was sure he must feel. But this outburst of enthusiasm was too much even for Baxter, and it was clear that he was struggling with strong emotion when he rose to speak.

"Gentlemen, and fellow members of the Bodleian, it gives me unaffected pleasure — sincere pleasure — some day you may know how much pleasure — I cannot trust myself to say it now — to see the evident care with which your committee have read my poor verses, and the responsive sympathy with which my friends have entered into my views of life and conduct. I thank you again, and again, and when I say that I am too full for utterance, — I'm sure you will excuse me from saying any more."

Baxter took his seat, and the applause had begun again when it was broken by a sudden exclamation.

"By Jove!" exclaimed our English visitor, who still sat behind the table, "what an extraordinary book!"

Every one gathered around him.

"You see," he exclaimed, holding up the volume, "you fellows said so much about the bally book that I wanted to see what it was like; so I untied the ribbon, and cut the leaves with the paper knife lying here, and found — and found that there was n't a single line in it, don't you know!"

Blank consternation followed this announcement, which proved only too true. Every one knew instinctively, without further investigation, that the club had been badly sold. In the resulting confusion Baxter escaped, but later was waited upon by a committee, to whom he made the rather lame excuse that he had always regarded uncut and sealed books as tommy-rot, and that he had merely been curious to see how far the thing could go; and that the result had justified his belief that a book with nothing in it was just as useful to a book-collector as one embodying a work of genius. He offered to pay all the bills for the sham Procrustes, or to replace the blank copies with the real thing, as we might choose. Of course, after such an insult, the club did not care for the poem. He was permitted to pay the expense, however, and it was more than hinted to him that his resignation from the club would be favorably acted upon. He never sent it in, and, as he went to Europe shortly afterwards, the affair had time to blow over.

In our first disgust at Baxter's dupli-

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city, most of us cut our copies of the Procrustes, some of us mailed them to Baxter with cutting notes, and others threw them into the fire. A few wiser spirits held on to theirs, and this fact leaking out, it began to dawn upon the minds of the real collectors among us that the volume was something unique in the way of a publication.

"Baxter," said our president one evening to a select few of us who sat around the fireplace, "was wiser than we knew, or than he perhaps appreciated. His Procrustes, from the collector's point of view, is entirely logical, and might be considered as the acme of bookmaking. To the true collector, a book is a work of art, of which the contents are no more important than the words of an opera. Fine binding is a desideratum, and, for its cost, that of the Procrustes could not be improved upon. The paper is above criticism. The true collector loves wide margins, and the Procrustes, being all margin, merely touches the vanishing point of the perspective. The smaller the edition, the greater the collector's eagerness to acquire a copy. There are but six uncut copies left, I am told, of the Procrustes, and three sealed copies, of one of which I am the fortunate possessor."

After this deliverance, it is not surprising that, at our next auction, a sealed copy of Baxter's Procrustes was knocked down, after spirited bidding, for two hundred and fifty dollars, the highest price ever brought by a single volume published by the club.

Charles W. Chesnutt.

THE QUIET MAN.

At college it was always easy to create a prepossession in favor of a man by recommending him as a "nice, quiet sort of fellow." In the case of the athlete who had demonstrated his vitality and manly qualities, the reason for this prepossession was clear; the declaration of his friends was an assurance that his head had not been turned by his achievements, and that he was modest and unassertive. But it always seemed to me singular that so negative a statement should so generally have guaranteed the worth of one of whom little else was known. Even in the larger world outside of college, the same guarantee holds good; let a stranger in a city have but one friend who makes it known that he is a "nice, quiet sort of fellow," and he will not lack for a welcome.

Yet many of the primary and obvious reasons for quietness in a man are not prepossessing. It may be that he is a weakling; bullied because of his lack of strength in the Spartan age of boyhood, he has had fixed upon him the habit of timidity and self-effacement. Or he may be stupid, yet with just enough intelligence to perceive his dullness and so to be dumb. Or he may by nature be one of those passionless, unenthusiastic, indifferent creatures who find sufficient occupation in buttoning on their clothes in the morning and unbuttoning them at night, eating their three meals, and going through the daily routine work or routine idleness to which necessity or circumstance has accustomed them. The classification is incomplete; there are quiet men who are not weaklings, who are not stupid, who are enthusiastic, men of firm will and steadfast purpose. But if we pass over these for the present, it will appear that the self-control practiced by quiet persons had oftentimes better give place to self-

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abandon, and that many a man is respected for his restraint when he should be pitied for his diffidence. There is, for instance, the case of one whose quiet ways have resulted from a sense of physical inferiority in boyhood.

No matter what victories may be attained in the development of character, the point of view and the manner that were fixed in the early formative years are never quite discarded. The boy who has less strength than his fellows, less athletic skill, and yet admires and longs for these possessions, invites only too often demonstrations upon himself of the vigor and prowess that he covets. A boy likes above all things to show his power over another boy; and the most instant method is by putting him down and sitting on him, or by seizing his wrist and twisting it till he howls, or by gripping the back of his neck and forcing him to march whither the tyrant wills. Once the unlucky weakling is discovered and his susceptibility to teasing exposed, he becomes the plaything of his stronger mates. The amusement is the greater if he resents it with spirit, the keener if he has a sensitiveness which is hurt by the abuse, the more frequently invited if he has the fatal admiration for deeds of strength, and haunts, in spite of its terrors, the society of those who can perform them. His spirit is not crushed, but it learns discretion; his sensitiveness grows into a shy and morbid pride; he likes to look on at better men, and to know them, but he finds it wise to be inconspicuous, inasmuch as to draw attention to himself usually means to suffer from a display of the very abilities which he admires.

And out of this what results? He acquires the habit of looking on and being socially inconspicuous. He may have energies that in the end win for him eminence, but he will probably be to the end a shy and quiet man. It is not necessary that a boy should be a weakling to arrive at this development; some trifling peculiarity, a curious quality of voice, or a nervous and easily mimicked laugh, or an alien accent may suffice to create in him an undue tendency to hold his tongue. I know one man who attributes his "cursed quietness" to an ailment of the throat that he had when a boy, and that made his speech husky and often liable to break down. Another thinks he is quiet because he never could sing; nearly always, in any gathering in which he found himself, there was singing, and he, utterly without the musical sense, sat and contributed nothing. This inability in expression extended even to his speech; he could not manage his voice to tell a story effectively, and though no one has a keener appreciation of the humorous or dramatic, no one is less able than he to realize it in his talk.

Then there are the humble-minded people who fancy themselves too dull or too uninformed to be interesting, and who cut themselves off from sharing freely with others their thoughts and opinions. Often they do themselves scant justice in their modesty, and win all the more on that account the regard of the few who come near enough to know them. But they are always understood of but few, and they are bottled-up people, a nervous, self-conscious, timorous folk, of pleasant dispositions and much sentiment, who seldom cut any large figure in the world.

The others, who really are dull and without being oppressed by the knowledge preserve a befitting retirement, constitute perhaps a majority of the quiet men. To be dull is certainly not to be disliked; and yet I question if any one of this numerous, agreeable, and necessary company quite fills out the original mental picture summoned by the recommendation, — "a nice, quiet sort of fellow." For the phrase suggests a man who has reserves of thought or knowledge or moral force. Indeed, we often follow up the desig-

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nation, as thus: "A nice, quiet sort of fellow, with a lot to him." On closer acquaintance, we are likely to find that his quietness proceeds from lack of strong convictions rather than from moral force, or from mere empty-headedness rather than from thoughts too deep to share. We come to think him a man with a receptive habit but little assimilative power. He listens but does not learn. It seems to be a sort of mental and moral dyspepsia from which he suffers.

Let us suppose, however, that it is neither lack of ideas nor ill digestion of ideas which renders him a quiet man, but that he is indeed a person "with a lot to him." Then, usually, he is the man of one idea. It is rare that he has versatility. He is the small inventor or the mechanician, whose mind on being diverted from the study of wheels and cogs can in no other sense be diverted; it is cold alike to Shakespeare and to baseball. He is the young poet of good impulses and a little talent, toying with his lyric and indifferent to the science of the stars, of the green and growing things about him, and to the business and endeavors of his active fellow men. He is the lawyer who makes a career out of ingenuity in splitting hairs; he is the business man who carries his ledgers home with him at night; he is any man who, by his devotion to an abstract principle or problem, or to a material fact, neglects his relations with nature and with men. If the principle is important and appeals to a missionary and reforming conscience, and if the man has power, he is not admitted to fellowship among the quiet, but according to one's point of view is hailed as a hero or denounced as a crank, a nuisance, or a fool.

Of the many small people involved in their struggle with one idea, and abandoned to their solitary interest, Emerson has supplied a phrase that may be appropriated for definition. They are Mere Thinkers, as contrasted with Man Thinking. In them the human element is deficient. They may have an absorbed interest in their one pursuit, perhaps even a kind of dry and laudable enthusiasm; in their narrow range their souls may have conflicts with the devil and issue worthily; but they are not the men of rich and generous nature, whose ideas take form in action, and who in action strike out fresh ideas. Man Thinking is man alert, versatile, living, — which is to say, finding constantly new interest in the things and beings about him, and developing himself more and more by the contact. From the ranks of Man Thinking emerge most of the strong and virile, the men of burly laughter, observing and remembering eye, and careless, wide-ranging talk; the unhoarded, chance-flung anecdote, the unconsciously graphic phrase, the crisp expression of a truth shrewdly seen drop from the lips of Man Thinking, not from those of Mere Thinker. One Mere Thinker in a million may some time evolve by mathematical and intellectual processes a machine of more than mathematical, even of human value; yet even then it is Man Thinking who will perfect it, and manufacture it, and advertise it, and sell it, and secure to the world at large — and to Man Thinking in particular — its benefits. So Man Thinking is never quiet; he is bustling, urging, cajoling, threatening, flinging his arms about, or battering with heavy, hostile fists; and in his leisure moments pouring out prodigally, for whoever may pass, his amazed or delighted or pained impressions, — just like an earnest, excited child.

And meanwhile the quiet man, — Mere Thinker. Hear Emerson: "Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given, forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men

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in libraries when they wrote these books. Hence, instead of Man Thinking, we have the bookworm. Hence, the book-learned class, who value books as such. . . . Hence, the restorers of readings, the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all degrees."

The narrowness and inertia of the quiet man are frequently moral as well as mental. He is firm on the point of certain things which he will not do, but his virtue is too likely to be of this negative quality; and while his noisy and active brother is blundering about, learning what life is, perhaps heaping up sins and offenses, yet also building himself in his heedless, casual way monuments of good, Mere Thinker, with eyes upon the ground, treads the barren path of the dull precisian. Since he is quiet, he receives credit for virtues if he does not exhibit boldly their antithetic vices. Loyalty and steadfastness and a good domestic nature are the excellent qualities most often attributed to him. Yet as to the first of these, can any one doubt the truth of Stevenson's words: "A man may have sat in a room for hours and not opened his teeth, and yet come out of that room a disloyal friend or a vile calumniator"? The quiet friend may be as faithful as the vociferous, but there should be no presumption in his favor, for his very habit of life is insidious, and tends to breed the germs of doubt if not disloyalty. The looker-on is usually the man dissatisfied with idleness and critical of the activity of others. Because it might draw upon him comparison to his disadvantage, he does not utter freely his carping criticism of the active; but he bears in mind how much better he himself would do this or that if it were not for some forbidding circumstance. And this habit of comparing himself with others, which is one of the common recreations of the quiet man, sometimes, no doubt, begets the envy which makes it easy to betray.

Even his unquestioned domesticity may not be so comprehensive a virtue. To support some one besides himself in decency and honor is not all that a man should strive to do, though it is much. He should also feel the obligation to bring gayety into the lives of those whom he loves. It is possible for some men by sheer earning power to provide their families with opportunities for travel and amusement and adventure. But the earning power of the majority is limited in these matters; and all the more is it necessary then for the man to bring variety and a cheerful activity and liveliness into his house. The fact that the routine of the day has been dull does not excuse him for being glum and silent at his evening meal. And too much of the quietness in the world is but the habit of a listless and brooding selfishness.

It would be wanton to make these exposures and not offer a remedy. Here is a suggestion for the quiet man: "Learn to make a noise."

It is not enough that he should celebrate the Fourth of July each year in the customary manner, — though he may find even that barbarous observance beneficial. Taking an active part in the romps and play of children is a resource that if open to him he should embrace. Probably he has so schooled himself to inexpressiveness that he cannot at once emerge out of the secondary place into which he is relegated at social gatherings; but three or four times a year he should, at whatever cost of courage, insist upon being heard. The advice to make a noise need not be taken literally, — though such interpretation would lead few quiet men into serious error. It may serve the purpose if the man develops a strong outdoor enthusiasm, or a keen spirit of rivalry in games, for either of these will introduce into his existence that element of *life* that he most needs. If he can acquire some undignified accom-

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plishment, — if he can learn to sing a "coon song," or to play upon the mouth organ, or to dance a clog, or to recite "Casey at the Bat," — he will have made an advance in the art of living such as none but a constitutionally shy and quiet person can understand. Perhaps, with the best will in the world, he can attain to none of these things; he may then find a means of grace in the occasional revels and merry-makings that are not denied even the most quiet. Failing all else, and being quite out of conceit with himself, let him go tramping in search of adventure, — in the city by-streets at night, or through the countryside. But there, again, does the quiet man become aware of his misfortune; adventure evades him; and while his assertive, unappreciative brother, on going down town in the morning, may have a romantic encounter with a runaway automobile occupied by a beautiful lady, or with a tiger strayed from a circus, he may roam the world and meet with no runaway automobile, no tiger, and, alas and alack! no beautiful lady. Even so, let him persevere; preparing himself for adventure, he may almost attain the habit of mind of the adventurous.

But never, I fear, will he fully attain it. There will always be the horrid, harassing doubt — never shared by the truly adventurous — as to whether he would, indeed, bear himself heroically. To illustrate the point, I must make a confession; I am a quiet man. Although I have often prepared myself in mind, I have not yet set out upon my quest of adventure. But no longer ago than yesterday, one of my direct, unquestioning friends plunged into it; and ever since I have been miserably torn with inquiry as to whether in his place I should have been so prompt. Riding on his bicycle along a village street, he was aware that a wagon overtook and passed him at unusual speed, but he thought nothing of this. He had dismounted, and was entering a gateway when he heard a great hubbub behind him; and looking round he saw men running, with cries of "Stop him! Stop him!" and in front of them a man speeding along on a bicycle. My friend stepped out into the street and opposed a threatening front; still the fleeing rider came on. And then, just as he was about to whiz by, my friend hurled his bicycle into the rider's path; the two machines went down with a crash, and the hero flung himself valiantly upon the groaning wretch, who lay crumpled amid the wreckage. "I 've got him!" cried the hero to the breathless, gathering throng. "Got him!" they answered, with here and there a sneering accent of profanity. "We yelled at you to stop the fellow in the wagon." "Yes, the fellow I was chasing," added the unfortunate captive. And, indeed, it appeared that the driver was the miscreant, having knocked down a woman and made off; and the bicyclist had merely been one of a humane and inquisitive mob.

Now, my agitating question has been, Should I, too, thus boldly, peremptorily, and efficiently have hurled my bicycle? For the life of me I cannot tell. So many reasons why I might have done so occur to me, and then again so many considerations which might have stayed my hand. A fleeing criminal — one's public duty — and yet on such uncertain grounds — to wreck him so utterly, to damage him perhaps so irreparably! All I am sure of is that I should have opposed a threatening front.

And this, I imagine, is the chief affliction, the shame of many a quiet man, — the dread of finding in some important moment that the reflective habit has produced paralysis. Even if he breaks through the net of qualifying considerations and acts efficiently, he has the humiliated feeling that he has made a great mental to-do over a matter that some one else would have gone about without debate. Moreover, he

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shrinks from using his faculties in unconventional ways; again I must serve as *corpus vile* for purposes of illustration. A man who had been my guest overnight decided the next morning, which happened to be Sunday, that he desired a cab. From the back window of my lodgings, which are on the fourth floor of the house, he descried a livery stable, and opening the window he shouted lustily in the Sabbath stillness the name of the proprietor. Now, although we have in our rear a livery stable, our neighborhood is prim and even fastidious; the houses in our block are occupied by families with highly conventional notions of propriety. In some dismay I pulled my guest's coat tails, whispering that I would send out for a cab; withdrawing his head for a moment, he replied, "This is quicker," and then again thrusting it forth, continued to bawl. At last a stable boy answered him; he gave his order, specifying the number of the house with painful distinctness; after which he turned to me and complimented me on the convenience of my situation and the needlessness of a jingling telephone. In my scheme of life, a cab is the last of all extravagances; yet even if it were not, or if I had found myself in the direst need of one, I am sure it would never have occurred to me to employ this simple, primitive method of securing it. Quietness tends to unfit one for the use of rudimentary instruments.

It is time, after these frank confessions, to rehearse some merits of the quiet man, and particularly to dwell upon the admirable qualities of some quiet men. It is hardly necessary to summon up here the kindly and perhaps not more than three-quarters fallacious banality about the constant need of good listeners. We must persuade ourselves of some less negative excuse for our existence. I dismiss from consideration also the splendid quiet hero of romance, the Imperturbable; whenever I have discovered an air of the imperturbable in a man, I have also discovered an offensive self-complacency, and I am unable to do justice to this particular flower of the species.

Perhaps the most worthy office that the quiet man performs is that of the comforter, or at least the sympathetic confidant of grief. He who is stricken in spirit, and must utter his sorrow, turns less readily to the exuberant than to the silent friend, whose speech is apter with eyes than with lips. It matters not very much if such a man has the weaknesses that must so often be imputed; let him be but a true friend and a quiet one, and the sore in heart will take some comfort in him. If he has not the weaknesses, but is stanch and strong, a walk with him in the open air, whether in the biting winds of March or over the sunlit fields of May, or a talk with him before the winter fire, may put vigor, as well as the first sense of peace, into the soul.

As such a friend is a resource in time of sadness, so, on happier occasions, he need never be a kill-joy. No merriment was ever stifled because one of those bidden to share it could contribute nothing but appreciation. That quality the quiet man must have. It is the noisy or the active one who, even while giving life to happy gatherings, is most dangerous. Some blurted truth, some reckless jest, some too searching inquiry, or too downright, blunt debate, may strike dead the gay laughter, and transform cheerful, open-hearted contentment into a suffering desire to escape. Quiet men may rarely be charged with breaches of tact, careless and inconsiderate speech, the little slights that gall the sensitive, the little failures to be diplomatic where diplomacy were honest as well as kind. Quiet men are not the busybodies; quiet men were not, I am convinced, the comforters of Job.

And the best of them are deserving of nearly the best that we can say.

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Not quite the best; one can hardly believe that the great Elizabethans, for instance, were quiet men. But out of our own acquaintance let us pick the few who, without an impressive show of energy and activity, perform in the most truly workmanlike way work that they seem willing to let pass unnoticed. They do not spend a great portion of their lives in efforts to attract attention to their achievements, to their skill; they do not despise popular appreciation, but they find the courting of it unimportant and unworthy; therefore they move upon the performance of their tasks, unfretful if they are neglected, keeping to themselves the trials and perplexities that they encounter, patiently overcoming and accomplishing. They may not win so many or so varied experiences and gifts from life as the reckless and ranging adventurer; theirs is not often the genius that builds the greatest and most enduring monuments; yet nearly all that has the charm of fine and perfect workmanship, nearly all that is subtly and beautifully conceived and exquisitely wrought, in manufactures, in machinery, in painting and music and literature, bears testimony to the serene vision, the unremitting toil of the quiet man.

Arthur Stanwood Pier.

INDIANAPOLIS: A CITY OF HOMES.

THE Hoosier is not so deeply wounded by the assumption in Eastern quarters that he is a wild man of the woods, as by the amiable condescension of acquaintances at the seaboard, who tell him, when he mildly remonstrates, that his abnormal sensitiveness is provincial. This is, indeed, the hardest lot, to be called a mudsill and then rebuked for talking back! There are, however, several special insults to which the citizen of Indianapolis is subjected, and these he resents with all the strength of his being. First among them is the proneness of many to confuse Indianapolis and Minneapolis. To the citizen of the Hoosier capital Minneapolis seems a remote place, that can be reached only by passing through Chicago. Still another source of intense annoyance is the persistent fallacy that Indianapolis is situated on the Wabash River. There seems to be something funny about the name of this pleasant stream, which a large percentage of the people of Indianapolis have never seen, unless from the car window. East of Pittsburg the wanderer from Hoosier land expects to be asked how things are on the Way-bosh, — a pronunciation which, by the way, is never heard at home. Still another grievance that has embittered the lives of Indianapolitans is the annoying mispronunciation of the name of the town by benighted outsiders. Rural Hoosiers, in fact, offend the ears of their city cousins with Indi*a*napolis; but it is left usually for the Yankee visitor to say *Injun*apolis, with a stress on *Injun* which points rather unnecessarily to the day of the war-whoop and scalp dance.

Indianapolis — like Jerusalem, "a city at unity with itself," where the tribes assemble, and where the seat of judgment is established — is in every sense the capital of all the Hoosiers. With the exception of Boston and Providence, it is the largest state capital in the country; and no other American city without water communication is as large. It is distinguished primarily by the essentially American character of its people. The total foreign-born population of Indianapolis at the last census was only 17,000; whereas Hartford, which is only half the

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size of Indianapolis, returned 23,000, Rochester, with 7000 fewer people, returned 40,000; and Worcester, in a total of 118,000, reported 37,000 as foreign-born. A considerable body of Germans and German-Americans have contributed much to the making of the city; but the town has been passed over by the Swedes, Poles, and Bohemians that are to be reckoned with in many American cities. There are, however, 5000 negro voters in the city. Indianapolis is marked again by the stability of its population. A large percentage of the householders own their homes; and a substantial body of labor is thus assured to the community.

Indiana was admitted as a state in 1816, and the General Assembly, sitting at Corydon in 1821, designated Indianapolis, then a settlement of straggling cabins, as the state capital. The name of the new town was not adopted without a struggle, Tecumseh, Suwarro, and Concord being proposed and supported, while the name finally chosen was opposed for reasons not wholly academic. It is of record that the first mention of the name Indianapolis in the legislature caused great merriment. The town was laid out in broad streets, which were quickly adorned with shade trees that are an abiding testimony to the foresight of the founders. Alexander Ralston, one of the engineers employed in the first survey, had served in a similar capacity at Washington, and the diagonal avenues, the generous breadth of the streets, and the circular plaza at the monument are suggestive of the national capital. The urban landscape lacks variety: the town is perfectly flat, and in old times the mud was intolerable, but the trees are a continuing glory.

Central Indiana was not, in 1820, when the first cabin was built, a region of unalloyed delight. The land was rich, but it was covered with heavy woods, and much of it was under water. Indians still roamed the forests, and the builder of the first cabin was killed by them. There were no roads, and White River, on whose eastern shore the town was built, was navigable only by the smallest craft. Mrs. Beecher, in From Dawn to Daylight, described the region as it appeared in the forties: "It is a level stretch of land as far as the eye can reach, looking as if one good, thorough rain would transform it into an impassable morass. How the inhabitants contrive to get about in rainy weather, I can't imagine, unless they use stilts. The city itself has been redeemed from this slough, and presents quite a thriving appearance, being very prettily laid out, with a number of fine buildings." Dr. Eggleston, writing in his novel Roxy of the same period, lays stress on the saffron hue of the community, the yellow mud seeming to cover all things animate and inanimate.

But the founders possessed faith, courage, and hardihood. Too great stress cannot be laid on their work. They sacrificed personal ambition for the good of the community. Their patriotism even was touched with the zeal of their religion. For many years before the civil war a parade of the Sunday-school children of the city was the chief feature of every Fourth of July celebration. The founders appreciated their opportunity, and labored from the first in the interest of morality and enlightenment. The young capital was a converging point for a slender stream of population that bore in from New England, and a broader current that swept westward from the Middle and Southeastern states. There was no sectional feeling in those days. Many of the prominent settlers from Kentucky were Whigs, but a newcomer's church affiliation was of far more importance than his political belief. Indianapolis was charged in later years with a lack of public spirit, but with reference only to commercial matters. There has never been a time when a hearing could not be had for any undertaking of philanthropy or public education.

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The effect of the civil war upon Indianapolis was immediate and far-reaching. It emphasized through the centralizing there of the state's military energy the fact that it was the capital city, — a fact which until that time had been accepted languidly by the average Hoosier countryman. The presence within the state of an aggressive body of sympathizers with Southern ideas directed attention throughout the country to the energy and resourcefulness of Morton, the war governor, who pursued the Hoosier Copperheads relentlessly, while raising a great army to send to the seat of war. Again, the intense political bitterness engendered by the war did not end with peace, or with the restoration of good feeling in neighboring states, but continued for twenty-five years more to be a source of political, and, markedly at Indianapolis, a cause of social irritation. In the minds of many, a Democrat was a Copperhead, and a Copperhead was an evil and odious thing. Referring to the slow death of this feeling, a veteran observer of affairs who had, moreover, supported Mr. Cleveland's candidacy twice, recently said that he had never been able wholly to free himself from this prejudice. But the end really came in 1884, with the reaction against Blaine, which was nowhere more significant of a growth of independence than at Indianapolis.

Following the formative period, which may be said to have ended with the civil war, came an era of prosperity in business, and even of splendor in social matters. Some handsome habitations had been built in the ante-bellum days, but they were at once surpassed by the homes which many citizens reared for themselves in the seventies. These remain, as a group, the handsomest residences that have ever been built at any period in the history of the city. Life had been earnest in the early days, but it now became picturesque. The terms "aristocrats" and "first families" were heard in the community, and something of traditional Southern ampleness and generosity crept into the way of life. No one said *nouveau riche* in those days; the first families were the real thing. No one denied it, and misfortune could not shake or destroy them.

A panic is a great teacher of humility, and the financial depression that fell upon the country in 1873 drove the lesson home remorselessly at Indianapolis. There had been nothing equivocal about the boom. Western speculators had not always had a fifty-year-old town to operate in, — the capital of a state, a natural railway centre, — no arid village in a hot prairie, but a real forest city that thundered mightily in the prospectus. There was no sudden collapse; a brave effort was made to ward off the day of reckoning; but this only prolonged the agony. Among the victims there was little whimpering. A thoroughbred has not proved his mettle until he has held up his head in defeat, and the Hoosier aristocrat went down with his flag flying. A young man of this régime was reduced to accepting employment as a railroad brakeman, and he bought a silver-mounted lantern with his first month's wages. Those that had suffered the proud man's contumely then came forth to sneer. An old-fashioned butternut Democrat remarked of a banker who failed, that "no wonder Blank busted when he drove to business in a carriage behind a nigger in uniform." The memory of the hard times lingered long at home and abroad. A town where credit could be so shaken was not, the Eastern investor declared, a safe place for further investments; and in many quarters Indianapolis was not forgiven until an honest, substantial growth had carried the lines of the city beyond the *terra incognita* of the boom.

Many of the striking characteristics of the people are attributable to those days, when the city's bounds were moved far countryward, to the end that the

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greatest possible number of investors might enjoy the ownership of town lots. The signal effect of this dark time was to stimulate thrift and bring a new era of caution and conservatism; for there is a good deal of Scotch-Irish in the Hoosier, and he cannot be fooled twice with the same bait. During the period of depression the town lost its zest for gayety. It took its pleasures a little soberly; it was notorious as a town that welcomed theatrical attractions grudgingly, though this attitude must be referred back also to the religious prejudices of the early comers. Your Indianapolitan who has personal knowledge of the panic, or who has listened to the story of it from one who weathered the storm, has never forgotten the discipline of the seventies: though he has reached the promised land he still remembers the lash of Pharaoh. So conservatism became the city's rule of life. The panic of 1893 caused scarcely a ripple, and the typical Indianapolis business man to this day is one who minds his barometer carefully.

Indianapolis was a town that became a city rather against its will. It liked its own way, and its way was slow; but when the calamity could no longer be averted, it had its trousers creased and its shoes polished, and accepted with good grace the fact that its population was approximately two hundred thousand, and that it had crept to a place comfortably near the top in the list of bank clearances. A man who left Indianapolis in 1880, returned in 1900 — the Indianapolitan, like the cat in the ballad, always goes back; he cannot successfully be transplanted — to find himself a stranger in a strange city. Once he knew all the people who rode in chaises; but on his return he found new people abroad in smart vehicles; once he had been able to converse on topics of the day with a passing friend in the middle of Washington Street; now he must duck and dive, and keep an eye on the policeman if he would make a safe crossing. He was asked to luncheon at a club; in the old days there were no clubs, or they were looked on as iniquitous things; he was taken to look at factories which were the largest of their kind in the world. At the railroad yards he saw machinery being loaded for shipment to Russia and Chili; he was told that books published at Indianapolis were sold in New York and Boston, Toronto and London, and he was driven over asphalt streets to parks that had not been dreamed of before his term of exile.

Manufacturing is the great business of the city. There are nearly two thousand establishments within its limits where manufacturing in some form is carried on. Many of these rose in the day of natural gas, and it was predicted that when the gas had been exhausted the city would lose them; but the number has increased steadily despite the failure of the gas supply. There are abundant coal-fields south and southwest of the city, so that the question of fuel will not soon vex manufacturers. The city enjoys, besides, the benefits to be derived from the numerous manufactories in other towns of central Indiana, many of which maintain administrative offices there. It is not only a good place in which to make things, but a point from which many things may be sold to advantage. Jobbing flourished before manufacturing became a serious factor. The jobbers have given the city an enviable reputation for enterprise and fair dealing. When you ask an Indianapolis jobber whether the propinquity of St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Cleveland is not against him, he answers that he meets his competitors every day in many parts of the country and is not afraid of them.

Indianapolis is not like other cities of approximately the same size. It is not the native who says so, but the visitor from abroad, who is puzzled by a differ-

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ence between the Hoosier capital and Kansas City, Omaha, and Denver, or Minneapolis and St. Paul. It has perhaps more kinship with Cincinnati than with any other Western city. Most Western towns try to catch the step of Chicago, but Indianapolis has never suffered from any such ambition; so the Kansas City man and the Minneapolis man visit Indianapolis and find it slow, while the Baltimore or Washington or Hartford visitor wonders what there is about the Hoosier capital that reminds him of his own city.

Indianapolis is a place of industry, thrift, and comfort, and not of luxury. Its social entertainments were long of the simplest sort, and the change in this respect has come only within a few years, — with the great wave of growth and prosperity that has wrought a new Indianapolis from the old. If left to itself, the old Indianapolis would never have known a horse show or a carnival, — would never have strewn itself with confetti; but the invading time-spirit is fast destroying the walls of the city of tradition. Business men no longer go home to dinner at twelve o'clock and take a nap before returning to work; and the old amiable habit of visiting for an hour in an office where ten minutes of business was to be transacted has passed. A town is at last a city when sociability has been squeezed out of business and appointments are arranged a day in advance by telephone.

The distinguishing quality of Indianapolis is its simple domesticity. The people are home-loving and home-keeping. In the early days, when the town was a rude capital in the woods, the people stayed at home perforce; and when the railroad reached them they did not take readily to travel. A trip to New York is still a much more serious event, considered from Indianapolis, than from Denver or Kansas City. It was an Omaha young man who was so little appalled by distance that, having an express frank, he formed the habit of sending his laundry work to New York, to assure a certain finish to his linen that was unattainable at home. The more the Hoosier travels, the more he likes his own town. Only a little while ago an Indianapolis man who had been in New York for a week went to the theatre and saw there a fellow townsman who had just arrived. He hurried around to greet him at the end of the first act. "Tell me," he exclaimed, "how is everything in old Indianapolis?" This trifling incident is more illuminative of the characteristic qualities of the Hoosier capital than many pages of historical narrative.

The Hoosiers assemble at Indianapolis in great throngs with slight excuse. In addition to the sixteen railroads that touch there, newly constructed interurban traction lines have lately knit new communities into sympathetic relationship with the capital. You may stand in Washington Street and read the names of all the surrounding towns on the big interurban cars that mingle with the local traction traffic. They bring men whose errand is to buy or sell, or who come to play golf on the free course at Riverside Park, or on the private grounds of the Country Club. These cars carry freight, too, and while they disfigure the streets, no one has made any serious protest, for are not the Hoosiers welcome to their capital, no matter how and when they visit it; and is not this free intercourse, as the phrase has it, "a good thing for Indianapolis"? This contact between town and country tends to keep alive a state feeling, and as the capital grows, — as, let us say, it takes on more and more a metropolitan spirit, — the value of this intimacy will have an increasing value, making a neighborhood of a large area. The rural free delivery of mail is another factor to be suggested in indicating the peculiar position occupied by Indianapolis as the centre of state life. A central Indiana farmer's wife may take a news-

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paper from the country carrier at her own door, read the advertisement of an entertainment or bargain sale at Indianapolis, and within an hour or so she can be set down in Washington Street. The economic bearing of these changes on the country merchant is a serious matter that need only be mentioned here.

Unlike many other American cities, Indianapolis has never been dominated by a few rich men. The rich boss has never ruled it; the men of wealth there have usually possessed character as well. And when, in this frugal, cautious capital, a rich man is indicated, the term is relative in a purely local sense. It is probably fair to say that there are more large fortunes in the much smaller towns of Dayton or Columbus, Ohio, than in Indianapolis, where a quarter of a million dollars is enough to make a man conspicuously rich.

There is something neighborly and cosy about Indianapolis. The man across the street or next door will share any good thing he has with you, whether it be a cure for rheumatism, a new book, or the garden hose. It is a town where doing as one likes is not a mere possibility, but an inherent right. The only thing that is insisted on is respectability, — a black alpaca, Sunday-afternoon kind of respectability. You may, in short, be forgiven for being rich and making a display; but you must be good.

The typical citizen is still one who is well satisfied with his own hearth, — who takes his business seriously on week days, and goes to church on Sundays, that he may gain grace by which to view tolerantly his profane neighbor of the new order who spends Sunday at the Country Club. The woman of Indianapolis is not afraid to venture abroad with her market basket, albeit she may ride in a carriage. The public market at Indianapolis is an ancient and honorable institution, and there is no shame and much honor in being seen there in conversation with the farmer and the gardener or the seller of herbs, in the early hours of the morning. The market is so thoroughly established in public affection that the society reporter walks its aisles in pursuit of news. The true Indianapolis housewife goes to market; the mere resident of the city orders by telephone, and takes what the grocer has to offer; and herein lies a difference that is not half so superficial as it may sound, for at heart the people who are related to the history and tradition of Indianapolis are simple and frugal, and if they read Emerson and Browning by the evening lamp, they know no reason why they should not distinguish, the next morning, between the yellow-legged chicken offered by the farmer's wife at the market and frozen fowls of doubtful authenticity that have been held for a season in cold storage.

The narrow margin between the great parties in Indiana has made the capital a centre of incessant political activity. The geographical position of the city has also contributed to this, the state leaders and managers being constant visitors. Every second man you meet is a statesman; every third man is an orator. The largest social club in Indianapolis exacts a promise of fidelity to the Republican party, and within its portals chances and changes of men and measures are discussed tirelessly. And the pilgrim from abroad is not bored with talk of local affairs; not a bit of it! The nation's future is at once disclosed to him. If, however, he wishes to obtain a Godkinian forecast, he can be accommodated at the University Club grill-room, where a court of destructive critics meets daily at high noon. The presence in the city, through many years, of men of national prominence — Morton, Harrison, Hendricks, McDonald, English, Gresham — further helped to make Indianapolis a political centre. Geography plays a chief part in the distribution of favors by state nominating conventions. Rivalry between the smaller towns is not

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so marked as their united stand against the capital. The city has had, at least twice, both United States Senators; but governors have usually been summoned from the country. Harrison was defeated for governor by a farmer (1876), in a heated campaign, in which "Kid-Gloved Harrison" was held up to derision by the adherents of "Blue Jeans Williams." And again, in 1880, a similar situation was presented in the contest for the same office between Albert G. Porter and Franklin Landers, both of Indianapolis, though Landers stood for the rural "Blue Jeans" idea.

The high tide of political interest was reached in the summer and fall of 1888, when Harrison made his campaign for the presidency, largely from his own doorstep. For a man who was reckoned cold by acquaintances, his candidacy evoked an enthusiasm at home that was a marked tribute to Mr. Harrison's distinguished ability as a lawyer and statesman. The people of Indiana did not love him, perhaps, but they had an immense admiration for his talents. Morton was a masterful and dominating leader; Hendricks was gracious and amiable; while Gresham was singularly magnetic and more independent in his opinions than his contemporaries. William H. English had been a member of Congress from a southern Indiana district before removing to Indianapolis, and an influential member of the constitutional convention of 1850. He was throughout his life a painstaking student of public affairs. When he became his party's candidate for Vice President on the ticket with Hancock in 1880, much abuse and ridicule were directed against him on account of his wealth; but he was a man of rugged native force, who stood stubbornly for old-fashioned principles of government, and labored to uphold them. Harrison was the most intellectual of the group, and he had, as few Americans have ever had, the gift of vigorous and polished speech. He did not win men by ease of intercourse, or drive them by force of personality, but he instructed and convinced them, through an appeal to reason and without the lure of specious oratory. He stood finely as a type of what was best in the old and vanishing Indianapolis, — for the domestic and home-loving element that dominated the city from its beginning practically to the end of the last century.

The spirit of independence that gained a footing in the Blaine campaign of 1884 came to stay. Marion County, of which Indianapolis is the seat, was for many years Republican; but neither county nor city has for a decade been "safely" Democratic or Republican. There is a considerable body of independent voters, and they have rebuked incompetence, indifference, and vice repeatedly and drastically; and they have resented the effort often made to introduce national issues into local affairs. At the city election held in October, 1903, a Democrat was elected mayor over a Republican candidate who had been renominated in a "snap" convention, in the face of aggressive opposition within his party. The issue was tautly drawn between corruption and vice on the one hand and law and order on the other. An independent candidate, who had also the Prohibition support, received over 5000 votes. In this connection it may be said that the Indianapolis public schools owe their marked excellence and efficiency to their complete divorcement from political influence. This has not only assured the public an intelligent and honest expenditure of school funds, — and the provision is generous, — but it has created a corps spirit among the city's 750 teachers, admirable in itself, and tending to cumulative benefits not yet realized. A supervising teacher — a woman — was lately offered a like position in another city at double the salary paid her at Indianapolis, and she declined merely because of the security of her tenure. The superintendent of

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schools has absolute power of appointment, and he is accountable only to the commissioners, and they in turn are entirely independent of the mayor and other city officers. Positions on the school board are not sought by politicians. The incumbents serve without pay, and the public evince a disposition to find good men and keep them in office.

The soldiers' monument at Indianapolis, which testifies to the patriotism and sacrifice of the Indiana soldier and sailor, is a testimony also to the deep impression made by the civil war on the people of the state. The monument is to Indianapolis what the Washington Monument is to the national capital. The incoming traveler sees it afar, and within the city it is almost an inescapable thing. It stands in a circular plaza that was originally a park known as the Governor's Circle. This was long ago abandoned as a site for the governor's mansion, but it offered an ideal spot for a monument to Indiana soldiers, when, in 1887, the General Assembly authorized its construction. The height of the monument from the street level is 284 feet, and it stands on a stone terrace 110 feet in diameter. The shaft is crowned by a statue of Victory thirty-eight feet high. It is built throughout of Indiana limestone. The fountains at the base, the heroic sculptured groups "War" and "Peace," and the bronze astragals representing the army and navy, are admirable in design and execution. The whole effect is one of poetic beauty and power. There is nothing cheap, tawdry, or commonplace in this magnificent tribute of Indiana to her soldiers. The monument is a memorial of the soldiers of all the wars in which Indiana has participated. The veterans of the civil war protested against this, and the controversy was long and bitter; but the capture of Vincennes from the British in 1779 is made to link Indiana to the war of the Revolution; and the battle of Tippecanoe, to the war of 1812. The five Indiana regiments contributed to the American army in the war with Mexico, and 7400 men enlisted for the Spanish war are remembered. It is, however, the war of the Rebellion, whose effect on the social and political life of Indiana was so tremendous, that gives the monument its great cause for being. The population of Indiana in 1860 was 1,350,000; the total enlistment of soldiers and sailors during the ensuing years of war was 210,497; and the names of these men lie safe for posterity in the base of the gray shaft.

A good deal of humor has in recent years been directed toward Indiana as a literary centre, but Indianapolis as a village boasted writers of at least local reputation, and Coggeshall's Poets and Poetry of the West (1867) attributes half-a-dozen poets to the Hoosier capital. The Indianapolis press has been distinguished always by enterprise and decency, and in several instances by vigorous independence. The literary quality of the city's newspapers was high, even in the early days, and the standard has not been lowered. Poets with cloaks and canes were, in the eighties, pretty prevalent in Market Street near the Post Office, the habitat then of most of the newspapers. The poets read their verses to one another and cursed the magazines. A reporter on one of the papers, who had scored the triumph of a poem in the Atlantic, was a man of mark among the guild for years. The local wits stabbed the fledgeling bards with their gentle ironies. A young woman of social prominence printed some verses in an Indianapolis newspaper, and one of her acquaintances, when asked for his opinion of them, said they were creditable and ought to be set to music, — and played as an instrumental piece! The wide popularity attained by Mr. James Whitcomb Riley quickened the literary impulse, and the fame of his elders and predecessors suffered severely from the fact that he did not belong to the cloaked

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brigade. General Lew. Wallace never lived at Indianapolis save for a few years in boyhood, while his father was governor, though he has in recent years spent his winters there. Maurice Thompson's muse scorned "paven ground," and he was little known at the capital even during his term of office as state geologist, when he came to town frequently from Crawfordsville, the home of General Wallace also. Mr. Booth Tarkington, a native of the city, has lifted the banner anew for a younger generation.

If you do not meet an author at every corner, you are at least never safe from the man that reads books. In a Missouri River town, a stranger must listen to the old wail against the railroads; at Indianapolis he must listen to politics, and possibly some one will ask his opinion of a sonnet, just as though it were a cigar. A judge of the United States Court, sitting at Indianapolis, was forever locking the door of his private office, to the end that some attorney, calling on business, might listen to an Horatian ode. There was indeed a time — *consule Planco* — when most of the Federal office-holders at Indianapolis were bookish men. Three successive clerks of the Federal courts were scholars; the pension agent was an enthusiastic Shakespearean; the district attorney was a poet, and the master of chancery a man of varied learning, who was so good a talker that, when he met Lord Chief Justice Coleridge abroad, the English jurist took the Hoosier with him on circuit, and wrote to the justice of the American Supreme Court who had introduced them, to "send me another man as good."

It is possible for a community which may otherwise lack a true local spirit to be unified through the possession of a sense of humor; and even in periods of financial depression the town has always enjoyed the saving grace of a cheerful, centralized intelligence. The first tavern philosophers stood for this, and the courts of the early times were touched with it, — as witness all western chronicles. The middle western people are preeminently humorous, particularly those of the Southern strain from which Lincoln sprang. During all the years that the Hoosier suffered the reproach of the outside world, the citizen of the capital never failed to appreciate the joke when it was on himself; and, looking forth from the wicket of the city gate, he was still more keenly appreciative when it was on his neighbors. The Hoosier is a natural story-teller; he relishes a joke, and to talk is his ideal of social enjoyment. This was true of the early Hoosier, and it is true to-day of his successor at the capital. The Monday night meetings of the Indianapolis Literary Club — organized in 1877 and with a continuous existence to this time — have been marked by bright talk. The original members are nearly all gone; but the sayings of a group of them — the stiletto thrusts of Fishback, the lawyer; the droll inadvertences of Livingston Howland, the judge; and the inimitable anecdotes of Myron Reed, soldier and preacher — crept beyond the club's walls and became town property. This club is old and well seasoned. It is exclusive, — so much so that one of its luminaries remarked that if all of its members should be expelled for any reason, none could hope to be readmitted. It has entertained but four pilgrims from the outer world, — Matthew Arnold, Dean Farrar, Joseph Parker, and John Fiske.

The Hoosier capital has always been susceptible to the charms of oratory. Most of the great lecturers in the golden age of the American lyceum were welcomed cordially at Indianapolis. The Indianapolis pulpit has been served by many able men, and great store is still set by preaching. When Henry Ward Beecher ministered to the congregation of the Second Presbyterian Church (1838–46), his superior talents were recognized and appreciated. He gave a

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series of seven lectures to the young men of the city during the winter of 1843–44, on such subjects as Industry, Gamblers and Gambling, Popular Amusements, etc., which were published at Indianapolis immediately, in response to an urgent request signed by thirteen prominent men of the city and state.

The women of Indianapolis have aided greatly in fashioning the city into an enlightened community. The wives and daughters of the founders were often women of cultivation, and much in the character of the city to-day is plainly traceable to their work and example. During the civil war they did valiant service in caring for the Indiana soldier. The Indiana Sanitary Commission was the first organization of its kind in the United States. The women of Indianapolis built for themselves in 1888 a building—the Propylæum—where many clubs meet; and they have been the mainstay of the Indianapolis Art Association, which, by a generous and unexpected bequest a few years ago, is now able to build a permanent museum and school on the charming site of an old homestead. It is worth remembering that the first woman's club in the West, at least, was organized on Hoosier soil —at Robert Owen's New Harmony— in 1859. The Indianapolis Woman's Club is thirty years old.

The citizens like their Indianapolis, and with reason. It is a place of charm and vigor, — the charm and ease of contentment dating from the old days, mingled with the earnest challenge and robust faith of to-day. Here you have an admirable instance of the secure building of an American city with remarkably little alien influence, — a city of sound credit abroad, which offers on its commercial and industrial sides a remarkable variety of opportunities. It is a city that brags less of its freight tonnage than of its public schools; but it is proud of both. At no time in its history has it been indifferent to the best thought and achievement of the world; and what it has found good it has secured for its own. A kindly, generous, hospitable people are these of this Western capital, finely representative of the product of democracy as democracy has exerted its many forces and disciplines in the broad, rich Ohio Valley.

Meredith Nicholson.

THE LITERARY ASPECT OF JOURNALISM.

It is a pity that we cannot get on without definitions, but there is too much convenience in them, too much safety. They accoutre us, they marshal us the way that we are going, they help us along the difficult middle path of argument, they comfort our declining periods. Poor relations, to be sure, and not to be made too much of; but, at least, one ought not to be ashamed of them in company. If there are abstract terms which can safely be employed offhand, the terms of literary criticism are hardly among them. What wonder? If political economists find it hard to determine the meaning of words like "money" and "property," how shall critics agree in defining such imponderable objects as genius, art, literature? Is literature broadly "the printed word," the whole body of recorded speech? Or is it the product of a conscious and regulated, but not inspired, art? Or is it, with other products of art, due to that expression of personality through craftsmanship which we call genius? To the last put question I should say yes; confessing faith in personal inspiration as

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the essential force in literature, and in the relative rather than absolute character of such personal inspiration, or genius. I think of literature not as ceasing to exist beyond the confines of poetry and belles-lettres, but as embracing whatever of the printed word presents, in any degree, a personal interpretation of life. What he is and has, — some touch of genius, some property of wisdom, some hold (however partial and unconscious) upon the principles of literary art, — these things enable a writer for interpretative or "creative" work.

I.

From this point of view journalism has, strictly, no literary aspect; it has certain contacts with literature, and that is all. The real business of journalism is to record or to comment, not to create or to interpret. In its exercise of the recording function it is a useful trade, and in its commenting office it takes rank as a profession; but it is never an art. As a trade it may apply rules, as a profession it may enforce conventions; it cannot embody principles of universal truth and beauty as art embodies them. It is essentially impersonal, in spirit and in method. A journalist cannot, as a journalist, speak wholly for himself; he would be like the occasional private citizen who nominates himself for office. A creator of literature is his own candidate, his own caucus, his own argument, and his own elector. It is *aut Cæsar aut nullus* with him, as with the aspirant in any other form of art. This is why an unsuccessful author is so much more conspicuous an object of ridicule than other failures. He has proposed himself for a sort of eminence, and has proved to be no better than a Christian or an ordinary man. He might, perhaps, have been useful in some more practical way, — for instance, in journalism, which offers a respectable maintenance, at least, to the possessor of verbal talent. Its *ex parte* impersonality affords him a surer foothold at the outset. Pure journalism has no need of genius; it is an enterprise, not an emprise. It records fact, and on the basis of such fact utters the opinion of partisan consensus, of editorial policy, or, at its point of nearest approach to literature, of individual intelligence.

But it happens that pure journalism is hardly more common than pure literature. The "spark of genius" is, one must think, more than a metaphor. If it did not often appear in writers whose principal conscious effort is given to the utilization of talent, there would be no question of anything more than contrast between literature and journalism. There is a mood in which every thoughtful reader or writer is sure to sympathize with a favorite speculation of the late Sir Leslie Stephen's. "I rather doubt," he expressed it not long ago in the pages of the Atlantic, "whether the familiar condemnation of mediocre poetry should not be extended to mediocrity in every branch of literature. . . . The world is the better, no doubt, even for an honest crossing-sweeper. But I often think that the value of second-rate literature is — not small, but — simply zero. . . . If one does not profess to be a genius, is it not best to console one's self with the doctrine that silence is golden, and take, if possible, to the spade or the pickaxe, leaving the pen to one's betters?"

One's betters, — it is, after all, an indefinite phrase. Are they only the best? Attempts to establish an accurate ranking of genius have proved idle enough. It is not altogether agreed whether the greatest names can be counted on the fingers of one hand or of two; it is fairly well understood that they are worth all the other names "put together." But does it follow that all the other names are, therefore, worth nothing? The foothills have never been quite put to shame by the loftiest summits. I do not see that it is altogether admirable, this in-

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stinct which makes men querulous for the best. One may be reasonably credulous as to the average of human ability without perceiving anything mediocre in the next best, or in the next to that. Surely there is nothing trivial in the employment of the least creative faculty, if it does not interfere with more important functions. That *primum mobile*, the question of the major utility, is an ancient battleground upon which we shall hardly venture to set foot. Here are still fought over the eternal issues between commerce and the arts, science and the classics, the practical and the ideal. It is for us only to skirt the edge of conflict with the admission that a great talent may be more effective, even more permanently effective, than a small genius; as a Jeffrey has proved to be more effective than a Samuel Rogers. It is, for whatever the fact may be worth, the man of affairs, the man of opinions, rather than the seer or the poet, who determines what the next step of the infant world shall be.

The fact of Sir Leslie Stephen's career yields a sufficient gloss upon the letter of his theory, — if theory is not too serious a word for his half-ironical speculation. He had, by his own account, no natural impulse toward production in the forms which are commonly called creative. He was prevented from becoming a poet (as he admits with his usual engaging frankness) by his inability to write verse; and his instinct did not lead him toward fiction. His only path to literature lay through a superior kind of journalism. Among his staff colleagues upon the Saturday Review, the Pall Mall Gazette, and elsewhere, were Mill, Venables, Mark Pattison, Froude, Freeman, Thackeray, and John Morley. He does not think too highly of the profession in which such men were, at least temporarily, engaged. He records, not without malice, the fact that Jeffrey, a prince among journalists, complained of Carlyle's being "so desperately in earnest." He speaks with admiration of Carlyle's having himself been successful in resisting "the temptations that most easily beset those who have to make a living by the trade." He permits himself an ironical comment upon Mill's comparison of the modern newspaper press and the Hebrew prophets. "There are not many modern journalists," he remarks with misleading mildness, "who impress one by their likeness to a Jeremiah or a John the Baptist. The man who comes to denounce the world is not likely to find favor with the class which lives by pleasing it." Finally, he thinks it proper to say yet more sharply, "To be on the right side is an irrelevant question in journalism." Sir Leslie's personality was not of the subduable kind, and presently found its proper expression in the varied labors of a man of letters. His journalistic experience could be only a temporary phase.

II.

Those who have approached literature through journalism are legion, but they are only indirectly connected with our present theme. More to our purpose are the many writers of power whose permanent and absorbing task is journalism, but whose work is so unmistakably informed with personality, so pure in method and in contour, as to outrank in literary quality the product of many a literary workshop. Such writers may have been capable of attaining a real, though not a great, success in more purely literary forms; yet their achievement leaves us no room for regret. Their business has been to record and to estimate facts and conditions of the moment; their instinct has led them to offer a personal interpretation of these facts and conditions. Our only cause of embarrassment lies in the resultant character of the given product. It is not a little difficult to reduce to a category such men as Christopher North, Jeffrey, Steevens, or Godkin. Journalism is concerned with im-

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mediate phenomena. Talent, for its empirical method of dealing with the data afforded by such phenomena, finds a safeguard in the impersonal or partisan attitude; it is enabled, at least, to generalize by code to a practical end. A journalist whose impersonal talent, let us say, is unable to subdue his personal genius, feels the inadequacy of this method. He has a hankering for self-expression. He is dissatisfied with this hasty summarizing of facts, this rapid postulating of inferences. He insensibly extends his function, reinforces analysis with insight: and produces literature. He has not been able to confine himself to telling or saying something appropriate to the moment; he has merely taken his cue from the moment, and busied himself with saying what is appropriate to himself and to the truth as he knows it. He has, in short, ceased to be a machine or a mouthpiece, and become a "creative" writer.

Of course the same thing happens in other arts, and in other forms of the printed word. In history, in private or public correspondence, in the gravest scientific writing, even, one often perceives a sort of "literature of inadvertence," a literature in effect, though not in primary intent. There is, indeed, no form of writing except what baldly records, mechanically compiles, or conventionally comments, which may not give expression, however incidental or imperfect, to personality, to the power of interpretation as contrasted with the power of communication.

III.

We may consider a little in detail the two functions of pure journalism, and note how easily they transform into the literary or interpretative function. It is plain that little distinction can be made between a piece of journalism and a piece of literature on the ground of external subject-matter alone. A squalid slum incident, a fashionable wedding, the escape of a prisoner, the detection of a forgery, may afford material either for journalism or for the literary art. In one instance the product will be interesting as news, in the other because it bears upon some universal principle or emotion of human life. So it not seldom happens that a reporter develops extra-journalistic skill in the portrayal of experience or character. Writers of fiction are spawned almost daily by the humbler press. The journalistic use of the word "story" indicates the ease of a transition which is not a wandering from fact to falsity, but an upward shift from the plane of simple registry to the plane of interpretation. Mr. Kipling happens to be the most conspicuous modern instance of the reporting journalist turned story-writer. It seems that his genius has led him to the instinctive development of an art based upon principles to which he professes a certain indifference. There are an indefinite number of ways of inditing tribal lays, he assures us, and every single one of them is right. The speculation has its merits as a tribute to personality; it has decided demerits in seeming to lay stress upon the virtue of mere oddity or inventive power. Mr. Kipling will eventually rank with a class of writers separated by a whole limbo from the greatest creative spirits; one need not in the least grudge them their immediate effectiveness. Greater writers than Mr. Kipling have been skeptical as to the value of those lesser forms of art which suggest mere artifice. Carlyle expressed doubt as to the permanent effectiveness of what the Germans call "Kunst:" the conscious application of artistic theories or methods to the expression of truth. Indeed, to take it seriously at all, one must take art to be the expression of a personal creative faculty as distinguished from that of an impersonal producing faculty; the result of a true consciousness of principles, not a mere being aware of them. So far as a record of immediate events manifests such a consciousness, it asserts its right to be considered not as journalism, but as literature.

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Nor, further, can any fortune of publication establish a distinction of quality between these two forms of the printed word. Not long ago a popular American writer ventured so far as to advance the theory that it is largely a matter of luck whether a given bit of writing will turn out to be literature or not; unless, indeed, the act of putting it within cloth covers be the final guaranty of its quality. The remark was, we may suppose, not intended to be taken very seriously. It is pathetically true that the quality of minor literature is not determined by the accident of its disappearance or of its preservation in book form. Fortunately, the research of special students and the enthusiasm of amateur explorers do succeed in rescuing much of desert from the diluvial flotsam of the past. Much is undoubtedly lost. Its vitality has proved insufficient, over-shadowed in its own day, perhaps, by superior vitalities. Such is the fate also of canvases, of statues, of beautiful buildings. Works of art are not ephemeral because they fail to live forever; we must not be unreasonable in demanding long life for all that deserves the name of literature. Granted that the literature of the newspaper report has less chance of permanence than the literature of the magazine or of the publisher's venture: it nevertheless serves its purpose; and perhaps makes itself felt more than the generality suspect. It may happen that a brief sketch of some apparently trivial scene or incident, printed in an obscure journal, actually excels in pure literary quality the more elaborate structures of fiction, with all the dignity that may attend their publication, whether serially or between covers of their own.

It is evident, moreover, that our definition of journalism applies to several large classes of books. There are, for example, books on exploration, physical or other; on anthropological or sociological experiment; books recording special conditions, or commenting impersonally on special events, of the day. The usefulness of such books is obvious; they could not well be dispensed with. Yet it is only in the hands of a Carlyle or an Arnold or a Ruskin that this kind of material becomes literature, — an expression of universal truth in terms of present fact. Wherever in a journal personality emerges and fully expresses itself, literature emerges. Wherever in literary forms the occasional, the conventional, the partisan, the indecisive personality, are felt, journalism is present.

IV.

There is another modification of the recording function which has assumed great importance in the popular periodicals of the day. The "special article" represents a development, rather than a transformation, of the newspaper report as it deals with conditions. A description of proposed buildings for a new World's Fair; a sketch of the relations between Japan and Korea before the outbreak of the Russian war; an account of recent movements in municipal or national politics; a study of a commercial trust: with such articles our magazines are filled. They are a legitimate and useful product of journalism; one should only take care to distinguish them from that personal creative form, the essay. The public demand for such work has given birth to a new race of special reporters, among whom the popular idol appears to be that picturesque adventurer, the war correspondent. Such men do excellent service. They write with vivacity and with a kind of individuality; but their work is unlikely to possess the qualities which give permanence. It is a brilliant hazard of description and comment; it does all that talent and special aptitude can do with the material in hand. Almost inevitably, it lacks the repose, the finality, the beauty, which may eventually belong to a personal or literary treatment of the same material. This is true even of the

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product of so vigorous and effective a writer as the late G. W. Steevens. He was somewhat too closely involved in the condition of the moment "to see life steadily and to see it whole." Such men are bound to take sides, and are consequently doomed to half-express themselves in wholly uttering a point of view or a phase. Their work will possess individual unction, but hardly the force of personal inspiration. It is naturally overestimated by the public, which is convinced that talent and energy rule the world now, no matter what may be true in the long run; and that to rule the world now is the most important of possible achievements. But, indeed, the value of such work is not small. One cannot doubt that it is more meritorious for a person of moderate ability to fling himself into the press, and to make sure of doing one kind of man's work, than to sit down in a corner and murmur, "Go to: I am about to be a genius." As a matter of fact, most great writers have been active in affairs, in one way or other. The Divine Comedy, Hamlet, Paradise Lost, Faust, show clear traces of activities far enough from the practice of letters. Nevertheless, Milton's criticism of life is to be found in his poetry rather than in his controversial prose, and Dante's in his celebration of Beatrice rather than in his recorded services to Florence. The product of such energy is calculable, the influence of such genius altogether incalculable.

Between literature and "the higher journalism" the partition is extremely thin. If I understand the term, the higher journalism means the function of impersonal comment employed at its utmost of breadth and dignity. It gives utterance to individual judgment rather than personal interpretation. It aims to inform and to convince rather than to express. It displays real erudition, it urges admirable specifics, it produces, in fact, printed lectures on practical themes addressed to the practical intelligence. One perceives a close analogy between the functions of the higher journalist and those of the preacher, the lawyer, and the politician. An *ex parte* impersonality is all that can be demanded of any of them, — intellectual independence being a desirable asset, but the thing said being largely determined by a policy, a creed, a precedent, or a platform. In any of these professions will appear from time to time the literary artist, — the man escaping from preoccupation with specific methods or ends, and expressing his personality by some larger interpretation of life. Hence come our Newmans, our Burkes, and our Macaulays.

So from the "article" of higher journalism literature frequently emerges. The given composition ceases to be a something "written up" for a purpose, and becomes a something written out of the nature of a man. It is not merely an arrangement of data and opinions; it stirs with life, it reaches toward a farther end than immediate utility. Under such conditions the journalist does honor to his craft by proving himself superior to it. He has dedicated his powers to a practical service; but he has not been false to his duty in transcending it.

Nevertheless, his simple duty remains the same; all that his office demands of him is official speech. More than talent and conformity belongs to the few who direct the course of journalism; but even their admitted powers are rather for administration than for expression. A man of this kind is content to embody a theory in an organ or a group of organs, to determine an editorial policy, and to influence public opinion. The genius of a writer like Godkin cannot be denied; it still presides over the admirable journal which owes its prestige to him. But it was a genius allied with a moral sense somewhat too readily moved to indignation. His was a singular instance of the nature which prefers the ardor of prompt service to the ardor of self-utterance. His work lay, accordingly, upon the bor-

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der regions between literature and journalism.

V.

There seems to be no need of seriously discussing the question of superiority between the two forms of verbal activity. Creation is always superior to production, but that is not a fact which ought to trouble honest producers. A journalist is contemptible only when by some falsetto method he attempts to lead the public into fancying that it is getting literature of him. Otherwise he deserves, no more than the lawyer or the clergyman, to be held in disesteem by men of letters. Some discredit has doubtless been cast upon the profession by the existence of that forlorn army of writers who would have liked to illumine the world, but have to make the best of amusing it, or even to put up with providing it with information. Since journalism is a trade, a person of reasonable endowment may have better hope of achieving moderate success in it than in literature. But one does not fit himself for journalism by failing in literature, any more than one fits himself for literature by failing in journalism. To have one's weak verse or tolerable fiction printed in a newspaper does not make one a journalist; nor does it turn the newspaper into a literary publication. Literary graces! There are few articles so unpromising of any good, in the great journalistic department shop on which the numerical world now depends for most of its wants.

The popularity of journalism in America has, we have noted before, reacted upon most of our magazines so strongly that they are distinguished from the better daily journals by exclusion of detail and modification of method rather than by essential contrast in quality. Upon the character of the daily press, that is, depends the character of our entire periodical product; and this means, in large measure, the character of the public taste. To afford a vast miscellaneous population like ours its only chance of contact with literature entails a responsibility which may well appall even the ready and intrepid champions of the daily press. While, however, the night-fear of the yellow journal is disturbing enough to those who watch for the morning, they will have pleasanter visions, even now not altogether unrealized, of a journalism more responsible, more just, more firmly pursuant of that fine enthusiasm for absolute fitness, for the steady application of worthy means to worthy ends, which is the birthright of literature.

H. W. Boynton.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

THE flowers are loved, the weeds are spurned,
But for them both the suns are burned;
And when, at last, they fail the day,
The long night folds them all away.

John Vance Cheney.

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BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

A FEW SPRING NOVELS.

THE flood of spring fiction,[1] like other spring floods, has been formidable in proportion to the length and severity of the winter; but the river in which we stagger will at least not ignite.

Out of a score or more of smartly attired volumes the most important among the native American products is the Deliverance, by Miss Ellen Glasgow, — and even this is hardly up to the high level of the author's previous work. It is neither as broad and sane, nor as masterly in its grasp of complex and chaotic social conditions, as the Voice of the People; nor has it all the solemn unity and concentrated pathos of the Battle Ground. Nevertheless, it is a searching and a striking book; and, like its predecessors, it is especially interesting for the strong light it sheds on what, after a lapse of forty years, is only now beginning dimly to be perceived as one of the most momentous consequences to our whole country of the war of secession, — the death, namely, and by violence, — or, at least, the mortal hurt, — of a comparatively ripe white civilization in the Southern United States.

The scene of the Deliverance is laid in Virginia. The time is about twenty years after the close of the civil war. The pitiful relics of the proud old race which had reigned for generations at Blake Hall, going their ways of careless magnificence, and adored, in the main, by the ever increasing swarms of their childish dependents, are now reduced to dire penury, and living a life of grinding toil, on the produce of a small fragment of the ancestral tobacco fields, in the house which was once the overseer's; while the overseer, Bill Fletcher, a hoary reprobate, who had stolen, bit by bit, all that was left of the Blake possessions after the fall of the Confederacy, is installed in their place at the Hall.

The hero of the tale is Christopher Blake, the youngest child of the fallen family, and the intrigue turns upon the conflict in his warped mind between a steadfast purpose of revenge upon the usurper and his love for the usurper's granddaughter. The details of the story are necessarily painful. The father of the Blake children had fallen early in the war. The mother, blind, paralyzed, and with memory much impaired, but stately and overbearing still, is actually kept in ignorance, through the pious mendacity of her children and one or two devoted old servants, of the fact that they are no longer living at the Hall, and even

[1] *The Deliverance.* By ELLEN GLASGOW. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

Henderson. By ROSE E YOUNG. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

An Evans of Suffolk. By ANNA FARQUHAR. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1904.

The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Violett: a Chronicle. By the BARONESS VON HUTTEN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

The Day before Yesterday. By SARA ANDREW SHAFFER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Kwaidan. By LAFCADIO HEARN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Cap'n Eri. By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1904.

Mrs. M'Lerie. By J. J. BELL. New York: The Century Co. 1904.

Running the River. By GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1904.

Said the Fisherman. By MARMADUKE PICKTHALL. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

The Great Adventurer. By ROBERT SHACKLEFORD. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

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that the Southern Confederacy is no more. If this deluded lady, and her brother, — a ruined Confederate officer, — horribly maimed and mutilated, but of an exceeding sweet and gallant spirit, and, on the other hand, the coarse monster installed at Blake Hall, seem collectively a trifle overdrawn, it cannot be said that either is an impossible, or even an improbable figure: while that is indeed a keen observer, and a skilled artist as well, who can thus draw the hero of the Deliverance as he first appeared to Fletcher's lawyer, when the latter came to Christopher as the bearer of a peculiarly insulting proposition: —

"He perceived, at once, a certain coarseness of finish which, despite the deep-seated veneration for an idle ancestry, is found most often in the descendants of a long line of generous livers. A moment later, he weighed the keen gray flash of the eyes, beneath the thick fair hair, the coating of dust and sweat over the high-bred curve from brow to nose, and the fullness of the jaw, which bore, with a suggestion of sheer brutality, upon the general impression of a fine, racial type. Taken from the mouth up, the face might have passed as a pure, fleshly copy of the antique ideal; seen downward, it became almost repelling in its massive power."

The plan of reprisals over which Christopher Blake brooded throughout his growing years was a ruthless, not to say a revolting one. How he achieved his grim purpose, and then, when suddenly awakened to a sense of its moral enormity, what he voluntarily underwent by way of expiation, may best be read in the book itself. The title of the tale foreshadows a hopeful conclusion, and we gladly accept its augury. Nevertheless, it is, as I have said, the haunting thought of a civilization untimely slain, which the Deliverance, no less than the Battle Ground, leaves uppermost in our minds.

A civilization — any civilization — is a blossom of time, long prepared, and slowly perfected. A revolution tears the flower from its delicate stem, and grinds it into the dust. The revolution may have been, by all historic law, a righteous one; the flower not worth, upon the whole, the lavish cost, to humanity, of its culture. The doomed order may have served its purpose, and deserved its fate. That is not now the point; but simply the fact that something fair must needs perish even in a so-called holy war, — which it will take uncounted years of peace to recreate.

One of the most memorable passages in that very stimulating and instructive book, Trevelyan's History of the American Revolution, is that in which the author turns aside from his lively narrative of the sequence of events in 1776, to describe the modest affluence and quiet beauty which had, by that time, come to characterize a good many of the rural homes in New York and New Jersey, so soon to be laid waste by the hireling troops of his most sapient Majesty George III. The Whig historian paints a wistful and beguiling picture of what the mere outward aspect of life on the Atlantic seaboard might have been by this time if the American Revolution had never taken place. It is the race-ideal of the English home: "All things in order stored. A haunt of ancient peace," — a vision of mild manners, healthful growth, moderate standards, and mellow surroundings. He can hardly be consoled for those lost amenities, and neither, for the moment, can I. Yet even there, — in what used, in those far days, to be called the Middle States, — and though that favored region was, and remained until the long conflict was over, a chief theatre of military operations, the decivilizing consequences, to a young community, of seven years of war were hardly as marked as in the North, where manufactures were completely paralyzed, and exhausted men had to wring their scant living out of a harder soil and under less

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kindly skies. I myself can perfectly remember, as a child, hearing very old people describe the harrowing poverty, and profound depression among the farming population of New England, of the years immediately following the war of Independence. The men of the Revolution had indeed won, while the men of the Confederacy had lost; but there are moments in the history, both of individuals and nations, when victory, if less galling, seems almost more barren and disappointing than defeat. And so we come back to Miss Glasgow, and her Southerners of the old social order, and the good things which undeniably passed away with them.

One of the best of these I take to have been the most beautiful use of our mother tongue, in every-day speech, that America has yet known. From father to son, for generations, the well-born Virginian or Marylander went to William and Mary College, as a matter of course, and lightly forgot, in his after life of landed proprietor and sportsman, a good deal of what he learned there; but seldom the trick of that sub-scholarly English, easy, racy, and felicitous, which was so much more excellent than the speaker himself knew. The wives and daughters of these men used their language instinctively, but with a touch of added refinement, which enhanced its charm. Happily there are localities and there are clans in which the tradition of that pure speech and the soft intonations that accompanied it yet live, and many a fondly guarded chest of old letters *ad Familiares* to attest the truth of what I say. When a Southerner of the ancient type stood up, of fell purpose, to make a speech, or sat down to write a book, he frequently became stilted and self-conscious; but his unstudied utterance was both noble and simple; and most admirable of all in that it was unstudied. The unconscious use of grammatical niceties is one of the most infallible marks of race. I have known a white-haired Tuscan woman, bearing the suggestive name of Massima, who went out charring at two *lire* a day, and who gracefully apologized for pointing out to her employer that the latter had used an expression which was not Dantesque. And a very dear old *Parisienne* — who had herself come down to taking *pensionnaires* for practice in French, said once to me: "*Ma belle-mère était toute grande dame. She used the past subjunctive without thinking.*" Now the best of us in New England, and especially in Boston, can use with precision our equivalent of the past subjunctive; but I fear we seldom do it without a lurking consciousness of literary merit, and a modest anticipation of applause.

There is, however, great danger that what we typify by the past subjunctive may soon become more completely a thing of the past among us than even its name implies; and one of its worst foes is the lavish, not to say shameless, employment in print of that rude, shapeless, inchoate utterance which can be represented to the eye only by bad spelling and worse grammar, and which has no legitimate claim whatsoever to the honorable name of dialect. Even Miss Glasgow's pages are disfigured by too much of what that fine purist, Theodore Winthrop, used to call "black babble." But her own English is very nearly impeccable, — which is more than can be said for the unquestionably clever author of Henderson, or the unterrified author of An Evans of Suffolk.

Yet it is hardly fair to bracket these two books, for Henderson is a great deal the better performance of the two, and a decided advance upon its predecessor, Sally of Missouri. The author can indeed use *that* as a qualifying adverb, make the nicest of her people preface their most serious remarks by some such simian aggregation of consonants as "mh-hm," and write nonsense, in her own person, about "the dying day, trailing off in a shining *halation*," and the "sud-

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den break" in a woman's "plastic strength." Nevertheless, her tale is tersely and dramatically told. The young surgeon who figures as its hero is an uncommonly fine fellow, who passionately does his professional best to save the husband of the woman whom he loves; and may be said to deserve, in a general way, and under the code prevailing in fiction, that a big oak tree, uprooted by a Missouri hurricane, should fall upon the patient he has loyally healed, in the last chapter of the book but one.

Miss Young, it appears, has herself been a medical student, and a brilliant one. "There 's only one little mistake in that whole thing!" was the admiring comment of a successful surgeon on the strong chapter entitled the Life on the Table, which first appeared, I think, in this magazine. But let her make her next story a little less pathological. A romance ought not to reek of chloroform.

Miss Anna Farquhar, having previously tried her hand at social satire in Her Boston Experiences, and Her Washington Experiences, returns to the attack of the former city in An Evans of Suffolk, but can hardly be said to have effected a serious breach in its venerable defenses. This book is clever too, — in a vain, jaunty, trivial sort of way, with a cleverness that might be better employed. We can hardly be expected seriously to believe that a respectable Bostonian, returning to his native town after a long sojourn in Paris, and being gravely reminded by somebody's maiden aunt that her ancestors commanded his at the battle of Bunker Hill, is so prostrated by amusement at the idea as to drop upon the main stairway of a Beacon Street house, in the midst of an evening reception, and laugh until a lady's maid has to be summoned to replace his missing buttons! As a bit of burlesque, upon the other hand, this incident fails to amuse. It would appear that, after all, and for whatever reason, the ways of old Boston are not easy to burlesque. Surely there is, even yet, and though we live, as one may say, after the deluge, a character and a *cachet* about society there, as marked as in that of the old-time South; yet I cannot at this moment recall a single really good Boston novel. The Bostonians of Mr. Henry James was written a long while ago; and though the author had, as a matter of course, full knowledge of his theme, and could never have committed those violations of probability and sins against good taste into which most of his followers have fallen, his purpose was a little too obviously and exclusively one of persiflage. The Rev. Bolton King, in Let Not Man Put Asunder, caught a better likeness, but was not quite fair, upon the whole, to the morals of the Puritan city; while Alice Brown, in her able and thoughtful story of Margaret Warrener, did not pretend to go outside the circumscribed limits of Boston's rather colorless Bohemia. The true comedy — and it should be in the fullest sense of the term high comedy — of the three hills, and the westward flats, and the reclaimed fens, is yet to be written.

The Anglo-Germans are also here, — bearing what the department stores call their "Easter gifts." The tricksy but ever fascinating Elizabeth, who, though still reveling in the joy of a semi-transparent *incognita*, takes unquestioned precedence both by social and literary law, is at her best and brightest in the new book, — a narrative of the adventures, comic and sad, that befell her in the Baltic island of Rügen. She would seem to have discharged, once for all, — in that rather caustic tale, the Benefactress, — all her accumulated spleen against the petty ways of the German female, and the oppressive ways of the German official, and she now offers herself most amiably to be the reader's guide upon an entirely novel kind of summer tour. Her temper is, for the moment, perfectly sunny; her wit spontaneous, unflagging, irresistible. Under

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the spell of her careless and yet graphic word-painting, we behold great breadths of dancing waves and the solemn glory of ancient beech woods; we see acres of salt meadow all silvery with plumed cotton-grass, and fairly scent the exhilarating breeze that blows across them. And then, the attendants who minister to my lady's whims, — and the few other tourists whom she meets upon her eccentric way, — Cousin Charlotte, the *feministe*, and her ineffable spouse; Mrs. Harvey-Brown, the bishop's lady from England, with her simple-minded son "Brosy," — how demurely, how inimitably, with what infectious and yet not unkindly gayety all these are depicted!

"'Why Brosy?' I took courage to inquire.

"'It is short for Ambrose,' he answered.

"'He was christened after Ambrose,' said his mother, 'one of the Early Fathers, as no doubt you know.'

"But I did not know, because she spoke in German, for the sake, I suppose, of making things easier for me, and she called the Early Fathers *frühzeitige Väter*, so how could I know? 'Frühzeitige Väter,' I repeated dully. 'Who are they?'

"The bishop's wife took the kindest view of it. 'Perhaps you do not have them in the Lutheran Church,' she said; but she did not speak to me again at all, turning her back on me, quite, this time, and wholly concentrating her attention upon Charlotte.

"'My mother,' Ambrose explained in subdued tones, 'meant to say *Kirchenväter*.'"

Later on in their acquaintance, Mrs. Harvey-Brown confesses that she had been much disappointed in the Germans.

"'How sensible English people are compared to them!'

"'Do you think so?'

"'Why, of course! In everything.'

"'But are you not judging the whole nation by a few?'

"'Oh, one can always tell. What could be more supremely senseless, for instance,' — and she waved a hand over the bay, — 'than calling the Baltic the Ostsee?'

"'Well, but why should n't they, if they want to?'

"'But, dear Frau X., it is so foolish. East sea? Of what is it the east? One is always east of something, but one does n't talk about it! The name has no meaning whatever. Now Baltic exactly describes it.'"

On another occasion, when Mrs. Harvey-Brown sniffs insolence in a waiter, she inquires of the long-suffering Ambrose whether he does not think they had better "tell him who father is;" and this parochial use of the word father gives the reader a momentary pause. Not for the first time since the auspicious beginning of our acquaintance with Elizabeth do we catch, amid her Teutonic accessories and her studied Anglican allusions, the strangely familiar gleam of an *echter* Americanism. "Besides," observes the inimitable Charlotte, when explaining how she, too, happened to be in remote Rügen, "I was *run down*." He who can tell us why she did not say "pulled down" will prove, by the same token, that he "knows what Rameses knows."

In Violett, by the Baroness von Hutten (Violett is a boy's name, with a presumable accent on the final syllable), we have a pathetic and original *donnée*, and much of the peculiar grace of narration which characterized Our Lady of the Beeches. The new book is a musical novel, and not exempt from the touch of morbid sentimentalism which no musical novel wholly escapes. But the professional people, in particular, who figure in its pages, are drawn with a vigor and verisimilitude which argue personal acquaintance; — the rather cruel Bohemia where they play their parts is invested with no false glamour; and the tragic end of the sad little story is too inevitable and too simply told to appear melodramatic.

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As though to reprove all puling pessimism and warn the good American never to despair even of his rude province in the republic of letters, there comes quietly to us, from somewhere in the Middle West, a very modest and attractive little book, aptly entitled the Day before Yesterday. It is not so much a child's book — though the right sort of child would revel in it — as a book about children, — a family chronicle, humorous and yet reverent, written in sweetest English and with flawless taste. And what a family life it is which these fond recollections reflect! — simple, refined, honorable, and pious; — the life of plain but thoroughbred village folk, with brave traditions in this world and stout hope for the next; — infinitely amusing, infinitely affecting! The locality is not very exactly defined. We only know that it was west of Ohio, east of the Mississippi, and within easy reach of the great prairies, that this immaculate race, with ancestors in Virginian churchyards, and cousins in New England colleges, had laid already, in the first half of the last century, the foundations of a home, the very moral of what Sir George Trevelyan dreamed the American home might have been — if only it had remained English; the type — thank God! for it is more to the purpose now — of many in that vast midland, which has come, in the course of human events, to hold the balance of our national destinies.

Thus far, our novelists of the vernal season have all been women. The sex is doing its level best to monopolize the great industry of fiction-spinning, and has less to dread this year than usual, it may be, from its male competitors. We find no very distinguished name among these last except that of Lafcadio Hearn, who has collected in Kwaidan: or Stories and Studies of Strange Things, a series of Japanese ghost stories, dainty, wistful, beautiful; — all softly permeated by that amiable view of death which we must go to the far East to find in its perfection; and rendered into English with all the sympathetic insight and airy lightness of diction of which the Lecturer on English Literature in the Imperial University of Tokyo has, many times before, given us admirable examples. After the ghost stories proper come three Insect Studies, from Japanese and Chinese sources: on Butterflies, on Mosquitoes, and on Ants. The first of these contains a few exquisite English versions of Japanese *hokku*, or seventeen-syllable poems. The last, in gravely calling our attention to that very complete solution of some of the more perplexing of our social and sexual problems, which was long since reached in the formic societies, furnishes one of the most delicate and delightful pieces of satire one has met for many a day. And we may profess and proclaim what we will touching the theoretic obligation of national neutrality, — there is no disguising the quickened throb of sympathy which we all feel, just now, with the gallant little David of the farthest Orient, and the good fight he has made, so far, against the Russian Goliath.

For the rest, we have the inevitable deluge of dialect, falsely so-called: — the genial crudities of a nautical Yankee commonly called Cap'n Eri; a regrettable attempt to repeat, in the depressing memorials of one Mrs. M'Lerie, the fortuitous triumphs of Wee Macgreegor; a number of dark and bloody studies in socialistic fiction, à la Tolstoi, and à la Gorki; a book for boys, by George Cary Eggleston, entitled Running the River, brisk and, presumably, wholesome, of which the moral is, frankly, that the young American should be up and making money ere he loses the dew of his youth.

Finally, we have two books by men not yet widely known, but from whom we are led, by their present performance, to look for something excellent in the future. These are, Said the Fisherman, by Marmaduke Pickthall, and the Great Adventurer, by Robert Shackleford.

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The story of Said, comprising, first the Book of his Luck, and second, the Book of his Fate, is an Arabian tale, and, considered merely as a literary essay, it is already a work of remarkable maturity and finish. Its inspiration is, of course, drawn from the same inexhaustible source as that of Vathek, and Hadji Baba, and the Shaving of Shagpat. The Thousand and One Nights can still supply material for endless wonder-tales; but while those which I have named are all classics, in their way, the story of Said, which is neither an intentional satire like the histories of Shagpat and Hadji, nor a mere opium-fed fantasia, like Beckford's famous novel, is perhaps more intimately and entirely Oriental than either. It is more so even than Kim, because it is more purely objective, and the author effaces his own personality, as Kipling never can. Said is a drama of modern life, introducing recent and well-known historic incidents. The spirit, the motive, and the moral of it — for it has a very distinct moral — are all purely and simply Mohammedan; while the scenery of the ever picturesque East is laid in by the hand of a rare artist. One may open the book at random, and find upon almost any page a tiny vignette, as accurately drawn, as gemlike in the brilliancy of its color, as this: —

"It was the fourth hour of the day, and not until the flush of evening have men leisure to go forth and drink the sweet air of the garden. A stone bridge of a single lofty arch, which bestrode the wady lower down, looked at fragments of its likeness in the eddies and seemed nodding to sleep. The vast blue cope of the firmament paled everywhere toward the horizon in pearly haze. Abundance of leafage compassed the place on every side, but at one point, through a gap in the branches, the old wall of the city was visible, the white cube of an upper chamber peeping over it, with a bulging lattice and a single minaret cleaving the soft distance."

It would be unreasonable to expect Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall ever to write much better than he has done in Said; but one must earnestly hope that he will soon — and yet not too soon! — write more.

Precisely as far as the typical West from the traditional East is the scene of the Great Adventurer removed from that of Said the Fisherman. The Adventurer also may be described — in the journalistic sense — as an "inspired" book; inspired in this instance by the fiery example of the late lamented Frank Norris. It was inevitable that the daring author of the Octopus and the Pit should find followers; and Mr. Shackleford seems an earnest, virile, and not altogether unworthy one. His Adventurer — Newbury Linn — is the founder of a stupendous trust, or, rather, a combination of many trusts, aiming at nothing less than the commercial sovereignty of the civilized world. The story is developed with a certain hard strength. The author betrays a curious apparent indifference to what may be called — by comparison at least with the colossal iniquity which he aims to signalize — the minor morals. We miss altogether from his dry pages the poetry, the passion, the strong lift of humanistic enthusiasm, which redeemed and dignified the very meanest episodes in Mr. Norris's unfinished tragedy. Yet the inveterate idealism of the American asserts itself at the last, bringing the too trite story of Newbury Linn to a novel and impressive end. The failure of his great scheme, when on the very brink of success, is due, not so much to the counter-combination which was desperately planned for its defeat, as to a species of moral arrest, — the sudden, but decisive recoil of a curiously belated conscience in the breast of the Adventurer himself. Then resolutely, deliberately, of his own free act and purpose, he undertakes to dissolve the vast alliance which had been consolidated by his own Satanic ingenuity. He demolishes what he had reared,

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undoes the work of his life, and releases, by his own fiat, the myriad spirits confined in the prison of his tyranny. *Prosit.*

H. W. P.

Mr. Huneker's Musical Essays.

MUSICAL criticism that is at once suggestive and simple, original and obvious, is rare in these days of democracy in art. The great mass of writing on musical topics is for popular perusal, with little or nothing to commend it to music lovers who have more than a rudimentary knowledge of the subject. But once in a while there appears a writer who addresses himself to the musical thinker, and whose ideas are expressed in such striking literary language as to render the most recondite of them persuasively clear. Such a writer is James Huneker, whose latest volume [1] of essays has just been published. The collection embraces some essays that are not strictly musical. There is one on Nietzsche, one on Flaubert, the "Beethoven of Prose" as he is denominated, and one on Literary Men Who Loved Music. Several of them have appeared in the magazines, and are republished in amplified and otherwise altered form. All are fascinating reading. The volume is inscribed to Richard Strauss, the "Anarch of Art," who is the subject of the first essay.

Mr. Huneker has written a brilliant and comprehensive study of Strauss. Even allowing for the natural lean toward his subject of the moment, it is plain that Mr. Huneker pins his faith strongly on the new anarch of art. He finds that Strauss has restored to instrumental music its rightful sovereignty, threatened by the Wagnerian cohorts, that he has revolutionized symphonic music by breaking down its formal barriers, and has filled his tone-poems with a new and diverse *content*. Big words these. But Huneker goes farther. He does not hesitate to pit Strauss against the master minds of music and to award him the palm. "Berlioz never dared, Liszt never invented, such miracles of polyphony, a polyphony beside which Wagner's is child's play and Bach's is outrivaled." One may protest that all this is extravagant, and that prudence would dictate a little more reserve in eulogizing the work of a man of forty, still in his storm and stress period; but one must admit that Huneker has the courage of his convictions, and very firm convictions they seem to be. The other side of the picture, — Strauss's overemphasis of color schemes and mere size, and his apparent neglect of musical values except as tested by programmatic expressiveness — Mr. Huneker ignores. He concedes that his musical themes, *qua* themes, are not to be matched with Beethoven's, but the drift of his argument seems to be that the hypnotic power of Strauss's music prevents the absence of that melodic invention, which calm, critical judgment would demand, from being noticed. Or, putting it in another way, Strauss's music may sound better than it is; and so long as the fact is disguised, and no one the wiser, it is not to be deprecated. However, this is not the place to discuss Strauss, but Huneker; and he has written an interesting, though extreme, "appreciation" of the composer who to-day is unquestionably the greatest figure on the musical horizon.

The essay on Parsifal is more or less a protest against the sudden and exaggerated wave of popular enthusiasm started by the recent production of the opera in New York. As such, it may be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. There is something fascinating in the very extravagance of Mr. Huneker's critical objurgations. Of the book he says: "It is a farrago of odds and ends, the very dustbin of his philosophies, beliefs, vegetarian, anti-vivisection, and other fads. You see unfold before you a nightmare of characters and events. Without sim-

[1] *Overtones: A Book of Temperaments.* By JAMES HUNEKER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

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plicity, without lucidity, without naturalness — Wagner is the great anti-naturalist among composers — this book, through which has been sieved Judaism, Buddhism, Christianity, Schopenhauerism, astounds one by its puerility, its vapidity." He adds that "Wagner spread his music thin over a wide surface," and sums it all up with the remark that Parsifal is the weakest composition its creator ever planned. But if Mr. Huneker's thesis finds few supporters, it is by no means untenable, as his able brief proves.

Of Nietzsche, Mr. Huneker has many acceptable things to say, and he gossips entertainingly of Turgenieff, Balzac, Daudet, and George Moore, and their attitude toward music. He has a fine and contagious enthusiasm for the later Verdi, the turning-point in whose career he attributes to his acquaintance with Boïto.

The essay entitled After Wagner — What? promises more than it gives. Mr. Huneker answers the interrogation with another: "Why cannot we have the Athenian gladness and simplicity of Mozart, with the added richness of Richard Strauss?" And again another: "Why cannot we accept music without striving to extort from it metaphysical meanings?" To neither question vouchsafes he an answer. And so, as Strauss ends his tone-poem Zarathustra with the world-riddle unsolved, does Mr. Huneker close his latest volume with a question unanswered — and unanswerable.

Mr. Huneker as a critic of music has the faculty of giving one his impressions with unequivocal directness: and his impressions are always worth having. He is a suggestive writer, and in his point of view often original. His command of a facile pen and his feeling for vigorous and picturesque words make his criticism forceful and convincing. Even while one is quite sure that he does not agree with a certain extravagant statement, he finds himself doubting and, under the stress of the brilliant phrasing, almost persuaded. The work of so individual a writer is always welcome. But Mr. Huneker should guard against a dash of cynicism which now and then evinces itself. Sweetness and light are of coequal importance in a critic, — especially a musical critic. Without the former quality his work must fail of permanence. *Lewis M. Isaacs.*

A History of American Music.

Two rather bitter and pessimistic letters from the composer MacDowell, recently given to the public, have directed attention to the quality and status of the music produced in this country. In one Mr. MacDowell resigned the professorship of music which he had held at Columbia, declaring that the limitations of the curriculum precluded any adequate or dignified development of the study of music, but adding that all the arts were treated equally ill, and that the graduates of the university were little other than barbarians in their knowledge or appreciation of æsthetics. In the other he asked withdrawal of a composition of his from a concert devoted to American music, on the ground that to put forward by themselves musical works written by Americans was an indignity and an injustice, inasmuch as it implied that they were unworthy to be presented on an equality with the writings of other composers as integral portions of an impartial programme. Without pausing to discuss whether this last point be well taken, or whether it might not be as forcibly pressed against a concert of Flemish, Russian, or English music, it is depressing to find a man of Mr. MacDowell's talent and authority maintaining urgently such extreme views; and yet one doubts whether America be, after all, a musical Nazareth from which no real good is to come.

But one feels relieved and cheered after examining Mr. Louis C. Elson's

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volume,[1] many of whose statements of fact, incident, and personality reassure, and whose deductions and prognostications encourage. It should, however, be called rather an essay toward a history than a history; for the materials, which have been gathered carefully, and no doubt laboriously, are not so well coördinated as to afford due proportion and perspective. So far as there is any complete conspectus of musical progress in this country, it is quite closely confined to New England, although the early existence of transplanted English music in the southern colonies, the life of opera in the French dependencies, the establishment of the Philharmonic Society in New York, and the desire for conservatories and orchestras throughout the country are recognized fully and fairly. Mr. Elson rightly places religious music first in the order of influence and development of the science and art in America, admitting that the real point of departure was from New England. Prayer and praise were associated in the minds of the early settlers, in spite of their many grim beliefs and the severe rigidity of their psalmody, so that the first efforts toward formal expression of native musical feeling naturally took the shape of religious songs and tunes, some of which have maintained themselves to the present time as exemplary and still available for public services.

The expansion of private gatherings for practice of such vocal music — as later for the social study of instrumental compositions, beginning in Boston near the end of the eighteenth century — into strong and permanent societies is considered justly as leading to that diffusion of musical understanding and interest which caused the formation of educational institutions, orchestras, choruses, and chamber-music companies.

The large and ever mooted questions of folk-songs and a distinctively American musical style or school receive chapters to themselves; but the discussion ends nearly where it began, — that the aboriginal Indian music is difficult of preservation and virtually impossible of assimilation into modern composition because of its fluctuating tonality and abnormal progression; and that a national fashion of song is to be sought, if anywhere, in the plantation melodies and "spirituals," which rudely and yet tenderly try to press the emotional fervor and pathos of the negro nature into forms borrowed or adapted from general vocalism. Extreme value seems here to be set upon the work of Stephen C. Foster, who, after all, merely created a species of song better and more faithful in giving a graceful, lovable form to the sentiments of slave life than did others belonging to the same genus and epoch.

Some divisions of the book are devoted to composers and directors of orchestral and vocal music, to the spread of the opera, to the participation of women in composition, to the present conditions of musical education and criticism, and to the right and wrong tendencies of the American musical disposition, the latter deriving chiefly from the national disinclination to be serious, to move slowly, and to consider intrinsic worth before superficial brilliancy and material profit. But that America has made music that Europe has welcomed and esteemed is proclaimed plainly and stoutly as a cheering fact.

As has been implied, the only symmetrically developed portions of the book relate to Boston and its derivatives. Yet this is probably not due to partiality, for the author has evidently striven to be equitable, but rather to the difficulty of finding and collating material elsewhere. A kindly temper prevails, comparisons are avoided, and gentle judgments are the rule. The style is alert, fluent, and interesting, but qualified sometimes by a lenity that would suit better with an

[1] *The History of American Music.* By Louis C. Elson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

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ephemeral chronicle than a permanent history.

The book itself is, as Holmes once wrote, "a very heavy quarto," bulky and fatiguing to hold, but handsome and legible in type, liberally and relevantly illustrated, and has a bibliography, together with an ample and excellent index. *Howard M. Ticknor.*

The Moorish Empire in Europe.

It would be small praise to say that Mr. Scott's books [1] contain the best account in English of the rise and fall of Muhammadan dominion in southwestern Europe; for these three well-made volumes, the result of twenty years of study, will find few and poor competitors in English. This is the more remarkable when the importance of Arab empire in Spain and Sicily is properly estimated and the degree of influence exercised on Mediæval Europe by Islamic civilization is adequately measured. Unfortunately, many writers have still to realize that the influence of Asia on Europe has been greater than that of Europe on Asia. Indeed, speaking in the broadest sense, the history of the world has been chiefly the history of the intercourse — religious, intellectual, political, and economic — between the two continents. The most interesting, perhaps the most important, period of this intercourse is marked by the rise of Islam, the double attack on Christendom by Muslim kingdoms at both ends of the Mediterranean, and the continued existence in Europe of a Muhammadan empire which, in the domain of arts and sciences, and in material civilization, was long the superior of any state in western Europe. The problems arising from the intimate contact of Latin and Semitic institutions, and the variety of matters in which Europe was debtor to the Arab, will lead the student far afield.

The whole story of that contact in war and peace is presented by Mr. Scott with panoramic effect; and though the method is discursive and the style at times diffuse, the results are interesting. After warning the reader that Muhammad has endured varied and for the most part unjust treatment at the hands of biographers, he concludes: "If the object of religion be the inculcation of morals, the diminution of evil, the promotion of human happiness, the expansion of the human intellect; if the performance of good works will avail in that great day when mankind shall be summoned to its final reckoning, it is neither irreverent nor unreasonable to admit that Muhammad was indeed an Apostle of God." Side by side with such praise should be set a reiterated prejudice against Roman Christianity in the Middle Ages. Arab culture needs for its defense and praise no such contrast as is presented by an unmeasured condemnation of the whole course of European civilization from the eighth to the sixteenth century. Indeed, the desire to secure dramatic effect has in some respects impaired Mr. Scott's accuracy. For this, however, the reader is partially prepared by an examination of the elaborate but poorly arranged bibliography. Much of the best in original and secondary sources is to be noted, but surprising omissions as well as curious inclusions are apparent. Macaulay knew much, but his History of England can scarcely rank as an authority on Moorish Spain. These facts are indicative of what becomes certain as doubtful questions are examined. Matters long seriously disputed are treated with such confidence and such obliviousness to the difficulties which have taxed the ablest scholars that hesitation instinctively arises on the part of those who are asked to accept some of the author's conclusions. Yet, when all is said and done, this interesting and ardent if somewhat uncritical presentation deals with events and conditions too long neglected by

[1] *History of the Moorish Empire in Europe.* By S. P. Scott. 3 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

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English and American students. The ultra-Teutonic tendency of many of our histories is perhaps partly responsible for this neglect. We need, in fact, to be told more frequently that Europe has not always fronted to the Atlantic. This Mr. Scott does most successfully.

A. L. P. D.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Things Found in Books.

WHAT queer variety of things we sometimes come across in books long undisturbed — besides what the authors and the printers put there! I have just opened that delightful book, Murray on the Origin and Growth of the Psalms, and there stares me in the face a number of blue prints taken by one of my sons on the gulf-side and on the bay-side of Galveston Island, — pictures that bring back many reminiscences. Lovely sea-and-cloud views some of them are, with the clumps of tamarisk in the foreground, and the beach, below the sand-dunes on which these grow, stretching down to the surf. These call to mind a breeze-blown summer spent partly in that fatal Lucas Terrace, in whose ruins the storm of 1900 buried so many, and partly in a tent close beside one of those jungles of salt-cedar. Ah! those days and nights! The bay-side sketches are of Bremen steamers and Galveston wharves, and speak not so strongly to the memory.

Another book, opened at random, will reveal a leaf or flower pressed long ago, "in the time of the Barmecides," after a tramp in the woods near Oxford, Mississippi, or along the banks of the Congaree in South Carolina, or beside the Kinchatoonee in Georgia. One calls up a black sluggish stream, in the reedy thicknesses of whose margin shone forth suddenly a gemlike flower, a full reward for heated cheeks and dusty feet, helping the dense shade of the woods to bring coolness and rest to the youngest of the wanderers. Another takes us back to the fern-covered bank, to which we so often turned our steps to search for the earliest anemones, or to gather in the tiny glen near it our richest treasure of golden lady-slippers. Still another tribute of our travels recalls the slow voyage in fairy waters on the gulf-coast of Florida and the wonderful seaweed forms fished up from a coral sea-bottom.

Take in hand that bulky volume, so seldom lifted from its shelf, and it will open of itself at the place where was thrust long ago the wedding invitation of our lively and charming friend who helped to make a Shakespeare Club in Cuthbert, Georgia, so interesting. But the puccoon flower we showed her, as the earliest transport of spring in the woods beside the mill-pond, will be found in another book, — perchance in that Browning our eldest used to pore over with such zest.

It is a bad plan to hide away precious things thus, for our old loves so often cease to draw us to their pages. Long years have passed since I opened a volume of my once beloved Noctes Ambrosianæ. Shall I try the experiment now? Henry Rogers in the Eclipse of Faith mentions the curious circumstance of a large sum of money in bank bills being found in a family Bible where they had been hidden under the conviction that *that* book would be unlikely ever to be opened by any one but the secret depositor. Let me not be so fond as to imagine treasure in these lucubrations of Kit North. There will be no twenty-dollar bill found there, I warrant you: never was there one of us so insensate as to slip

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money into a book, — we spend all we get too fast for that. But, hey! this is a photograph, long forgotten. Can it be anybody's sweetheart? I would fain hope not, — no, not even a cousin or a friend, let us trust! Indeed, it is hard to remember for whom it is meant.

Is it my Greek books you are looking at? It is ages since I have touched them. Scholarship is out of fashion nowadays. There must come a need for a new Renaissance before Hellenic studies will come into vogue again. But do you imagine that anything striking will be found in these? Let me turn the pages of this Antigone and try a new kind of "Sortes Vergilianæ." Sure enough! there is a flutter of falling paper, — a cutting from an old Times-Democrat, I opine. It is one of the most imaginative of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston's lyrics. My daughter must have put it there, besides recording the verses in her memory, for I have heard her repeat them often. But why put them into the Antigone? It was the nearest book at hand, no doubt, and it was the merest chance that laid our poet's pretty fancies side by side with the tragic lines of Sophocles.

As yet I have said nothing of the marginal notes, the multitudinous scribblings, which now disfigure and now illuminate books. Who is not familiar with them? And with what different emotions do we come upon the different sorts!

When they are the notes of scholars, we welcome them as noteworthy, possibly precious commentaries on the text. I well remember a fine copy of Horace, once in my possession, which had belonged to that eminent scholar and essayist, Hugh Swinton Legaré, and was thickly strewn with notes in his handwriting. Alas, it is now no more, having perished in that Galveston storm already mentioned. I had given it to an appreciative scholar, whose life went out with the downfall of Lucas Terrace; and all his possessions were buried under its ruins.

But, when the inscriptions on margin or blank page of the book you have in hand are the merest rubbish, the silly outpourings of a fool's too ample leisure, you fume with unuttered execrations on his memory, or laugh loudly at his idiocy, as the mood of the moment may move you.

I have an old French Bible, printed at Basle in 1760, which has some interesting matter inscribed on the blank pages of front and back. One of these inscriptions runs thus, — I give the spelling of the original, —

"Cette petite Bible est à moi Jean Bert Si je la viens a perdre Celui qui la Trouvera qui aije la bonté de me la Rendre je lui donneray une Raisonable Trouvieré [evidently a provincial word signifying 'finder's reward,' perhaps originally *trouveuré*] car c'est un Livre pour me conssoller et pour m'aprandre à quiter le vice et m'atacher à la vertú Cesser de mal faire apprandre à bien faire fuir le mal et m atacher au bien quiter lidolatrie du monde pour m'atacher au pur Service de Dieu."

At the back of the book in another hand and in paler ink, now almost illegible, are rhymed verses that constitute a confession of faith, the first line being: —

"J'abjure de bon coeur le Pape et son Empire,"

showing the writer to have been as sound a Huguenot as Jean Bert, the first owner of the book.

Sometimes one has surprises. In the textbook of one of my students I once hit upon a capital caricature of myself.

Educated Mispronunciations.

A BRILLIANT Irishman of Boston says that New Yorkers accuse him of speaking with an "educated mispronunciation." The phrase characterizes excellently a kind of error of speech which is different from vulgar error in that it is proud of itself: vulgar error does not recognize itself as error, and when it does arrive at self-consciousness it is heartily ashamed.

No one objects to the mistakes of an

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educated person; they do much to make him human. Often, too, the cultivated person wears his mistakes with a kind of distinction, just as a well-bred body carries with grace an ill-fitting garment. But most odious is the cultivated error that sets itself up — in print — as criterion for the mob. What intellectual snobbery! What narrow provincial urbanity! Some months ago I read a paper in one of the magazines by a cultivated English lady on what she called, with irritating assumption, "the trick of education." Her underlying thought was that between two forms equally correct, the educated person chooses the better. That is an old and obvious idea which I have read in about fifteen textbooks on rhetoric. And because it is old and obvious and still remembered, it is a good idea. My regards to the lady for her nice plea for fine distinctions! But, alas, she falls into the pitfall which was digged, by what Thomas Hardy would call the Spirit of Irony, for the aloof and high-stepping few. Why should she crystallize as correct and preferable downright blunders, of which her particular social class happens to be uniformly guilty?

With easy assurance she informs us that "girl" does not rhyme with "whirl" and "pearl" and "curl." She is a poet, and she ought to know better. But no, she expects us to give up our beautiful lyric about the little girl who did not dress her hair in pompadour. How, then, are we to pronounce "girl"? Listen! "He who says 'girl' to rhyme with 'pearl' has less the trick of education than he who says 'girl' with the vowel of 'care.'" "The trick of education seems indeed to be fond of this vowel — the vowel of 'care' and 'girl.'" It must be a low-down trick. The vowel of "girl" and "care," a long "a," is pronounced like the long "o" in "teeth," and only a few English people can get it.

A little more education (say, in a good university) and a little less "trick of education" would tell this lady that the "ir" in "whirl" and the "ir" in "girl" are the same. A better ear for language, and some study of the physiology of phonetics, would show her that as a plain physical fact of vocal utterance the weak vowels become identical before "r." "R" is a sort of cotton fibre sound which muffles distinctions. Assertion for assertion, by the facts of phonetics, by the ineluctable physics of sound, "girl" must rhyme with "whirl" and "pearl" and "curl." And so it does in all the poets.

If there is a possible better pronunciation of "girl," it is that which I have heard from the strong throats of Scotsmen, who say the word exactly as it is spelled, "gĭrl." It is difficult to manage; you begin as if you were to speak of the gill of a fish, and then stuff in between the "i" and the "l" a good hoarse "r." This pronunciation is historical; it will show you how to pronounce the word "girles" in Chaucer. But here, again, though we have a more reasonable "preference," the natural physiology of sound forbids.

The same lady prefers "in*ex*plicable," "in*dis*soluble," "in*ac*ceptable," to "in-exp*lic*able," "indis*so*luble," and "unac-*cep*table." In the first two cases she is right, except that it is not a question of preference. The *only* correct pronunciation is "in*ex*plicable" and "in*dis*soluble." In the third case she is embalming two errors. In the first place, the word "inacceptable" does not exist; she means "unacceptable." In the second place, it is accented only on the antepenult, and no other accentuation is correct. So she is preferring something which is quite wrong.

Cultivated people are delightful when they mispronounce; they give humbler folk a comforting sense of equality. When, however, persons of culture insist on their errors, they are irritating. One of the best readers and speakers I know prides himself on saying "middiff" for "midwife." He fancies that the least usual thing is the best, and he is beauti-

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fully misled in this case by "housewife," which *may* be pronounced "hussiff" if one prefers. The pronunciation "midiff" does not exist. I have no quarrel with his error. My quarrel is with his persisting that the only right way to pronounce the word is less preferable. In the same way he prefers "cumred" to "commrăd." He has a right to his preference; but once he cried out in alarm because I said "commrăd," which is also correct. His error in setting down as wrong what he does not prefer is pernicious.

Another critic and philosopher of my acquaintance is irritated by the flat "a" of the Westerner, which sounds like the slap of a shingle against a picket fence. Swinging to the other extreme, my friend carefully pronounces "man" like the German "mann." Oh, blunderer! Oh, earless one! To talk like that and pretend to give lectures on poetry!

The comic papers have already made ridiculous the man who speaks of "chawming weathah." And even cultivated people would pronounce "r" if they could. In the east of America, the letter is obsolete before consonants and at the end of a word. In the west it is multiplied to the vibrations of a thousand telegraph wires. Who is left in the land that can pronounce "carthorse"?

Well, no matter about that; it is beside my theme. My protest is aimed at the chests of persons who call themselves educated, and boast their blunders as part of their education. Consider the lilies! Listen to the mocking-baird! Oh, temporary morals! "The little gayrl refused the unACceptable mann." Would not that make even a Bostonian go west of Worcester and rejoice in the shrill purring of the Chicago "r"? Would not that sentence render even tolerable the New Yorker's "little goil who oiled hoy coils with hair-oil, and watched the little boid sitting on the coib-stone"?

Let us cleave to our preferences, but let us not prefer anything that is positively incorrect. Above all, let us not try to reduce our preferences for what is wrong into law and prophecy for the Common People.

Disagreeable People I have Known Who have Loved Plants.

NOTHING but that awful inductive habit would ever have led me to furnish such a title as this. The inductive process is not natural to me, and I always feel a little mean after using it. I would much prefer to go on the rest of my days in my early, easy-going, and naïve theory that all who love plants must be lovely, and to say of each exception to the rule that it did not count. But of late the exceptions have become so turbulent and numerous that they must be reckoned with and brought into some sort of order. Having for some time been applying a process of induction, severe induction, to my earlier creed, I now venture forth my growing doubts, in the hope — probably entertained by most skeptics — that some one will prove them unfounded.

I own up that, though I have gone on assuming the loveliness of plant-lovers, I have always stood a little in awe of people who were specially successful with plants. Perhaps I ought to say, rather, that I always supposed it to be awe, for of late I have come to feel it rather a subtle instinct of self-preservation which warned me off their borders. I set down also the fact that of the half-dozen plant experts who immediately occur to my mind there is not one in whose presence I could ever become what you would call rollicking, though I do not know that I ever put it to myself in just that way before. For years my first and conventional mental reaction on seeing a window full of geraniums in our village would be that some choice soul dwelt behind them. Yet there was a strange joylessness about the discovery, which I now realize to have been due mainly to a subconscious association of the best geranium windows with the largest amount

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of gossip. To this day, a window of geraniums will give me an unpleasant feeling of being watched.

My facts are not all in yet, but from such as come to me I form the conclusion that those who get on best with plants find it, as a rule, rather difficult to keep on good terms with the highest forms of organic matter. You can *snip* geraniums and they will not protest, but human beings on the whole, while confessing many useless elements in themselves, prefer to part with them in a manner less peremptory than would satisfy your flower expert. Is it just possible that some folks take to plants as the only living thing that never seems to answer back?

Something of tartness certainly flavors the communion of the average horticulturist with his kind. A boy falls enraptured of all kinds of people, — hostlers, sailors, carpenters, or tramps, — but I recall only one instance of a boy forming an intimacy with a gardener, while even that instance now lies so dimly in my mind that I cannot vouch for it. I recall that in my boyhood the citizens of our neighborhood who had gardens, and worked in them evenings, were always connected in my mind with something acrid and suspicious. In all this I am not unmindful of Professor Child and his roses, and I still celebrate in my soul the memory of one plant-lover in our village, whose gift to our household was always that of heliotrope and cream, a gift the remembrance of which softens all my reflections of plant experts, making me still hopeful of them no matter how much I may suffer from them. But these are exceptions.

If I were to put in a general law the result of my experiences, I could not do so better than by imitating Charles Kingsley's famous summing up of John Henry Newman's attitude toward truth, and saying "that amiability is not and on the whole ought not to be a prime requisite of people who are devoted to flowers."

Of all people, I should have looked to garden folks as those from whom a genial and encouraging humanity was most to be expected. But all this belongs back in my deductive days. Now I might approach the office of a capitalist with reasonable expectations of a natural and human half-hour, or the sanctum of a scholar or high ecclesiastic without undue awe, or even the neighborhood of a statesman and yet feel calmly about it, as if he were nothing but a human being raised to a slightly higher power; but I should keep an appointment with one who had had success with small fruits or hardy plants (and written a book about it) with most of my natural emotions in full retreat inward. Not even the scientific expert would produce in me the same dread. True, he knows enough to overwhelm me; but there is usually something so delightfully dunderheaded about the scientific expert! I feel as a rule so sorry for him to think that, with so much greater materials at hand than I ever have, he can draw such limited conclusions from it all! Though he would love to make a great broad-chested affirmation he never quite does it, and thus he appeals to my sympathy. I sort of love him and like to be with him.

Perhaps these doubts are corroding my moral nature in thus making me skeptical toward the goodness which once I was so willing to take on trust. Once you get started with distrust, it reaches out into regions where you never dreamed it would go, for here am I after years of familiarity with the Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister, — in which it never occurred to me to feel anything but disgust at that brute of a monk who went about snipping the blooms from Brother Lawrence's plants, — here am I trying to find excuses for the irate brother, and asking myself whether it was not just possible that plants were only Brother Lawrence's way of being disagreeable in the cloister.

Let no one suppose that I hate plants. I am trying my best to dare to love

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them. What I rebel against is the hopeless feeling of inferiority begotten in me by these minor nature-lovers in connection with the very things which I hoped would make me feel equal and open and genial. A little crabbed by nature, I had looked toward gardens and garden books as a freeing influence, perhaps the last one left to me, and I am disappointed. I do not carry a chip on my shoulder in this world, but have been willing to be inferior in a hundred different ways. The capitalist does but represent to me the doctrine of election in a way to which I am accustomed, and I never complain of unequal wealth. The four hundred rather interest me than otherwise. But when any one tries to make me feel inferior by means of mignonette and roses and lilacs, I rise up in indignation. There's Elizabeth, to wit, and her German Garden. When have I ever felt so much like a worm and no man, so scornfully rejected as unfit for the fellowship of flowers, — and pretty nearly everything else, — as after reading that? I could readily believe that part of her story in which her gardener himself appeared one day on the scene, gone stark mad, and I thought of what a well-known historical scholar had told me of the French Revolution, that it was not so much poverty and taxes as it was scorn which brought on the final disaster. A thousand minor French Revolutions burned in my breast. Supposing, in a general way, that I had some affinity for flowers, here was my right called in question by the One Only Lover of Plants and Gardens. Between the temptation to assert my rights and the inclination to turn a floral anarchist, and never again to believe in any one who loved plants, my being was divided against itself. For sheer superciliousness, the kind that brought on the French Revolution, commend me not to the plutocrat, nor the critic, nor the four hundred, but to the lover of plants.

Much of this ardor for flowers seems to me of the sort spoken of by Amiel when, describing some delight, he says, "when once the taste for it is set up the mind takes a special and keen delight in it, for one finds in it

Son bien premièrement, puis le dédain d'autrui,

and it is pleasant to one's vanity not to be of the same opinion as the common herd."

But my earlier assumption comes back to me. The lovers of gardens ought to be lovely, and perhaps there is a way, after all. In spite of the fact that on those evenings when we as a family feel particularly superior to the rest of the world we always select for reading aloud one of the recent volumes on gardens, I say to myself that the soul of man — and woman — has a long time to run, and may yet grow so accustomed to the glory of the plant as to dare to become more agreeable about it. Then, with a new tenderness running through my soul I say also, "Who knows what has driven these people to horticulture? If we knew all we might forgive all." Mr. Birrell has told us how despair of ever settling such difficult matters as Apostolical Succession and the influence of Newman have driven some men to collecting butterflies and beetles. If we but knew what unkindlier and more difficult issues they had fled from we might forgive all to these caustic brothers and sisters who own gardens and have had success with small fruits. Let us lift up our heads, then, all of us who have for the past five years felt so inferior just because we could boast of nothing but an old-fashioned, easy-going love for plants, or could say nothing of Wild Animals Who Have Helped Us. Let us be grateful that life has been so normal with us that we have never been driven to such devices as these.

Confessions of a Woman Lecturer.

THE tribulations of the woman lecturer are many; and the first is her pursuit. Why should she speak in public, if she dislikes the occu-

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pation? asks the Sensible Reader. Sensible Reader, the answer would carry us far afield into psychological mysteries. Suffice it to say that even a woman may be so interested in the subjects of her love that she cannot refrain from telling other people about them. Moreover, so extraordinarily prevalent in this queer country of ours is the desire of being lectured to, that the many women beset by appeals to speak may almost say, in the immortal words of Lady Laura Etchingham, "It is expected of us." Be these things as they may, one may shudder, yet accept; one may long for the Ingle and the Stocking, yet be fated to the Platform, the Glass of Water, the Floral Tribute, and the Attentive Throng.

Dim reports I have indeed heard from regions afar of "platform women" who gloried in their shame. There are other women, perhaps a number of them, who yearn toward platform and publicity as toward an unattained Paradise. One such I met once, — a large lady, of sonorous voice. "I know," she said to me, with resonant emphasis, "that my proper sphere would be the Platform. Why else did the Lord give me such an organ? I could fill a hall of ten thousand people with this organ. The only trouble with me is" — she sighed with deep regret — "I think and I think, and I cannot seem to find anything in particular that I could say." "Would that all public speakers, men and women, were so dowered with self-knowledge!" I exclaimed inwardly; but I mused in sadness on the perversity of the little imps who withheld the longed-for joy from this deep-throated lady, while they forced my shrinking self before the footlights!

One, at least, of these feminine victims — or tyrants — of the public, — whichever you choose to consider them, — suffers unspeakable things when she lectures, from the constant presence of a certain Auditor. Whether she face a Woman's Club or a College audience, a Charity Conference, or a University Extension meeting, this Auditor is there. He is a burly man, of not ungenial aspect, in brown coat of antiquated cut, and a snuffy, crooked wig. At one point or another of the address she catches sight of him; terribly often it is when an emotional climax has been reached, and the flushed lecturer, pausing in her flow of words, feels a little tingle return upon her from the hushed, vibrating audience. At such a sweet moment as this — for that the Woman Lecturer has her sweet moments I attempt not to deny — that Auditor rises; his gruff if ghostly tones break in familiar words upon the silence: "Sir," — he always remarks, — though sometimes no Sirs are present, — "Sir, a woman speaking in public is like a dog standing upon its hind legs; the thing is very badly done, but the wonder is that it is done at all." Shall I confess further? I am tormented on the platform — doubtless from the hypnotic suggestion conveyed in these words — by the phantom presence of the little dog to whom my Auditor refers. He is always a black and tan, with one yellow ear. The inevitable desk and frequent floral decorations conceal him from the audience; but I see him. He presses close to my skirts, he rears his tiny figure with mincing grace, he dances precariously about, accenting my periods, and occasionally when my eloquence flags I behold him with horror dropping crestfallen upon his hind feet. Worst of all, miserable and disconcerting fact, his little red jaws follow the motions of my own. Tell me, O my sister lecturers, are you similarly afflicted? Tell me, O Sensible Reader, may not this be called a tribulation?

In the presence of this ghostly accompaniment all minor inconveniences fade away. Yet they are many. Would you learn to know human nature, O ye who do not lecture, put yourselves as speakers at the disposal of a Cause. Not that the knowledge you acquire will be wholly unpleasant. Kindly arrangements will

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often be made for your comfort; you will even, I admit, gain as lecturer a hidden joy in a singularly happy sense of fellowship with your brother men. Yet, if I mistake not, you will have occasion greatly to marvel at the expectations of the public. Hold yourself ready to attend a Federation five hundred miles away, — expenses paid one way, no other perquisites, — for the privilege of occupying fifteen minutes in presenting your world-wide theme, — I have even known the limit to be ten. "In order to secure variety," says the note of invitation, "the other addresses of the evening will be upon the Theory of Mental Healing, and the Best Novels of the Past Six Weeks." — Or, it may be, you will be asked to betake yourself in midwinter to a distant village on the Northern seacoast, where a Woman's Club has just been formed: "The Club is not able to offer any fees, but the ladies do so much want to hear you. They wonder if the offer of a week's board at Mrs. Brown's would not be acceptable to you? That would be a very nice arrangement for them, as the lecture has sometimes to be deferred two or three days, since the Club does not try to meet in stormy weather."

But why continue? Many a tribulation turns into joy when one has a sense of humor. And then, there are the compensating Tributes! Space forbids me to cull from my choice collection more than two: "I don't know how to thank you for your lecture," said an effusive hearer to me once. "It was simply the most eloquent mosaic I ever listened to." Better than this, best and most heartening of all, was my experience with a Lady who lives forever in the family annals as my Disciple from Nebraska. She was portly and of majestic mien, and throughout my talk she fixed me with her eye. The lecture over, — I remember that it was a lecture on Shelley, — she made her impressive way through the circle of sympathetic people who always press up to the speaker with comment and question. The circle opened before her; with large gesture she clasped my hand, and gazed on me in silence. A tear welled up in her eye. I returned her gaze, spellbound; the others waited; would she never speak? At last the words came, slow and loud: —

"In the name of your suffering sisters of Nebraska, I give you thanks," she said.

I gasped. I know now that I might have said, "Thank Shelley," but at the time this did not occur to me. Beside, she was going on.

"And now," she continued with fervor, "still in the name of your sisters, I ask you a further favor. I ask you for data."

The lecturer is accustomed to be asked for anything and everything in the way of intellectual wares: "I shall be happy if I have any that can be of service," I replied obligingly. "Data on what?"

My Disciple paused, glancing at the listening group: —

"Data on any subject which you can give will be a boon, indeed, to your sisters in Nebraska."

I caught a twinkle in the eye of a friend, and was lost. Hastily composing my features, I gave the lady from Nebraska an appointment, — she would n't go without one, — and escaped.

The next morning, when she was announced, I went down to find her standing, arms on hips, gravely scrutinizing an engraving of Mona Lisa. She turned to me, the light of appreciation in her eyes.

"I call her *plain*," she remarked, with cheery accent. "Now, how about those data?"

I gave them to her. I do not remember what they were, but I recall that she went away in deep content, the dusty reports of fifteen reform movements clasped ardently, among other matter, to her capacious bosom. I have not

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heard from her since, and she sent me no copy of the paper, which, as I discovered, she was proposing to edit for the benefit of the women of her native state.

Contemporaneousness.

EVEN chemistry, I am told, is not so exact a science as to exclude mystery. Does it not teach that certain widely different compounds are products, in the last analysis, of the same elements, combined in the same proportions? The process of combination, — the electric affinities of atoms, — there is the riddle!

I was reminded of these strange contradictions by reading, in a recent Atlantic, a review of certain books of verse; or, rather, by reading certain generalizations to which the critic's subject leads him. With all the world's masterpieces of poetry to work with, that reviewer's mind evolves a conclusion which satisfies him as logical and just; and here is my humbly anonymous intellect producing, with exactly the same materials, a diametrically opposite result.

He has been dealing with certain "contrasting experiments in poetic drama." The theme of one of these dramas, he says, "has the inestimable advantage of possessing already a hold upon the imagination of the general; an advantage which great dramatic poets from Æschylus to Shakespeare have sedulously pursued, and which the best of their successors down to Mr. Stephen Phillips have continued to pursue;" whereas the author of the other play "is actually trying to interpret the present moment in blank verse," — an effort which compels the bewildered critic "to think there is a real incongruity between their substance and their form." And at last we find him laying down the law thus: —

"No great dramatic poetry, no great epical poetry, has ever dealt with contemporary conditions. Only the austere processes of time can precipitate the multitude of immediate facts into the priceless residuum of universal truth. The great dramatists have turned to the past for their materials, not of choice, but of necessity. Here and there in the dark backward and abysm of time, some human figure, some human episode, is seen to have weathered the years, and to have taken on certain mysterious attributes of truth; and upon this foundation the massive structure of heroic poetry is builded."

But surely the contemporaneousness of all great art is a truth too important to be at the mercy of any one's experiments. The masterpieces of every art — I venture to generalize even more broadly than the reviewer — have been the complete, the ultimate expression of the age which produced them, never in any sense an echo of any other. They express the universal truth through the medium of the thought, the feeling of their own time, and they owe nothing to the past except the basic materials, — the stones and mortar, the words and the singing voice, the vast background of nature and human nature, the dreams, the faith, the aspirations, which belong to all the ages, though they take widely varying forms in their progress through the centuries.

Of course, his protest is obvious: "However expressive of its age the masterpiece may be," he will say, "it turns to the past for its themes." I answer that in a restricted and superficial sense it does sometimes, and sometimes not, but that in a larger and deeper sense it never does. He will confront me then with instances: What of Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear? What of Œdipus, the Prometheus Bound, Faust? What of Paradise Lost, yea, of the Iliad itself, whose heroes lived and fought centuries before Homer sang?

But in every one of these instances, I contend, the theme was strictly contemporaneous, and the characters were the imaginative embodiments of the feeling of the poet's time. Milton's theme was the Puritan faith, and his God, Satan, Adam and Eve were most wonderfully

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his neighbors. Homer was the creator of Achilles, Agamemnon, Hector, — yes, of the Trojan war itself; he made the whole epic history out of a contest less poetically promising than the present Russo-Japanese campaign, and in doing it he made use of all the religious imagery and significance with which his high-reaching imagination, and that of his compatriots, enriched the bareness of the theme; in short, he "dealt with contemporary conditions." Would the reviewer contend that Shakespeare found in Hamlet or in Lear a human figure which had "weathered the years and taken on certain mysterious attributes of truth"? If he does, let him strip his mind completely of these great tragedies, and look up the childish old wives' tales which served as the poet's point of departure. Shakespeare took a hint from some foolish ditty; from that point he changed plot and characters to suit the convenience of his strictly modern purpose, to make his work express his own feeling, his own time.

I might ask him about certain other masterpieces of art in which the materials, as well as the general theme and spirit, are of the most absolute contemporaneousness. What, for example, of the Book of Job and the Hebrew prophecies? What of the Parthenon, of the Hermes of Praxiteles? What of the Gothic cathedrals, of Don Quixote, of Molière's comedies, of Velasquez' portraits? What of Dante, whose Beatrice and Francesca he did not find in that "dark backward and abysm of time" where our critic — and so many others, alas! — would locate the treasury of art? For us, but not for the mighty Florentine, these ladies, and other people, his contemporaries, have "weathered the years and taken on certain mysterious attributes of truth." But it was Dante who gave them to time and men's hearts, and all that has been said about them since — even to the well-meaning efforts of Mr. Stephen Phillips himself — has been but echoes of echoes.

Never, with any great poet, was his theme "remote" and "aloof" from his own time. Never has he dealt with anything else but "contemporary conditions." It is only the minor poet who declares himself "the idle singer of an empty day," who finds his age prosaic, and delves forever in the past of old romance, and so necessarily becomes more and more remote, more and more attenuated, in his art. Many a clever and promising poet has gone that way: Mr. Yeats is rapidly taking it; even Mr. Moody is in danger, — may the kind fates turn him back into higher, if rougher, paths! Mr. Phillips has never given evidence of an original or modern mind, but he does not keep his gait along the flowery, artificial path of his choice, — his strut becomes more and more stilted, and his instrument gets out of tune.

The academic temperament which speaks in this reviewer and in many another critic strikes at the vitality of modern art. True, such strokes cannot quite be fatal, because no great poet will stop for any critic. But the poet may be cruelly hampered, heavily impeded, by such misdirected efforts of his contemporaries; he may be compelled to spend much of his time and energy in warding off blows. His joyousness may be baffled and whipped into melancholy; his clear vision may be clouded with bitterness. It is much easier for an artist to pluck flowers along the wayside than to labor in the vineyard, especially when a thousand voices are pleading for the flowers. But the flowers wither in his hands, and only the grapes produce the wine of life. Where should our poets be?

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